The Sin Mansion

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The Sin Mansion

by AllocateAloe, skellylicious

Summary

As a human female with nowhere else to go, living with two giant, feral monster men is...complicated. Kidnapped from your own timeline by a vicious maniac who calls himself Voidster, you are given as a gift to his mate, G, a cold and distant man with a broken heart. You find yourself stuck in the middle of their strange and dysfunctional relationship, harshly used for their pleasure. Slowly, you begin to unravel the mystery of what binds them together, as well as G's tragic past with the woman he loved.

And uh...yeah. This is just me and Aloe writing pure sin to escape from the obligations of our own fics. Male/Male, Male/Female, Male/Male/Female. Lots of juicy non-con porn and unnecessary angst. More plot than you expected. Updates whenever we feel like it. Violence/angst/rape whenever we feel like it. We're just writing this for our own enjoyment, and sharing it because the world needs more explicit size difference non-con monster man porn in it.

Featuring G from Thrown Amidst Monsters/Living with a Lich and Voidster (and Spot) from Into the Fire.

Notes

YOU ARE NOT PREPARED.

allocatealoe.tumblr.com
dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com

Enjoy this lovely artwork by AllocateAloe of G and Voidster.

See the end of the work for more notes

G: The Triggering

The day started as it typically did. You woke beneath G's desk, crawling out from the small nest of blankets you had accumulated there. It wasn't the most comfortable place to sleep, but it was safe from Voidster at least. G intimidated you, but to a lesser extent. He was generally courteous, made sure you had access to food, and had even given you some new clothing to wear.

When you'd inquired about the source of the clothing, a distant look had entered the lich's eyes, the expression of deep pain that had to be suppressed. Then he had said, gently, "She wouldn't mind." You couldn't bring yourself to inquire further. You sensed that it was a deeply private matter, a wound that wasn't shared with other people openly. And G seemed to be a very private person, so you didn't push.

It was often difficult for you to read him. His flat affect and general attitude of bored tolerance seemed genuine, but at times you would see the tender glances he gave to Voidster, usually when the other man wasn't looking. And at times he would look at you, and seem to see someone else. A memory, perhaps another human from another time. Sometimes it seemed to make him melancholy, and he withdrew. Other times it seemed to frustrate him.

Those were the times he intimidated you. He would stride up to you, towering over your small form as he parted his jaws to inhale your scent. Then he would reach out, gently touching your face, that distant look back in his eyes. Once he had pushed you down, dragging that long tongue roughly against your skin, then snarling in frustration as he hovered over you, his acidic spittle dripping down onto your skin. He reminded you of a wild animal, and you took care not to make sudden movements when he seemed too far away to hear you.

Something feral and predatory lurked beneath that calm surface, and

you feared the day it slipped the leash of his formidable self control. Voidster was another matter entirely. Everything from the way he walked to the way his cool violet eyes roamed over you, screamed *danger* to your senses. He was bad, bad, *bad* news. It was just as well he seemed to be mated with G. The times when he dragged you from sleep, or simply picked you up from whatever you had been doing, led to pain and torturous pleasure that was too much to tolerate.

He feasted on your fear like a delicate wine, subtly toying with you until you broke, screaming and begging to be let free. Sometimes you wondered if G heard you, wherever he was. You wondered if he knew- or cared what his mate was doing to you. Foolish, really. Of course he knew. But he chose not to get involved, usually.

Once, Voidster had left you with a deep gash on your temple, a head wound that bled profusely. He had dropped you off back in G's study, which seemed to be where you "lived" now. Since G had provided no objection, you had accepted the living arrangement. G hadn't been in his office at the time. When he had returned, his piercing eyes immediately found you, huddled in a small pool of blood with a blanket pressed to your head. You'd had enough sense to apply pressure, but consciousness had become a slippery thing as the blood loss increased.

You had mistaken the lich for Voidster at first, whimpering and pulling away. He had ignored your protests, and pulled you from under the desk, placing you on top of it to better examine your wounds. His iron grip held your chin still as he gently brushed the hair from your wound, probing it to assess the damage. He said nothing, but his face was grim. Then he had stood, muttering to himself as he left the room. You'd caught the word "sutures" and nothing else, before he locked the door behind him.

He had returned quickly, carrying a small medical kit. You wondered why he had locked the door at all, but it was a small mystery to your aching, bleeding head. "This will sting. Remain submissive," he ordered, then paused, as if something had triggered a memory. Shrugging it off, he had cleaned the blood from your face, sanitizing

the wound with what felt like rubbing alcohol. He seemed surprised at your lack of reaction, but you had a high threshold for pain, not that you would mention such a thing in *this* household.

The sutures hurt less. He was quick and precise with his work, steady hands well-suited to such delicate work. In moments he had tied off the stitches, applying a clean gauze pad over them, and taping it down firmly. He pulled back to assess his work, and seemed satisfied with it. Then he had tugged the blood-stained blanket from your hand, summoning a spectral appendage to take it away as he picked you up and placed you back beneath the desk.

“Rest,” he said, in a voice that offered no option for disagreement. “You will eat and drink later, for now you must recover from the blood loss. Do not leave this room. Your safety is not guaranteed if you do.”

In the time you had puzzled out what he meant, he was gone, the study once again locked behind him. You realized now that it wasn’t intended to keep you in. It was intended to keep Voidster *out,* and you wondered if he would respect it, or simply take it as a challenge and destroy the door. *Don’t borrow trouble,* you decided sleepily. G was right, you needed to rest. Hopefully you would be safe for now.

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Something about the human girl was troubling him. He couldn’t quite pinpoint it, but her...scent was different. The blood from the unnecessary head wound had been distracting; sweet, coppery...tempting. But that wasn’t what stirred him, what made him restlessly seek out his mate.

He knew that Voidster had to be distracted if the human had any hope of resting enough to recover from the head trauma. The ache in his

groin had him happy enough to fulfill that need, for now. He would gauge the other man's mood, and plan accordingly. Sex would both distract his erstwhile companion, and scratch the itch that was building within him for no plausible reason. He wasn't rutting, but it felt similar. And why would it have anything to do with that girl? Unusual.

Setting aside the issue, he found the other man in one of the laboratory rooms, working on something that looks suspiciously explosive.

"Voidster." He put enough bite into his voice that the beast couldn't ignore him. Sure enough, dark violet eyes locked onto his own, the other monster's lips curling in a smirk at the sight of his mate.

[Something you needed?] Voidster purred, slipping around the table to rub up against the lich, pushing his jawbone demandingly against his own as he rubbed against G like a satisfied feline. So. Something had the other man in a mood as well. Interesting. Voidster was always in the mood for sex, but this aggressive affection was a small sign that something was edging him, pushing at his predatory drive.

He tried to remain focused. It didn't really matter, but he asked anyway; "Why the head wound on the girl?"

His mate frowned, annoyed that he would ask about their pet human instead of something more interesting. **[I wanted to watch the blood drip down her pretty face,]** he sneered, pushing his growing bulge up against G's thigh. That was as much an answer as he could expect, and it was probably true. Not that G didn't understand the appeal of dark crimson stains on soft human flesh, but it was better to keep track of his mate's unpredictable moods.

He brought a clawed hand tenderly up to the beast's jawline, stroking his face until the violet eyes were half-lidded in satisfaction. "I had something else in mind that you may find more...satisfying," he smirked, dragging the length of his heated tongue up the side of the other man's face. "That is, if you're interested." No question of interest, not with the man's hardened shaft pushed demandingly against him. But he enjoyed making Voidster ask for it.

[Not going to tease and then leave me unsatisfied...are you, lover?] The term of endearment warmed him, thawed the cool, calculating facade he had been maintaining until now. "Come and find out," he whispered, withdrawing with one last caress down the broad chest of his mate. He had him now. Lust clouded those glittering purple eyes, Voidster's jaw gently parted as he panted, too aroused for further wordplay. It was an endearing quality of his. Despite his sharp intellect and driving aggression, a simple touch, a word, could put him into a state of mindless bliss, narrowing his world to the touch of a lich

Spurred onward by their combined passion, the two men retired to their shared bedroom. It was rather close to G's study, but he assumed you were deep into sleep at this point. Not that he cared if you overheard them. The idea amused him, actually. He wondered what you must think of the violent passion that echoed through the walls, the brutal tenderness that he and Voidster bestowed on one another like a benediction.

He was distracted by the gentle slide of clawed hands up his torso, Voidster pressed behind him and feeling his way beneath his clothing as he panted. When properly handled, the desire of the creature that held him now could be directed to inspiring heights. Undistracted by the bloodlust, the need for violence, their mutual ecstasy had something *more* on the nights when it went slowly, like this. A soft touch. A gentle caress. Tongues entwining as they shared a slow, passionate kiss. Rubbing their faces, and thus their scent, onto each other. Claiming each other not only as sexual partners, but as companions.

He could hardly restrain the moan that beat through his parted jaws, as the other man slid one hand below the waistband of his trousers, sliding within his boxers to grip onto his shaft in one smooth movement. Whatever it was that drove them so strongly together tonight, he wasn't complaining. He let the beast dominate him for a moment, the broad chest pressed hard against his ridged spine as Voidster nuzzled his neck, sliding sharp canines against his tough hide. His trousers were pushed down, along with his boxers, his jacket sliding off as he turned to face the other man.

He forced Voidster back a step as he pushed against his chest, startling the monster enough that he fell backward, right into the huge leather loveseat that fit along one wall. Smirking, G settled himself over the other man's lap, grinding down teasingly against his mate's throbbing arousal.

[Mmm, wanna ride?] the larger monster gasped against his mouth, clawed hands settling on the lich's sharp hips and pulling him down harder, against the erection still sheathed in his jeans. Baring his teeth in a feral smile, G braced his hands against Voidster's shoulders, gripping them hard enough to leave marks. "If you think you're equal to the task…"

The other man fumbled at his pants, undoing the zipper and shoving them down just enough to expose himself, flesh against flesh. **[You know how I can make you feel,]** he purred up at the lich straddling him, reaching down to adjust himself against G's entrance. **[You are mine, and nobody will ever give you the pleasure I give you.]**

G said nothing, too focused on the heat against his rear, pushing against him, into him, at the same time that a taloned fist gripped his shaft, pumping him with almost too much pressure to bear. Almost. Despite his brutality, despite how merciless he could be, Voidster had a fine sense of how carefully to tread the line between pleasure and pain. And in a mood like this, he wrought exquisite pleasure.

The beast below him was doing most of the work, working G's pulsing length in one hand and using the other to hold the lich's face to his own, exploring each other's mouths as Voidster thrust his hips upward in short, hard bursts that edged them slowly upward. G stroked the straining muscles beneath him, breaking the kiss to grip the other man's throat in a predator's hold, further exciting the both of them as the line between dominance and submission was blurred. He lashed his tongue against Voidster's throat, his burning saliva coating the tough hide. So close.

[Look at how you tremble..] the man breathed, a reverberating groan from the lich bore down against him while they lavished each other. G drew his pointed fangs across his mate's throat, digging and dragging his knife points along the tough hide trapped in his jaws. The sensation coerced a trembling exhale through Voidster's parted lips, his sockets fluttering while he gave in and tilted his head away from the affections of the lich, exposing more of himself.

Having such a powerful, violent deity bending to the lich's will summoned a twisting desire within his gut. Bracing against the cushions on either side of Voidster's lap G drove his hips along with his mate's, the throbbing, slick shaft of the monster beneath him working at a lusting pace. A sudden, striking thrust sent shockwaves of pleasure through them. The lich's jaws releasing the man to pant heavily, ecstasy flooding through their motions and pulled forth G's tongue to lap pleadingly along the gentle indentations left from his passionate necking.

When the larger monster brought his free hand up to close around G's throat, they moaned in unison, the combination of tension, violence, and tenderness shoving them both over the edge as they climaxed. It was long, drawn out, and glorious. He couldn't remember the last time they had rutted like this, but it was immensely satisfying, and left him filled with deep-seated languor, bending his head to nuzzle Voidster's jaw gently as they basked in the afterglow of their passion.

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You woke the next morning with an indistinct ache in your head. It took you a moment to get your bearings, bringing one hand up to lightly touch at the bandage-covered sutures. G had patched you up, you remembered. He'd sewn the wound and locked the door to keep Voidster out. Apparently that had worked, since your rest and been deep and uninterrupted.

You'd been troubled only by erotic dreams that typically seemed to happen around this time of the month. Some strange part of being female, like food cravings and irrational moods. You were content for the moment to lay in the drifting sunlight, watching small specks of dust float serenely through the air. It must be late morning, you realized.

The click of the lock being undone startled you, but it made sense that G would come to check on you. He was reserved to the point of being cold, but he always made sure that your worse injuries were treated, and that your basic needs were met. You attempted a smile when he bent at the waist to look at you under the desk. You had always found it somewhat strange that he had never questioned your presence there, but were grateful for the small sanctuary it afforded.

His jaws parted slightly, a mannerism you had come to realize signified him taking in scents. He and Voidster seemed to have keen senses in every regard, much sharper than what a human possessed. What you weren't prepared for was the way his pupils dilated, drawing nearer as he inhaled more deeply, tongue coating his fangs with black spittle.

"Uh...G?" He stared at you, but his eyes held no recognition. You began to edge away, freezing in place when a feral growl slipped past his jaws.

The sound was grating, heavy and warbled through the wood

surrounding you with such intensity it took the breath from your lungs. You had heard him growl before, the noise was amplified in his chest usually, but this was teeming with power, and stemmed not just from within his chest, but his very core. Your eyes began to open wide, pressing back into the cold wood at your back as the lich slowly pressed his body forward, rolling onto his toes and stretching out a clawed hand.

He placed his digits carefully onto the floor between the both of you, the muscles in his neck twitching while his jaws parted further. Black strings clung to the sharp edges of his fangs as a raspy, deep inhale shook through his form with the sound of a trembling hiss. The flavors gracing his palette pooled acidic saliva around his tongue, threatening to bead down his chin. The broad chest of the lich moved further, pressing his neck forward to crawl into your last, private bastion in the entire building. One you had thought was safe, that could keep you from the demented beast that only saw you as a plaything, a trinket that danced at his instruction.

The way he looked at you triggered memories of gleaming purple eyes, instead of the shrinking, piercing gaze of the lich. Your skin felt flush as the monster hovered forth, his haunches tense and lips curling into a silent snarl to bare his shimmering obsidian gums to the shadows cocooning you from the bright light of the sun.

“W-what’s wrong..?” you tentatively asked, drawing an arm up towards your chest while pulling your legs away from the creature fixating in on you.

His voice came, filled with heavy static and an echoed vibration, “You.”

Me? That didn’t make any sense. “I’m fine, you did a great job with the stitches, it barely hurts at all.” You tried not to tremble at his closeness, at the way he stared at you, like a jungle cat stalking a rabbit. “I...don’t think there’s room for both of us under here,” you

added awkwardly, hoping he would take the hint.

“Indeed,” he replied, the corners of his mouth pulling into his sharp cheekbones. Before you could respond the monster surged forth, his maw yawning open with a quick pant that peppered the air with flecks of spit.

You reflexively brought your forearms up, dipping your face downward as a cry left your throat. The monster latched onto your limbs, jerking them downward as he continued to fly forward. His misty, dark jaws latched into the side of your neck with a heavy snarl. Shutting your eyes tightly you tried to kick out, gasping and struggling against the monster as he slowly drug you from beneath the desk.

“G!” you squealed, trying to twist your arms from his large hand, which managed to easily trap both of your forearms together.

The monster replied with a sick, wretched snarl that tremored into your flesh and quivered within the vertebra of your neck. The sensation startled you, taking your breath away as the lich crawled back a few feet and then began to straighten back up. He took you with him, hanging in his jaws from your neck, as blood began to seep and drain down your skin in crimson rivulets.

“STOP-!” you shouted, shuddering and kicking outward. The impacts were useless, his body that of stone before he lurched forward and shoved your frame onto the hard table top of his antique desk. You heard the wet sound of your blood splattering on the hard surface, and felt sick. The bite burned and ached, bleeding freely as you lay stunned on the desk.

A disgusting, slick tendril began swirling against your neck as the lich dug his fingers tighter into your flesh, while his free hand angrily tore

at the band of your borrowed sweat pants. He began to rip the fabric away from your hips, fear gripping into your chest as gentle, trembling whimpers left your lips. Freeing your shuddering legs from the grey fabric, the lich slammed your body back into the desk, a fresh snarl tearing through his throat as he ripped his jaws away from your bloodied neck.

“That’s.. the wrong.. *sound-* ” he panted, his jaws glistening right against the side of your tear stained face. Irritation welled within the lich, releasing your arms and catching your black panties at the hip, tearing the thin cloth from you while he fiddled at something at his groin.

“Then fucking *stop it,* ” you snarled, your fear making you angry and desperate. He paused in his motions, looking hard at your face, searching for something, but not finding it. Because he paused, you gathered your courage, pistoning one foot into his stomach. Your sudden strike startled the lich, causing him to wheeze slightly as he grabbed your ankle and glared at you. You glared back, so caught in the moment that it didn’t even occur to you how frightening he was being, until he snarled deep in his chest, thrusting your ankle away from his body and yanking your spread legs down to press himself up against you.

What was *wrong* with him?! He normally barely acknowledged your existence, now he couldn’t seem to stop rubbing up against you, tasting your skin, licking the free-flowing blood from your shoulder, muttering unintelligibly to himself as he seemed to waver between anger and arousal.

His tongue, his mouth was moving as his thoughts spun rapidly out of control. The taste was both sweet and bitter. Your scent was airy, light and pure, yet the finishing flavors were wrong. The fit of your legs around his waist, was odd and...different. You were not bending to him, not accepting him in the right way. Why? *Why-!?*

He would have to mold you, shape you into fields of daisies. You would learn, you would beg and whine so sweetly... His name riding your lips, as it used to. A familiar phrase clicked against his teeth as he withdrew his throbbing length from his slacks. “Be quiet.”

The lich pressed himself further above you, forcing your thighs apart to rest against his jagged hips as a thick, scorching heat pressed against your folds demandingly. Gasping, you squirmed beneath him, your voice quivering as you growled, “Why are you doing this-?!”

His free hand flung forward, grasping onto your neck and shoving your head back against the desk forcefully. Keeping the head of his shaft pressed to your tight, sensitive entrance, he lifted his hand from his groin to his jaws. The monster eyed you struggling beneath him, your fingers clawing at his forearm as you wheezed, your eyelids fluttering wildly.

G dragged his flat, hole punched tongue across his palm, coating his white flesh in sticky, translucent spit, before dropping his hand back down to smear the fluid across his length. The lich snorted as he rolled his hips forward, the added lubricant stinging your stretching walls as he worked forth mercilessly.

Your tolerance for pain eased the transition, to a point. But he was still massive, bigger than any man you’d been with, and the clawed hand gripping your throat made you feel panicked. Still you struggled, much to the aggravation of the monster above you. He released his half-buried length to press bony digits against your lips, into your mouth, bracing his arm on the desk to keep your head and torso pinned down.

He drew deep breaths in through his jaws, inhaling your scent and panting, then rubbing his jaw forcefully against your face and collarbone. Tears leaked from your eyes. You had wondered what it would be like, to lay with the lich. A passing curiosity, an attachment borne of the pain you sensed in him, and the pain within yourself that

you tried to escape. Something about his quiet, thoughtful demeanor had drawn you to him. This feral, violent... *rutting* hadn't been what you'd had in mind.

He withdrew slightly from your aching sex, white starbursts appearing before your eyes as he pressed harder against your bruised windpipe, shoving his hips forward to bury more fully within you. As you shuddered and heaved from lack of oxygen, a small flicker of awareness sparked within him, and he released your throat, watching with glazed eyes as you drew heaving gasps of air. "Fuck...off…" you choked out. There was no point in cowering now, he was almost fully sheathed between your thighs. You had nothing else to lose.

"Give unto me," he murmured gently, the words almost reassuring if not for the fact that he still held you captive, mercilessly pinned beneath him, your blood staining his fangs. He pulled back again, working into you slowly with strong lunges that threw you back against the desk each time he thrust. His scorching tongue lapped at the bite wound he had inflicted, the saliva stinging, then numbing the pain.

Your tight, accommodating form greeted him with waves of pleasure. He could hilt himself fully within you; if just barely. The way that your walls tugged at his manhood, pulling against him, resisting him with every stroke, was blissful. That bliss trickled down his spine in a shiver, the sharp ridges of his vertebra showing through the thin fabric of his hoodie.

His throbbing, dark shaft ground deep within you, sending sparks of electricity through your legs. Your spine arched beneath him, biting onto your bottom lip to suppress shameful whimpers of enjoyment while he wove his dark, seductive words against your glistening neck, "Let your cries fall like prayers from your lips, my dear. I shall gather them with the rest of my sins."

His words drove your teeth harder against the supple flesh of your lip,

cracking the surface as he suddenly threw his full weight behind the strength of his thrusts. Hard bursts of hot steam beat into the side of your face as he panted, a growl working into his chest as he slid his arm beneath your lower back, tilting your hips higher against him at just the right angle, striking sweetly within your tense body. Tremors of pleasure coursed through you as he struck at your cervix, violently grinding as deeply as he could.

The flavors on his palette, the pained sounds dragged through your throat only spurred his passion, crossing the line from bliss into violence. There was something missing, something he could not coax from your trembling body, and it drove him to madness. The lights in his sockets vanished as he pressed his weight down onto you from above, grinding and feeling your small form shake, bruising between him and the dark wood at your back.

You couldn't breathe, and the massive lich seemed lost in himself, far away and distant as bitter snarls tremored into the room, matching his aggressive, dominating pace. Thick streams of drool slipped from his pristine jawline, the slime pattered against the side of your face as you whined and tucked your head in the opposite direction while he seethed and groaned. It almost sounded like...a name?

"Not daisies," he murmured abruptly, slowing his pace to rub harder against your face, nuzzling into your hair to inhale the scent. "Roses. Too sweet. Too... delicate." His words were at odds with his actions, which had once again picked up, roughly slamming his pelvis against yours, hilting so deeply that you thought you would break. His claws pressed hard against your cheek, forcing you to meet his gaze. "I don't love you," he snarled, still shoving his hips against yours in a primitive, breeding motion.

You almost didn't respond, too caught up in the pain and stimulation that had become your entire world. Then his words sunk in, snaring your attention and drawing you up from the dark mire of sensation. "Good, I don't love you either" you spat, turning away in anguish. You had grown to care for him. Thought that maybe, someday...but this experience had shattered those dreams, crushed like broken glass in

your heart. You were beginning to understand why he had accepted a creature like Voidster as his mate, why a human could never hope to compete with their strange, twisted relationship.

“Are you fucking done yet?” You spat irritably, after several moments passed where he didn’t once slow or gentle his rhythmic, mindless movements. He glanced down at you, the white pinpricks of light returned to his sockets. A smug, hateful expression crossed his face, arrogant and dominating as he took in your flushed features, the bruises on your throat, and the way you squirmed uncomfortably beneath him.

“Why, not having fun *pet?* ” he spat, his tongue slipping from his jaws to lap up the side of your face in a slow, taunting drag. Your heart skipped a beat as he taunted you with Voidster’s nickname for you. Or perhaps a reference to how they kept you here, treating you like a tame animal kept for their amusement. A “pet” that he had mostly ignored; until today.

You weren’t sure if you preferred this to whatever memory he had struggled with earlier. Before he had seemed frustrated, grasping at wisps of memory, echos of the past, long since faded. You were simply the unfortunate vessel, the whip that drove him as he tried to relive the past. Now...the scorn in his eyes as he rode you, the mockery in his voice...it cut deep, deeper than you thought it would have.

Disturbed and in pain, you hissed and tried to scrunch away from him, as a deep chuckle hitched in his chest, “Come now.. plaything, porcelain dame...”

Humiliation drew a frown across your lips, his words demeaning and harsh as he hilted within you, strike after strike. A tense, twisting knot formed in your gut as he coaxed sharp whimpers of pain from your throat, continuing; “I know how sweetly you sing for him... scream for *me* now, pet.”

“G-go to hell-” you gasped, tears pricking in your eyes, blurring your vision of the deranged, wicked lich grinning down to you. His hip bones were jabbing your inner thighs, leaving tender, flowering bruises against your skin. He let that *creature* use you, time and time again. He *knew* how tenderly violent the other man was when he played with your body and mind. He knew how deeply it hurt you. How *dare* he use that now to goad you?!

“Wrong answer, *again,* ” he mused, tensing the tattered forearm beneath your back while the other slid up behind your shoulder blades, his fingers curling and gripping down on the surface of your shoulders, “Let us try once more...”

Before you could respond, he drove his hips forward, his full might and power behind the blow as he lashed out with his dripping jaws, biting onto your throat. Simultaneously, the hand on your shoulder drove you down onto his cock, meeting the violent thrust in a jolt of excruciating pain. Unable to defy him, a cry of agony was at last coaxed from your lips, followed by a frustrated sob of humiliation and pain.

He released his hold on your throat, lips curving in a wicked smile, brushing lightly against your ear as he spoke. “There now, that wasn’t so difficult, was it? You will scream for me, one way or another. It is your choice whether you give your cries freely, or force me to take them from you…”

You whimpered as the choice sunk in. No, not a choice. If you held back, he would hurt you until you couldn’t stop yourself from crying out. You felt certain he knew who was beneath him now. You had just never expected the flat, reserved man to carry such a cruel, sadistic streak in his nature. Then again, you hadn’t expected the inexplicable flare of lust, a pull so strong that he had dragged you from beneath the desk to fuck you on it. Gaster, the man who touched you rarely, and never before in a sexual manner.

You didn't know what had broken that formidable self control, or why you had somehow been the catalyst for the flood of passion and fury that poured from the lich. It didn't matter. You were cried out, your tears dried on your face as G braced above you, studying you with interest. When you met his gaze, he said nothing, only drew his hips back methodically, eyes fixed on yours. As he rolled them slowly back against you, you didn't try to stop the moan that slipped from your throat, his length brushing against your bruised cervix.

He smiled, an expression without warmth or comfort. He was simply enjoying the power he held over you, luxuriating in the control he wielded.

"You should have run when you came into heat, little human. The fact that you did not is...interesting."

When I came into heat? You weren't sure what to make of that statement. Humans didn't go into heat, and you felt no different than you had a day ago, when he'd stitched up your head wound and left. What could have possibly changed? Unless...damn it. You'd read somewhere that men could tell when a woman was ovulating, that something about her became more attractive to them during that time. Of course, they didn't react like...this. Sure, you had felt your sex drive kick up a little, had noticed the erotic dreams, but it was nothing strong enough to justify such a strong reaction.

"Humans...don't go into h-heat," you sputtered, renewing your struggles against him. You doubted he could be reasoned with, but you weren't going to lay here and let him accuse you of *wanting* this. He lifted a brow, eyes raking over your flushed, sweat-slickened body. You could feel his thick shaft pulsing within you, his hips twitching slightly as he held himself back from continuing his thrusts.

A soft pant beat through his jaws, the sound dripping in

condescension, “Yet, realization has struck your features...pet,” he muttered. Slipping his arm from around your back to bring a clawed hand up to your face, you flinched as the backs of his knuckled digits caressed against your slick cheek while he tilted his head to the side, “Playing the fool is far from endearing.”

The lich tossed his tongue behind his fangs, the dark tendril twisting deep within his throat, “In fact...” he shoved forth, a growl riding his words as a gasp was torn from your lungs, “I grow tired of your consistent disappointment-”

His fingers left your cheek as you glared up to him, spitting, “Then leave me alone-!”

G merely smirked as he thrust his fingers into your mouth, pressing down against your tongue as his claws raked threateningly towards the back of your throat. Coughing, sputtering and clawing at his arms all you did was bring him amusement. A dark, heavy chuckle warbling through his chest as his hips resumed, grinding and bucking into your quivering walls. You tried to bite onto him, to fight back, yet all that did was make your gums ache. It was like biting heated rock. Panicked whimpers squeaked against his hard digits as the rough pads of his fingers fondled against your tongue, his taste was that of ink and bone.

“Ah, an improvement,” he snickered, his gaze cruel and unforgiving while his pacing matched that. His length driving into you with painful impatience, he was done playing games with you now, his need settling into his bones. Tightening his haunches he braced himself against the floor, spreading his stance and lifting onto the balls of his feet he released a bellowing growl above you as you fought for breath against his probing fingers.

Spit began to cling and dribble from your lips as the lich thrust his fingers in tandem with his hips, his needy, primal fucking struck electricity through your back. Your legs trembling at his sides as he

worked and built himself, a heavy pant beating from his lungs. He was moving too fast, too hard, it was overwhelming. Tears blurred your vision, whimpering cries trailing from your throat as the pain blended into humiliating, blissful pleasure.

With each thrust the lich lost himself to ferality, his gums bared down towards you as gobs of spit dripped from his mouth. He could feel your body tensing, shuddering against his movements as he drew himself closer to his goal. His ribs were heaving with the weight of his breath, steaming and billowing from his throat riddled with snarling, demonic signals of his desire.

You could feel your body betraying you, succumbing to his violence, and there was nothing you could do about it. Your cries were becoming more persistent, exhilarated even. The lich tore his digits from your gaping mouth, allowing you get a gulp of air before the tension was too much, his cock striking angrily through your walls against the back of your stomach. In unison the lich released a soul shivering, heavy groan as a choked shout mewled from your drenched lips.

Digging his claws into the wood beside your head he rode your climax, your limbs shaking as waves of ecstasy encompassed your sweating form. Nearing his own release he gave a final, deep rock within your shuddering sex just as a hard, heavy chuckle erupted from across the room. A stone dropped in your gut as you lay panting, squirming and ashamed.

[Ah, bravo… Braavo, I see you are finally using the human properly-]

“Leave,” the lich snarled, lowering his form above you possessively, his white pin point eyes trained in on the monster in the doorway. A deep flush overtook your features, G had not even halted his thrusts as he drew so close yet so far away from the sudden interruption. His jaws remained parted, his features hazy and clouded while Voidster’s

own jaws slightly parted, inhaling the scents lingering in the air.

[Oh, I think not. Her scent is very…interesting today, is it not?]

A white flash pulsed within the lich's pupils, locking onto the amused grin of his companion. Something beyond just sheer embarrassment twisted a knife in your heart, biting down hard enough on your lower lip to indent the flesh as the monster above you drove his hips erratically into you. His muscles winding in his haunches as a loud pant beat from his lungs, carrying a roll of humidity with it.

[I believe the last time you had experienced this was.. Oh, five months ago-?]

"Shut up-!" he snarled, the very air trembling as his sockets shut tightly. His chin dipping down as a seething hiss whistled between his clenched teeth, his hips giving a last throw forward before he let slip a moan that hovered across his tongue. Hilting within your form a thick, scalding fluid filled you to the brim. Biting and stinging you inside and out as the monster's black essence slipped from your folds down across your ass and inner thighs.

Writhing in pain, overwhelmed and full of shame you wished the desk would just swallow you whole. Lashing outward with your hands you shoved against the lich's chest yet he only sneered down towards you, his sockets black as he pinned you between himself and the hardwood at your back. Crushing your frame you could only pant and wheeze, turning your face away from the open maw bearing down to you. Slowly, the burning gave way to a gentle numbness, turning the stabbing pain into a tolerable ache.

Voidster watched this rare scene unfold before him, his mate turning his gaze back to him while an ache in his groin became uncomfortable. **[Was it as you remember..?]**

G tore his claws from the desk, slamming his fist on the table top as he roared, peppering the air with spittle, “bastard-! ENOUGH!”

Heavy tremors took hold of your form, your fingertips digging into the heated fabric of the lich’s zip-up while he held himself still within you. His heavy essence clinging to you, coating you thoroughly as a hearty laugh filled the room. This made G pause, his brows twitching as he dipped his face back down towards you and lolled his tongue forward. Scraping up along your damp flesh in a slow, endearing drag that cut off the amusement of the other monster.

What was even happening right now?!

Voidster found his expression broken, his eyes lingering on the deliberate, affectionate caress of the lich’s tongue across your quivering throat. A growl of his own building within his chest as G flicked his gaze back over to the doorway, locking eyes with the monster as he tilted his head back to only roll his jaws forth again. Dragging another well placed lick down along your shoulder, his expression feigned to be that of bliss, yet anger swelled within his soul.

Scrunching away from the monster you panted, shoving against his chest as you breathed, “let, *go of me!* ”

G let loose a hard snort, his teeth clicking together as he shut his mouth and tore himself from your body. Drawing an unwanted moan from your lips as he left you empty, shaking and bruised. Carefully you bunched your thighs together and rolled your hips to the side as the lich stepped back, adjusting himself within his slacks while continuing to glare across the room. The tension building within the room was too much to bear, slipping your arms around your chest you lay huddled and submissive against the desk, trying to hide within yourself as the familiar heavy footsteps drew towards the both of you.

[I hope you didn't spend yourself completely with the human. You've ruined my enjoyment of her for the time being, and I have my own…needs.] The taller monster drew still nearer, leering at G as he leaned casually against the desk, violet eyes flicking over the heaving, slick-skinned body of the lich.

Carefully G reached his hands forward, grabbing onto your huddled form, drawing a whimper from your lips as you shook your head and tried to murmur for him to just leave you alone, he wasn't listening. He drew you up from the desk against his chest as he growled, "Do those needs include the need to taunt me with the past, wretch?" The monster eyed his companion carefully, he hadn't used such cutting words against Voidster in nearly a year which was something he had been experienced with. G normally excelled at holding both his tongue and temper in check, but now they had both slipped the leash.

[Where do you think you're going?] The other man growled, eyeing the way that G held you against his broad chest, tucked carefully under his hoodie and away from Voidster's eyes.

"Out," he snapped, ignoring the way that you shoved against his chest in silent aggravation. "At least the human has the good grace to know when to remain *silent,* " he snarled, tightening his hold on you until a muffled squeak escaped your lips.

Flicking his gaze upwards Voidster snorted, his fangs glistening as he retorted, **[All a human knows how to do is *die.* Isn't that right?]**

The muscles in the lich's arms twitched, something having snapped within the monster as he simply rounded the table and shoved past Voidster. His shoulder ramming into the other man as he passed by without a word, the impact drew another squeak from you as the monster just turned with the blow and sneered as he watched G stride from the room.

[So attached already?] he called after the lich, his claws digging into your sore flesh as the voice of the other monster echoed through the hall after your retreat, **[Shall I find a nice willow to dig a hole for the second one?!]**

G said nothing, his grip like a vice on your bruised and battered body as he abruptly turned down another hallway, striding to a room you weren't familiar with. A hidden catch near a bookshelf revealed a doorway, leading into a surprisingly cozy and well-furnished room. It was similar to his public study, but had a complex locking mechanism that automatically engaged behind him as he entered.

Finally relaxing his hold on you, he brought you over to a comfortable, worn leather chair, removing his jacket and draping it over your unresistant form. He then retreated to his desk, slumping into the chair behind it with a sound that somehow mingled both a snarl and a sigh. Reaching into one of the drawers, he drew out a glass bottle of the expensive scotch you often saw him drinking.

Plucking the edges of the dark grey zip-up you couldn't help but to hunch, your legs crumpled beneath you at an angle as your eyes fixated on the solemn expression of the lich. He didn't say a word as he closed the drawer, a loud and wrathful voice beyond the wall echoing through the house, **[Should you need help bloodletting the girl, call to me, my lovely basketcase!]**

A shudder wove down your spine, nervously flicking your gaze to the wall as rounds of further beratement trailed away. It doesn't seem as if the man knew of this place, thank God. While you were distracted the lich gently spun his chair around, facing the bookshelves behind him as he shakily raised the bottle itself to his jaws and poured the biting, liquid gold down his constricting throat.

Moments passed, the room falling oddly still as you sighed and

bundled the cloth tighter around your shivering arms. Staring down at your lap as you chewed at your lips, so G had been in another time, in another world back there. It didn't excuse what he did, yet left you emptier than the harsh, malevolent violence bestowed upon you by Voidster.

You whispered, your voice quivering and soft, "why bother bringing me here..?"

He swallowed another round, slowly setting the bottle on his thigh as he murmured, barely audible, "he would kill you.."

Taking in a breath to respond, forlorn and miserable the lich cut in with a final, "no one is more deserving of the gallows than I."

He stared listlessly in front of him, the alcohol not working fast enough to numb the pressure in his sockets as he raised the bottle for another swig. The liquid sloshing inside as you carefully panned your gaze over to the back of his chair, tucking your arms tighter around your chest while your body eased into the plush, cool cushions of the chair. You had nothing to say, the sincerity in his voice was too.. real.

Wincing, you slid from the chair, wrapping his jacket around you as best you could. Every step hurt, reminding you of the intimate brutality you had endured beneath him such a short while ago. But his anguish resonated deep within your soul, and while he didn't deserve your sympathy, you couldn't bear to turn away, either.

Your soft, hesitant touch seemed to startle him, his mind somewhere else as he soaked in the numbing influence of the liquor. He turned toward you, raising one brow in query as he took in your exhausted, trembling form.

“Why?” It was only one word for many questions, but it was enough to help him give voice to his pain.

“I was not...strong enough. I had a mate. A human female, like yourself.” The bitterness in his voice chilled you, but you forced yourself to remain nearby, watching his face as he continued. “She died long before her time. I would have outlived her, but...because of me, she suffered a painful, lingering death. I failed her. Her death shadows every breath I take, every hour I exist, it hangs over me like a burdensome cloak I cannot shed. She was...everything.”

His sockets twitched, pulling his gaze from you as he hoisted the bottle once more, your eyes flicking to how his claws trembled against the glass. His voice muttered against the liquid hovering before his maw, “I was denied the noose, despite my incompetence.”

The way he spoke, so flat and sure of his own self loathing was hard to take as you witnessed him take yet another hit. The bottle setting into his thigh heavily, the fist around the neck of the only medicine he knew of was rigid and impatient while he lifted his other hand, lightly waving you away, back to the chair. “Go..”

G sighed, drawing his hand back to his face to cover his softening features,“Rest while you can. Your scent is a unique torment, and you live with two males who won’t hesitate to prey upon a vulnerable female in heat.” his words were dripping in exhaustion.

A queer shiver drew down your spine as you realized he was including himself in that description. Regardless of whatever fragile trust had been extended in this room, he felt no regret at his earlier actions. Was warning you that it might...that it *would* happen again. His cold, casual tone was a strange contrast to the earlier emotion that had threatened to break free under Voidster’s cruel, calculated taunts.

It seemed that every day you spent in his presence, the deeper the mystery became. Though, you couldn't hide the worry on your features as you tensed, freezing in place as the both of you listened to the snarls dripping through the halls. Voidster was not just playing now, he was pacing, furious and eager for a release of his aggression.

G knew he could smell the both of you, searching, yet the lich remained relaxed just as the both of you heard a booming, vicious shout, **[I have a new idea! Why don't we just use the same grave for two broads, eh? Sun, and Spot-!]**

The lich dropped his face into his palm, his features hidden as his leg began to tremble. A breath caught in your throat at what you were hearing, **[Ahah! *Sunspot,* how precious- isn't that what she wanted to name the baby-?]** you felt your heart stop, the lich slowly stirring as he stood up from his chair and set the bottle on the desk. Was all of this true..? Looking towards G his expression clearly announced that it was, he was.. broken. **[What a coincidence, I guess she will end up with what she wanted in the end anyways!]**

You brought your arms across your chest, an uncomfortable pressure building in your chest as your eyes widened at the light, soft bead of moisture trailing from G's socket down his flat expression to his jawline. The monster out in the hall was snarling, his anger evident as something was thrown across the corridor. Wood clattered against wood to end in a loud BANG, against the wall, **[If only she had been alive to see for herself just how fast you moved on, being *my* mate yet trying to breed another female? Impressive!]** G was focused on the wall as he stepped forward, the rippling scars tearing at his flesh were quivering.

You were left standing there, hunched and huddled beside the chair as you cast your gaze away from the shuddering lich, who was balling his hands into fists. **[I bet her corpse is still warm in the ground, if you're attempting to reminisce by mounting the closest thing you have! You still want to see her so badly, *my dear?*]** forced cackles bounced through the wall, he had drawn closer, yet still couldn't find

this secret study as more crashes and shuffling rang out. **[Well let's go pay *another* visit, like you do every other day like a pathetic-]** you jolted, closing your eyes and tucking your face away as another SLAM clattered against the far wall, ***[-piece of shit!]***

All was suddenly still, your breathing had picked up from the stress of the situation without even realizing it as you heard the low, warbling voice of the lich, suddenly outside the room, "I warned you...to never...ever, speak of her, again."

[Ah, finally...done pining about how much you *'loved her, loved her...loved her?'*] the man panted, stretching each word of the explicit quote with a heavy exhale. His manic, wild expression trained in on the lich, and soaked in the glory of smoking his companion out by word alone. To top it off, he craved the salty wetness that dripped from the lich's damaged socket.

G knew the tactics this monster would use for manipulation, but this was the lowest level yet. He was digging that horrendous day up by the roots, twisting his cruel fingers into the everlasting wounds drawn upon the lich's soul. His voice held a waver, unable to control the livid resentment welling in his chest, "In a way... I thought I could have similarly loved you."

The beast's malicious expression slowly faded, his sockets scrunching at what he was hearing, as the lich strode forward. His footfalls heavy, his gaze cold and distant, "I should never had expected respect from a sniveling, childish creature such as yourself!"

The lich tapered his words with a snarl, shoving his palms into the broad chest of the other male. His words took the monster off guard as Voidster stumbled backwards, G falling into his emotions as he shouted, "Your demeanor is just as disappointing as your sloppy, careless fucking-!"

You heard every word, a deep frown pulling at your lips while you slowly stepped back to the chair to carefully sit down. Closing your eyes, you huddled within the cushions in an attempt to shut them out, yet their words had already devolved into a slurry of primal snarling, spitting and hissing. What you couldn't see was the pain in their eyes, their muscles tense and trembling as they circled each other in a feral, bitter dance.

All it took was the sudden, full of baring of the lich's gums to set them both reeling towards each other. A quick, agile, and ruthless brawl ensuing just past the wall across the room. You shrunk down into a ball on the chair, drawing the borrowed hood of the jacket over your face to block out the dim light and wild ferocity flaring a mere thirty feet away.

They hadn't fought like this before; slapping, clawing and tearing at one another in flashes of fangs and precise strikes. Hurting the other as harshly as they could, a battle of something beyond sheer dominance was taking shape, driving the wedge further between them. The lich had the upper hand- the alcohol in his system numbing his senses, his consciousness, twisting his entire weight behind each blow. Long, passionate gashes tore through the monster's crimson turtleneck to expose a glimpse of white before maroon fluid spilled forth.

With a quick and precise kick outwards, the lich used Voidster's own weight against him, throwing off his center of gravity to send him towards the floor, as he fell with him. The beast snarled wickedly, before G led with his fist, the man slamming into the hard floor below with a resounding grunt just before the jagged knuckles of the lich rammed into the side of his face. The strike was merciless, pounding his skull into the floor with a resounding CRACK.

Vision blurred, hacking and stunned, Voidster was vulnerable for this split second, and G could not resist. His fists drove into the man beneath him, over and over again. Red flecks of blood splattered across his arms, beating the monster into the ground relentlessly. The very man he had tenderly groomed earlier, the one who could simply

moan or sigh in his sleep and stir warmth within the lich's chest. None of it mattered, now.

Voidster's dense hide was thick, he was a brute of a being, though it still gave to the wrath of the lich. G did not stop until his knuckles were bruised a bitter black, red rivulets streaming down his forearms as he slowed and kept his arm raised, poised for another strike as he heaved and glared downward. Beads of spit slipped from his fangs to trickle down along his twitching neck.

Soft patters of determination-laced blood stained the soaking, soiled turtleneck of the beast as he hacked and spit onto the floor beside him, before drawing his aching features back upwards at the lich. His mouth parted, panting in tandem as blood pooled from his mouth. G could see why, the monster's tongue had been pierced several times by his own row of sharp teeth. For a moment they both stared at one another, in a daze of sweltering pain before Voidster croaked,
[Look…at yourself, how you tremble…]

The man brought his hand upward, black soaked digits unfurling to reach outward, drifting forth to the tense, quivering jawline of the lich. For a moment, G hesitated. The act had been so ordinary and tender on multiple occasions. He found himself entranced by the squinting, softening sockets gazing up at him, violet brimming within. As the gentle clicking of damp claws pressed against the side of the lich's cheek, G slapped the monster's wrist away. Instead of grinning, Voidster merely closed his mouth.

The lich had nothing to say to the man beneath him. Voidster drew his brows together, blinking slowly at first yet they began to truly flicker while G lowered his arms and shook his sore, aching hands outward to splatter ribbons of blood across the floor on either sides of them.
"You…" he tried, his voice quivering before he cut himself off with a snort, pulling his focus away as Voidster lightly coughed. The heavy pools of blood trickling down his throat stained his senses with that of copper, "You will stay away from me."

G lifted himself from the monster, who growled, deep within his gut as he rolled onto his side and pressed against the ground to bring himself upward. Staggering onto his feet, he watched the lich walk away, his hide glistening while his fists tensed, only to relax, over and over again.

Instead of following, Voidster turned and snorted, blood dribbling down his jaws from the lacerations rendered to his tongue.

The eerie quiet falling upon the study unnerved you at first, but this wariness was lost to your aches and pains. Exhaustion took hold of you, lulling you into a doze and eventual sleep. G returned nearly an hour later, picking up after the damage done unto the hall from his mate's outburst. These expressions of violence were common, nearly daily, but it was the self-sustaining silence that was new. It seemed as if this lesson was being digested and mulled over by his partner, a rare occurrence.

He let himself back into his secluded, private study. Freshly showered, sedate and craving the rest of that bottle of scotch. As he stepped inside, the door locking into place behind him, he glanced over to the large chair you were huddled in. His eyes lingered long enough to notice a soft shiver fizzle down your spine, an exhale pressing from his throat as he moved towards you.

Your scent was muffled, buried beneath his own claim as you lay wrapped beneath his large, but thin, hoodie. Another shiver coursed through you, your limbs drawing tighter inward. Without a word the monster carefully slid into the chair, huffing and licking at his maw as his large form enveloped you from behind. A strong, solid arm draped across your side, pulling you back into him while he kicked his legs outward over the arm of the chair. Lounging, at ease, his body heat was sweltering, and chased away the cold biting your flesh.

A soft sigh left your lips, your muscles melting into the placated being beneath you. The heat softened your pain, your tender aches and

lulled you into a deeper sleep. G himself felt the effects of the afternoon, the soft rhythmic breathing slipping from your lips urged his sockets to close. It had been the first rest in a long while where he was not in his own bed, and the company he kept was of the gentle variety.

Spot Sandwich

Chapter Summary

The lich is furious, frustrated and aching for vengeance.

Chapter Notes

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This chapter has a bit of everything, enjoy you sinners. 8)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He left G to his own devices, too battered to care that his mate was back hiding with you again. The selfish prick. He'd never noticed you going into heat before. It had probably been suppressed by the massive amounts of stress to your mind and body from...before. Proof that you'd gotten too comfortable here, felt too safe around himself and his mate. He would have to remind you of your place, remind G that you didn't belong to *him*.

It was fortunate they lived in such a large house. He had heard the shower turning on, and had retreated to a different bathroom, rinsing his own wounds, letting the heat undo the knots of tension within his body. The water ran dark for some time, rinsing the blood from his skin. Black from his mate, and crimson from himself. The head wound stung under the steam, but it was no worse than other injuries they'd inflicted on each other. A worse pain hid beneath the surface, beneath the lacerations, bruises, and scrapes. The pain of rejection, the surprising hurt of his outreached hand being cooly slapped away by the lich.

"You will stay away from me," the other man had said, flat and almost emotionless but for the slight tremor in his voice. Voidster growled at the stabbing pain in his tongue, punctured by his own fangs in the tussle. He hadn't thought he would have to push *that* hard to get the lich to reveal himself, to pull him out of his self-centered seclusion.

It agitated him beyond words that the lich was suddenly showing interest in another human female, when he'd never so much as touched you before, except to correct the worst of your wounds when Voidster had been too exuberant. He knew that beneath the polished veneer of his mate lay a primitive, feral creature. He just hadn't taken into account how strongly G would respond to your heat, how hard instinct would drive him to breed with you. Hell, he felt the pull himself, the irresistible scent that sharpened his focus to the need to mate.

He wasn't the one that had gotten possessive over you, acting like only his needs mattered. He wasn't the one that had snarled at being interrupted, despite the fact that he hadn't even locked the damn door. And selfishly, G had marked you, numbing you to further sensation from other males until the effect wore off. And then he'd had the gall to *take you with him,* like you *belonged* to him, like he wanted you more than-

He cut off that line of thought, snorting derisively. He wasn't jealous of you, that was ridiculous. G was his *mate,* you were just another fragile human, a plaything that would eventually break, just like the last one had. You were so far from competition that it was laughable. Let the lich mate with you, if that's what he wanted. Let him play with you, pretend like you were the human he truly longed for, the one that lay like a festering sore on his soul. At least you were quieter and more submissive than that one had been.

Irritably, he shut off the water, grabbing a large, dark towel from a hook on the wall. He padded over to the mirror, eyeing himself as he patted dry his muscular, scarred body, now decorated with fresh wounds. The visual presentation of the claw marks was appealing. Long, slightly uneven rows of dark crimson, cut into his very meat. It contrasted well with his pale hide, and the fading burn stoked a slow, lustful fire within himself. He catalogued the marks in his mind with the rest of injuries G had inflicted upon him. Other people might collect letters, tokens from their mates. He collected scars, gathering them like flowers into a bouquet of pain.

He wrapped the towel around his waist, claws clicking on the hardwood floors as he made his way to their shared bedroom. G wasn't there, of course. He was probably cuddled up with you, if he hadn't started humping you again. The man's weakness for human females was pathetic. He'd used you properly, then ruined it by behaving with such sentimental concern for your wellbeing.

Oh, Voidster wouldn't argue that humans were good for sex. Soft, malleable, warm. They also made enjoyable sounds, if one knew how to properly handle them. He enjoyed the sounds you made when he hurt you. The pained squeals he drew from your throat while fucking you were also pleasurable, but not quite as satisfying as the former. It was best when he caused you pain whilst thrusting into your tight body.

G didn't seem to appreciate the kaleidoscope of colors your soul made when properly stimulated, but he had likely been too busy brooding over that other, dead female to notice. And earlier, he had been so caught up in his rutting that he probably hadn't noticed then either. Voidster had seen them. The flashes of pain and slow burn of pleasure that had reflected within your cracked soul. That had been almost as interesting as seeing the reaction his mate was having to your heat.

He slipped into the cool silk sheets, sighing at the luxurious sensation against his naked skin. He would be sleeping alone tonight, for the first time in...weeks. It wasn't that he *needed* the other man's presence to sleep well, he just preferred to have him nearby. They were vulnerable during sleep, and could guard each other better than alone. He ignored the distant pang within his chest, the slight burn in his throat as he swallowed. Tomorrow...after he was rested, he would assess the situation. G had reacted more strongly than he had anticipated. Perhaps once he had worked off the edge of his lust, he would be more approachable. He didn't tend to hold grudges against his mate, but Voidster knew he had crossed the line more than once tonight.

Didn't matter. If G was still sulking, he would track you down, and work out his own displeasure on something that had no choice but to accept what he gave. Fucking a human in heat must be an interesting experience. And of course, he could punish you for your part in things. He had caught the flickers of distress on your face, had seen the guilt and confusion twisting in your soul. He knew just how to play with that. G may fault his methods, but when the results were so satisfying, what did it matter?

He tossed and turned, yet sleep continued to elude him. The image of the lich riding you was burned into his brain. It aroused and tormented him. The memory of their earlier, more tender lovemaking soon followed, and he found himself reaching downward, stroking himself and unconsciously bucking his hips against the sheets. Remembering the tight heat of his mate, the way his jaw hung open, black spittle sliding from his lips the more aroused he became…

He dragged his clawed hand up and down his length, panting slightly against the pillows. When he inhaled the scent of the man who usually shared this bed with him, he dragged the fabric to his face, burying and nuzzling into the pillow with enthusiasm as he breathed in the musky, acidic scent of the lich. "G…" he moaned against the muffling fabric, conflicting images of the furious creature who had spurned him, and the tender mate he had enjoyed earlier scorched into his thoughts.

He thrust roughly into his own hand, imagining the lich beneath him, panting and making those hot, feral sounds that burned like the sharpest aphrodisiac against his senses. He opened his jaws further, biting down onto the pillow with a snarl, picturing the thick hide of the lich between his teeth. In this fantasy, G was completely submissive, moaning and twisting beneath him, a slave to his own arousal. The rough, warped voice of the lich biting into him, demanding more, demanding everything.

He shuddered hard, pressing his length into the sheets as he finished with a few more hard strokes. His seed spilled out, staining the silk and diminishing the scent of his mate. He would fix that tomorrow.

The other man's scent would cover him, and he would mark him with his own scent as well. He'd have to do something about the human… He yawned, jaw cracking as he stretched his fangs apart. Yes, the human was a problem. They would have to come to some sort of agreement about how she would be...shared. He hated sharing, but he wanted G back in their bed more than he wanted exclusive rights to you.

Momentarily satisfied, sleep finally claimed him, drawing him sweetly into hazy memories of the life he had shared thus far with that frustrating, stubborn, emotional wreck of a lich.

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Roses, bright and seductive. Their tempting, sweet scent weighed on the lich and stirred his conscious mind. The monster released a soft pant, the muscles in his body winding as he stretched his legs outward, light trembles coursing through his powerful haunches to the tips of his clawed toes riddled in scars. Drawing in a deep breath, the strong arms of the monster tightened around the soft, warm form laying against his chest, the source of the scent tickling his palate.

A bitter, sour flavor bit at his tongue, he was craving the pollen of small white flowers, blissful and reactive. Yet, all he was given was thorns. Cracking his sockets open, the lich yawned, his muscles relaxing as he eased his large form into the cushions at his back. His white, sharp pupils drifted downward, the gentle, rhythmic breathing passing through your velvety lips kissing his hide. The jacket he had leant you was now bunched up, pinned between your back and the chair while you lay on your side with an arm hooked across the bare trunk of the lich.

He lay there a moment longer, his jaws parted to inhale your strong scent, which had now overpowered his previous claim. Instinct scratched at his brain, making him salivate as he watched your peaceful features beneath the disheveled locks of hair that had fallen

across your face. There were similarities there, despite the different scent mulling around on his tongue. Those stubborn eyes, delicate skin... The sound of air leaving your lungs was off, though, the barely audible sigh should have been higher, longer... The differences began to grate at him.

Rolling his tongue behind his canines, he swallowed the welling drool in his mouth, carefully carressing down over your arm. You were not her, you would never be her. His knuckled digits continued to roam, slipping over your side to your waist in a careful stroke. Yet how...pretty, full-bodied and warm you were. It made him swallow again. He didn't want to keep you. Yet, his sockets grew heavy as he felt outward over your bare outer thigh, his claws dipping into your flesh possessively.

Sensually, the lich gripped onto your body before raking his fingertips up along the side of your bare ass, drawing a sigh from your lungs as you shifted beneath his touch. You were still asleep. Exhaustion from the past few days had sunk in, the brutal breeding of the lich had left you sore, tender, and aching. Sleep was your only solace from this place, from these monsters, and your mind blissfully remained wrapped within its unconscious self.

G tossed his tongue within his jaws once more, lifting his gaze upward across the room as he marinated on a thought. He had let his frustration overwhelm him hours ago, feeding his ferality. Now, there were damages to consider. The argument, the brutal brawl with his mate over buried history and the clear knowledge of jealousy beginning to poison the bond between them, was...unacceptable. The lich couldn't help but hold onto his disdain for the other beast, his words had been cutting, and continued to sting within his soul. He would need to continue with his lesson. Voidster should know better by now than to press a lich.

A thought crossed his mind, his attention drifting back down to your sleeping form. He found his sockets narrowing. Closing his mouth, he hummed gently, the vibrations seeping through his hide into your form, pulling a strained groan from your throat as you shifted. G slid

his hand back down, feeling the contours of your bare hips and stained skin from his dark essence, as his fingers wound around to your hamstrings before pulling back up again, tenderly groping.

He could be selfish, he could keep you tucked away, pinned to his lap for the next few days, but he knew how possession could turn into attachment. Something he didn't want, no matter how enticingly a heated female mewled beneath him. No, he needed to be smart, and he knew just the thing to appease his self-centered, egotistical companion, while also satisfying himself in the process.

The monster tucked his fingertips heavily beneath your ass, grinding in gentle circles to rouse you as he pressed his face downward towards you, his words carrying on a soft breath, "My dear.."

Grunting you shook your head. Being called from your slumber with the intricate vocal inflections of the lich, processing what his hand was doing, a scowl crossed your face as you murmured raspily into his scars, "Leave me alone..."

"Mnn, I understand your displeasure with me," he said, pulling his kneading fingers up across your ass to your hip, digging into the strained, sore muscles he had damaged. "My behavior was uncalled for, and uncouth."

A soft sigh left your lips, the throbbing ache in your hips, thighs and groin couldn't agree more with him. The tender, caring touches of his apologetic motions kept you relaxed. Wincing through the pain that gave way to slow relaxation of your wound muscles, you swallowed dryly as you flicked your eyes open and focused in on the mountainous, black scar stretched from his throat downward to the opposing hip bone.

"Allow me to ease your burdens, I have something that will help your

aches. My... passed on, mate...benefited greatly from the medicines I developed for her." Hearing him openly talk about this woman, about anything, was new. He was a man of few words, and cold, stoic expressions. It seemed as if he truly was sorry, treating the wounds he knew how to treat to the best of his ability with an offering of pain relief.

"S-sure.. Like, pills?" you murmured, being carefully shifted from above the lich as he slid out from beneath you. The claws of his toes tapping against the hardwood as you were left huddled, warm and aching on the leather chair, basking in the musky, masculine scent of the monster as he stepped away from you towards his desk.

A light chuckle shook through his throat, "no.. but I believe you will be relaxed, and at peace by this administration.."

Blinking you scrunched your eyebrows, lifting yourself up off of the cushions with your legs tucked beneath you. You still felt raw, sullied by the seed of the lich yet curiosity held you at attention as you watched the monster rummage around in a drawer. "It's.. not a needle, is it?"

"No, I prefer.. Organic means," he stated, flicking his gaze towards you as he lifted a glass, matte jar from the depths of his things. He pressed the side of his leg into the drawer to close it, his free hand drifting to the chrome lid, twisting off the cover as he made his way back over to you, gauging your reaction.

"What is that..?" you asked pensively, leaning back into the chair as he made his approach and stood before you. He was silent as he slid the cap under the dense glass jar, tilting the container out towards you to show you the contents. Herbs, the cool sensation of clove and peppermint washed over you as you gazed at the half used up creamy substance inside.

“A simple remedy, hand made.. She had been particularly fond of this blend, for it’s.. *Penetrative* properties.” Dark translucent spit slid across his tongue as he spoke, carefully watching your expression as he held the jar in one hand and dipped his fingertips into the substance, “may I..?”

Nervously you bit into your lower lip, eyeing both him and the jar. You didn’t appreciate his choice of words but the pain in your body was beginning to get to you, an experience you were tired of suffering through. Slowly, you nodded as he crouched before you and murmured, locking his gaze with yours, “relax, my dear.. Lie on your stomach, the best you can. Allow me to heal the damage I’ve done.”

You cast him a careful glare, gently turning over you folded your arms and placed them up on the plush arm of the chair while you rolled your hips downward. The seat was rather large, to accommodate such massive monsters, lying flat was rather easy. Setting the side of your face down onto your arms you sighed, shuddering as the cool, padded fingers of the lich smeared this herbal substance across your lower back respectively.

Allowing yourself to fall into the relaxing touch you drew in a heavy breath and slowly let it out, your eyelids closing as the creamy, cold concoction seeped into your skin and into the tightly wound muscle beneath. The odd substance began to heat up as the lich kneaded across your tender aches and pains, driving the growing sense of relief deep to nearly your very joints and bone.

The scent of the cream could not mask that of your heat, the lich’s mouth twitching into a smirk as he eyed his work. His passions from the other night were clear, the dark stains caressing your thighs, budding bruises at your inner thighs and quivering flesh beneath his probing affections ignited a heat within his core. Of course he had used a similar remedy on his last mate, treating her with a kind, serving affection.. But this blend had another use.

You melted beneath his hand as another joined in to rub into your hip joint, slipping around your waist in a careful, precise massage. You hadn't even noticed the lich setting the jar down, lost to his affections a light moan rolled through your throat. The substance was seeping into your body, cooling and calming.. Warm and comforting.

With your back and hip flexors attended to the lich slid his hands downward, murmuring, "stay still.. Your injuries are rather intimate. Doze, my dear.. You are safe."

His cooing words made you nod, your breathing becoming deep and rhythmic as a growing ache nestled within the lich's groin. His dark tongue slipping across his lips as he trailed his hands across your inner thighs, kneading into the soft, supple flesh. He used his thumbs, grinding deeper between your legs as he circled them upward, brushing across your folds to which you jumped at, gasping.

"Shhh, it is all right," he whispered, leaning over top of your form as you scrunched your brows together. A twisting pulled into your gut, biting onto your bottom lip as his hands traveled away from your sex and across the sore bruising forming from where his hip bones had mercilessly drove into you, "relax.. That's a good girl.."

Excitement was building within the lich, a throbbing need evidently clear in his slacks yet he held himself back. He had other plans in mind, this had to flow smoothly and you were beginning to become putty in his hands. A calming, blissful state began to blanket your mind, unquestioning submission filling your limbs as you truly lay limp and passive. A growing buzz in your gut was making you crave his touch further, a flutter of moths wings erupted in your stomach while G ground his digits upwards once more.

The lich could smell your rising arousal, he couldn't hold back a full on smirk now. His fangs glistening with slick saliva as he removed a hand, dipping his fingers in more substance from the jar as a whimper of disappointment dripped from your lips. He shushed you again, slow

and purposeful, you could feel his breath at your back, “I know, my dear.. I am not finished yet, be at peace..”

Falling into his words you exhaled, a flush drawing into your cheeks. G wasted no time in smearing a glob of cold cream across your folds, a jolt shooting through your spine as you gasped. He continued to carefully shush you, his voice low and soothing as he ground both thumbs against you, spreading the substance through the dark stains coating your skin.

A shudder rose through your spine, your legs parting for him subconsciously as you ducked your face into your arms, hiding your flushed features as the lich softly chuckled. “As you wish,” he cooed, twisting his wrist he brought forth his index and pointer fingers, grinding along your hot, wet entrance to slip down along your clit in deep, rocking motions.

A muffled moan spilled from your lungs, the cream he was using abated your aches and soreness, replacing it with cold and warm bliss that soaked into your form. The longer he played with you, the more complacent and at ease you became. Soaking in this pleasure you found your breathing beginning to pick up, the lich’s fingers slipping downward to test the resistance of your walls.

G released a soft pant, his wavering pupils focusing on his work as he drove his fingers within you. Stretching, testing and easing to the secondary knuckle as he hooked his digits and drug them back outward. You mewled, your back arching to the sensation as he smeared this substance within your body. It reminded you of his essence, your memories drawing forth of how he spilled his hot, biting seed within you yet this sensation was just warm, slick and made every motion of his hands painfully clear.

“There we go..” he murmured, a bead of spit dripping from his lips as he rolled his fingers forth again, pressing to the knuckle to smear this substance deep within your quivering form, “so calm and obedient..”

Your shivers eventually ebbed away, that calm stillness wrapping around your mind and only allowed you to focus on your desire. The heat between your legs summoned whimpers of lust from your throat, sweat beginning to glisten over your skin as he pulled from your tight walls. He caught the edges of your lips with his thumb, swiping more of his remedy within you, being sure to coat every last bit of you.

The soft, suckling of your body on his fingers was making his soul ache. The need of his groin growing far too demanding to continue ignoring, he indulged you for a few more thrusts before withdrawing his fingers. His hands leaving you empty and wanting, yet you couldn't find the strength to move, all you could do was pant and moan in need.

G pulled his fingers towards his maw, swiping his tongue across his digits to clean them. The lingering scent of your heat coated his jaws, as did the tingling sensation of peppermint and other herbs. He leaned forward, dipping his maw against the side of your neck he whispered, "be good, I will be back.. It will take a few moments for your pain to subside. Then, I will show you true tenderness.."

Sighing your body felt heavy, aroused and edged. All you could do was accept the comfort from the leather chair as the lich quickly capped the jar and righted himself. He dropped the container back within his desk before leaving the room, his muscles twitching while he continued to roll and swipe his tongue against his fangs. It took all of his willpower to keep from mounting you here and now, but there was one more individual to appease.

Stepping along the hall he took a slight detour, slipping inside his mate's workspace he opened a drawer and snatched a bundle of dark, corded rope. Shutting the drawer without so much as a second glance at the projects situated in the room, the scent of old blood lingering in the area as it usually did.

G gripped into the bundle as he approached the bedroom, the scent of his mate was undeniable and it drew a needy pant from his lungs. He paused, closing his eyes and gathering his breathing before handing the cord to a summoned, skeletal hand. He ordered the apparition to remain hidden behind the wall as he opened his eyes, the door to the bedroom, and slipped inside.

The lich took in the sight of his mate, lounging beneath the thin, soft linens as he dozed. Like this, the violence he regularly displayed was tucked away and left behind a complacent, malleable being. G could coax this trance from him in certain cases, using gentle strokes of his tongue to ease him into a passive state. The grooming affections would only work if the man was properly spent, and the lich knew that was an impossibility now.

Even now, as he stepped carefully to the edge of the bed, his expression stoic, frustration and anger boiled in his magic. Speaking so demeaningly of the woman he had loved, it drove a knife into his soul and made it difficult to remain relaxed on the outside. G didn't need to speak, the sensitive awareness of his mate was sharp.

[Are you quite finished with your repugnant humping? Come to apologize?]

A heavy, slow exhale pressed through the lich's parted maw as he came closer and began to crawl up onto the sheets. The beast beneath him flicked his sockets open, staring flatly with his glittering, lilac pupils at the approach of his companion. A familiar, herbal scent rose and tingled against Voidster's palate, summoning a hearty chuckle while G poised himself above his companion.

[Ah, she was too much fight in the end..? Resorting to sedation, doesn't seem particularly like you.]

“Aye..” the lich murmured, dipping his face towards the man below, his words whispering against the parted jaws of his mate, “but I find it.. Necessary, for what I have planned for you, especially.”

Voidster blinked at that, tilting his head slightly to the side while his half lidded expression hardened suspiciously. The scents wafting from the lich’s tongue were a mix of herbs, and that female’s heat. G didn’t allow the man to think for long as he continued, his voice low and soothing, “I lost myself, the other night-” the monster beneath him snorted, his sockets only narrowing harder, “-you did not deserve such harsh action..”

A deep, reverberating growl thundered within Voidster’s chest as G carefully pressed forward, his parted jaws panting against his own. The flavors being teased into his mouth were strong, heavy and astoundingly fresh. Static fizzled against the beast’s lips as the lich murmured, “no one can render such pleasure as yourself, yet.. I have a feeling, you will enjoy my offer.”

Voidster’s breathing began to quicken, his pupils shivering in excitement as apprehension gave way to arousal. It was rare the lich behaved in this way, so giving and attentive on submitting pleasure without expecting anything in return. He supposed it would have to do, as far as apologies went.

G tentatively tilted his jaws to the side, pressing further downward towards the tense throat of his mate. Carefully the lich rolled his tongue forth, teasingly probing at the hardened flesh there until the beast snorted and tilted his head to the side. Given permission G unfurled his tongue from deep within his throat, pressing the slick tendril across the strong neck of the man beneath him in a submissive pass. To top off the action, a light pant rode through his tongue and sparked a cooling sensation over the tough hide of his companion.

While he appeased and worshipped the man below the lich’s deft hands carefully stripped the thin sheet from his form. His fingertips

slipping and tracing over the structure of his muscle, leading and caressing across every notch and scar covering his thick hide. Grasping, pulling and raking his fingertips down along his abdomen G gave a heavy pant, a groan riding on his exhale.

Voidster luxuriated in the sensation of being well-stroked by his mate. The suspicion he felt at the lich's strange behavior began to dissipate, replaced with the heat and need that G was so talented in coaxing from him. The other man was often more...feral than himself when it came to sex, but the strength of him, the way that Voidster could push hard and find himself matched, was a potent attractant.

Your scent on the lich was distracting, but faint enough that he knew the man hadn't indulged a second time. Perhaps that would be the next part of this 'apology.' While he usually considered you a shared property between them, his claim was prior, since you had come from *his* timeline, not G's. It was only fitting that the lich submit to him in this as well, offering you up as a tantalizing treat after the main course had been finished.

And if G had given you that particular concoction, playing with you would be very interesting, indeed. Voidster had no qualms about drugging his playthings. It was often amusing, and added variety to the otherwise predictable fear and pain that he usually coaxed from his partners. That was one aspect of the lich that he particularly appreciated. G did not fear him, didn't hesitate to match his ferality and strength with his own. The thrill of the fight, the dance, the battle for dominance, was a heady aphrodisiac.

Seeing his partner now, so submissive and giving, was a new and intriguing twist. Lying back against the silk sheets, feeling the lich tug them away to further reveal his body, as well as his growing arousal. Pleasure freely given, by such a powerful monster. His mate, seeking only to please him. A deep purr of satisfaction rumbled faintly in his chest, as G expertly stroked both his ego and body.

Voidster was bending to his will, perfect. Ducking his face downward, hiding his growing smirk from his mate the lich suddenly lurched to nip and growl lovingly at the man's collarbone. He felt the beast shudder beneath him, a pant pressing through his lungs as he riled the tenacious creature. Slipping lower still G rolled his tongue forth, tasting the warm, rigid hide beginning to shift against the sheets.

The farther his affections became the male below growled, heavy in his chest as he began to press himself upward from the mattress, eyeing the progress the lich was making beneath a lidded, lusting gaze. G knew how the monster enjoyed a view, he used it to his advantage and allowed the beast to scoot up against the headboard. It was not one solid piece, strips of wood lay vertically in a stylish, solid design and the lich had just the right job for them.

Settling on his knees between the legs of his mate the lich slowly drug his tongue across the pulsing shaft at his chin. Earning a quiver as the male's excitement spiked, a twisted grin tugging at his maw while spectral hands began to rise up behind the headboard. Unbeknownst to him G glanced upward, giving a long drag along his twitching length, his white gaze flicking over Voidster's shoulder before quickly snapping back into the violet, glimmering purple iris' studying him.

"In order to.. Be sure, you let me ravish you properly.." the lich began, his heavy breath steaming against the cock at his lips. The skeletal apparitions unwound the heavy black rope as they slipped carefully from between the wooden bars, outwards to the beast's arms who was raising a brow, "I have to restrain you, my dear.."

Voidster grimaced, his head tilting as a snort beat through his lungs. In order to keep him appeased the lich reached outward, pressing up along the beast's chest before digging his claws into his hide. His free hand better positioning his mate's heated arousal for his tongue to caress, the hole within the tendril threading elegantly around his girth to twist and slide along him. The motions did the trick, the male beginning to pant as the spectral hands began to weave the black rope around his wrists, gathering and intricately weaving the bonds through multiple posts as they worked their way up to the male's

biceps.

All it would take now is a hard tug, but the lich remained tactful, moving too fast would push the dominating male to retaliation. Submission was not something easy to obtain from this creature, the lich had even thought it impossible for some time. With a heavy pant the lich lowered his eyelids, his jaws pressing down around the throbbing shaft of his mate. Twisting, grinding and coating the cock in his jaws the lich was sure to give every inch proper attention.

G pulled his clawed digits down along Voidster's chest towards him, dark red scratches of passion flowing in his wake as the male shuddered and truly began to pant. Fixated on the submissive lich, it was as if desire of the woman's heat had struck a nerve harder than the cruel words they had spat at one another.

The lich drug his fingers closer, being sure to hitch along the prominent hip bones of the male in his mouth. His fingertips felt the slow, easing of muscle unwinding beneath them and that's when he thrust his tongue harshly along his mate's shaft, simulating the sensation of hilting. A light, barely noticeable gasp pulled into Voidster's lungs, his eyes shivering in their sockets as he fully relaxed. This was it, the skeletal hands suddenly shot outward, away from each other behind the bed.

Simultaneously the cord tangled around his arms was drawn, the ripping of straining rope groaned through the air as the man's wrists were jerked behind his lower back. Voidster's eyes widened, his lips beginning to quiver into a snarl as he hardened his gaze downward to the lich who slowly lifted away from his companions groin.

Dribbles of black spit clung to his jaws as G watched the expression of surprise devolve into that of irritation. The muscles in the beasts body winding as he growled lowly, the vibrations echoing in his chest yet press as he may the cord would not budge. He was trapped against the bed, the strong rope biting all along his arms and kept them tucked

behind his back. Carefully the spectral hands assisted each other by tying off the tight restraints, yet an end still remained opened as a bony hand peered forward above Voidster's shoulder.

His mate was too busy glaring at him, his sharp canines beginning to bare as he growled again. G carefully slid upwards, distracting him by extending a hand to the monster's jaw line and took his attention away from the cord being drawn around his thick, heaving throat, "Shhh.. that's it, relax.."

G's words caressed the male's desire, his burning arousal igniting to new heights from all of this teasing. The new territory in which they traversed was enough to keep Voidster entertained and curious, but he wasn't known for patience. The lich slowly dropped his hand, taking the cord from the bony apparition just as it folded back within the void. Bracing himself on his knees, hovering above the lap of his mate G began to loop the cord high beneath the male's jawline.

[What are you planning..?] the man asked, his gaze having turned into a wicked glare yet G could not mistake the flashes of light from his pupils as anything besides lust.

"This is merely a precaution, I know how deeply you may bite at times.. Such a dainty human could be crushed, and I presume you want more than one use from her, yes?" he cooed, pulling the ropes taut before tying the knot right against the adam's apple of his mate. Simulating a hard enough choke to tantalize but not bruise, unless he struggled.

"My.. home remedy may make her deliciously tight," the lich murmured, pressing his face closely to Voidster's, tasting his breath as he panted before him, "I will be your hands, she will hilt regardless of resistance.. Perhaps she may even sing a lovely song for you whilst I drive her to you, such a fun little plaything, don't you agree..?"

The man in front of him could only pant, his chest heaving as desire flooded his mind. Such pleasantries being painted in words for him whisked away conscious thought. G tentatively placed a kiss on the corner of the open mouth of his mate before pulling away, Voidster pulled at his legs, his knees at a bend and spread apart to try easing the unbearable ache in his slick, prepared shaft.

The lich made his swift exit, drawing the back of his hand up against his wicked smirk to wipe away the translucent spit having spilled there. How he loved when his plans held strong, without a hitch.

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The warm, tingling sensation having seeped into your skin had washed your soreness away with time. You hadn't even noticed how long the lich had been gone for, dozing in and out of sleep, imagining his knuckled fingers pumping through your sensitive, resistant walls. A fire was smoldering in your belly, yet you couldn't bring yourself to move, too relaxed and at peace to explore the chemicals having coated your form.

You heard the door open, the soft steps of the lich approached you without a word. A soft smile crossed your lips, still having your face hidden in your arms yet when his strong hands began to wrap around your torso you moaned and drew your attention upwards. You hazily met the blank expression of the monster as he lifted you from the leather chair, he shifted you in his arms while he turned to stride back out of the room.

Feeling light headed and incredibly heated you didn't bother to put up a fight as you breathed, "where.. Where are you taking me?"

"To my quarters.. It is more comfortable there," he purred, dipping his face down towards you he gave a rough nudge to the side of your

cheek to expose your neck where he drew a heavy lick up the side of your flesh. A gasp left your throat, sparks of electricity washing down your spine and settled in your loins. Flushing you tried to suppress the moan slipping from your throat as you were whisked around a corner, then through a large doorway.

Blinking you felt the lich draw his face away from your throat, allowing you to pull your head back up as he waltzed up to the side of a large bed with a massive, rippling and excited Voidster sitting in wait. Panic tried to strike through your system but the reaction was slow, like sludge that wouldn't allow you to process what was happening and before you knew it you were dumped into the lap of the monster you had come to loathe. Straddling his hips you stared wide eyed and shivering up at the straining expression of lust, it was as if he was eating you alive with his gaze.

Pulling your hands up and away from the monster you leaned away yet just hit something hard, tattered and hot at your back. The lich. He nudged you forward by pressing into you, forcing you to catch yourself against the heaving chest of the beast you straddled, sitting atop his abdomen that twitched and throbbed between your thighs. Your mind could not, would not, work. You shouldn't be sitting here, you didn't know what was happening and your fear was being suppressed by the sensitive heat in your stomach.

The lich's hot breath beat against the side of your neck and face as he studied his mate eyeballing you, the rope straining to hold him back as his muscles bulged and squirmed against the bonds, "Shhh, little one.. He can not hurt you," you felt the man's long, knuckled fingers slip up around your thighs and lifted you upwards, drawing you back towards him as the lich seemed to kick something off of the bed before continuing, not talking particularly to you, "I know what you're craving.."

Voidster's eyes radiated heat, their color violently vibrant as hot air tumbled from his parted jaws. His eyes flicking downward between your spread thighs, the dark stains of the lich were still upon your skin but it wouldn't matter, not when it was his length striking through

you to replace them. A whimper trembled through your throat as you eyed the monster before you, your heart racing yet your body was obedient to the lich's gentle instruction, "flesh on flesh.. To be pleased, to be.. *Satisfied* ."

The lich tucked his hand downward, fiddling with something beneath you and you dared not take your eyes from the malevolent creature staring you down. You'd seen that look before, but nowhere near this.. Crazed. Voidster's lips were twitching, his gums glimmering to the room as growls and hissing rode on his heavy panting beating through his lungs. Realization struck through your gut as you felt a girthy, scalding appendage press through your slick folds against your entrance.

"N-no-" you tried, your fingertips digging into Voidster's chest as you shook your head, the last thing you wanted to give was this monster any satisfaction. Period.

"Shhh, my dear.. We must serve the master, before the pet.." the lich breathed, his chest pressing heavily into your back and eased you closer to the beast's chest as it heaved and trembled with thundering growls. The heat at your entrance slowly beginning to stretch your walls, slick and well prepared the tight fit of the dark shaft sinking within you struck at your nerves as you quivered and slipped a moan.

Voidster raised a brow, his eyes widening as he flicked his gaze upwards, directly into the smirking, devilish expression of the lich.
[You-]

"Yes.. *Pet* ?" G snickered, rolling his hips forward to drive his length further into you. You let out a gasp, as you were shoved up against the rock hard, trembling chest of the furious monster beneath you.

The lich gave a pant, his spine rolling beneath his hide as he dropped

the facade and bared his gleaming, intelligent manic grin towards his mate. Enjoying the view of realization dawn upon him while G gave a sudden, violent buck forward. His length struck through you, ramming into the back of your stomach you gave a yelp, mouth open and panting you clung to the chest beneath you as you were bent and spread above him.

Filled with impotent fury, Voidster stared down at your soft, malleable form. So close, naked and writhing on his own body. Yet he wasn't the male sheathed within you, forced instead to watch and *feel* how the lich dominated you, dragging sounds of pleasure from your throat that only further aroused and frustrated him. He would kill this bastard.

Voidster's neglected, throbbing manhood pulsed just below you as the lich wrapped a strong arm up beneath your stomach and withdrew to only rock within you once more. He struck beautifully through you, the tight, burning stretch of your walls only drew stars into your eyes as a pleasurable moan rode from your lungs just as he was beginning to ride you.

The chest you were being pressed against from the heavy, needy motions of the lich shuddered as a bellowing roar tore through Voidsters throat. **[You, *bastard! You dare trick me?!*]** His body twisted, jerked as he fought the bonds digging mercilessly into his flesh. The knot at his throat stabbed painfully against his adam's apple as the monster fought viciously, the frame of the bed shuddering and shaking while the lich just began to laugh. A deep, throaty noise.

You flinched at the deafening sound, panting as G never once stopped his movements within you. Torn between fear and arousal, you stared up at the furious purple eyes that were torn between staring at your helpless body splayed across his chest, and glaring up at the man behind you. Sweat slid between your bodies, your breasts and belly rubbing slickly against the scarred, heaving torso of the furious beast.

"You mean.. *This-* " the lich moaned, bucking aggressively against

your tender mound to bury within your quivering form, earning a delicate cry to roll through your chest as you were ground into the baited monster beneath you, “-is crossing a line for you..?”

Voidster’s jaws opened as far as they could as an ancient, cruel war cry tore through his very being. The sound made you shudder and tuck your head downward, trying to stay as far away from his ferocious overflowing rage as you could. G did not slow his pace, in fact, he increased it. Nudging and rolling his hips into you from behind with such precision and need, the hard, tender breeding pushed and pulled your frame against the unstable chest you braced yourself against with your forearms.

“Does it make you feel helpless..? Weak..? *Pathetic?* ” he hissed, grinding his throbbing length through your tight frame, striking perfectly against your sweetest spots that jolted your spine into a deep arch as you mewled with ecstasy. “I know you think this girl is yours, to do with what you will-” he panted, his haunches tensing as he kept his eyes locked with the violent snarl of his mate, “-but my, how easy it is to apply my will and *make her submit to me.* ”

With that the lich picked up the pace, ramming through your tight center while pulling his forearm at your stomach, crashing your hips together in an aggressive, dominating need. The scent of sex and sweat building through the room as squeaks and gasps of pleasure were coaxed from your throat, your body rolled and begged for his motions as he edged you closer and closer. You walls were teeming with energy, sparking and drifting along your spine outward across your entire body, lulling you into a blissful trance of pleasure.

Voidster snarled, jerking forward to try snapping over your shoulder at the lich who was grinning wickedly at him, being sure he felt every pulse and throb of his breeding straight into his own body. The ropes around his arms, around his throat, began to wring crimson imprints upon his hide. He watched, eyes glazed and tormented as his mate drove into your quivering body, the deep flush on your face, the hard nipples brushing over his chest evidence of your pleasure.

The breathy sounds of pleasure you made, the way your small form quivered against him, drove him to a rage that had no outlet. Growing still, he sagged against his restraints, staring hatefully at the lich, whose eyes never left his face, basking in his frustration and fury, as well as the moans and pants he was drawing from you. His erection throbbed, brushed every so often by the movements of your bodies above him. Enough to torment, not enough for release.

Groaning in pleasure, the lich bent forward, pressing your small figure down between the two of them as he reached out to caress his mate's face. Unsurprisingly, the larger monster snapped at his hand, pushed well past his tolerance for such gentle affection. Smirking, G raised a brow, withdrawing his hand to lightly caress your breasts, toying with your nipples to make you squirm against the man beneath you as he rolled his hips against your buttocks.

"Now then, is that any way to behave to your master, *my pet?"* He inquired lightly, ignoring the resounding snarl that answered the query. "Look at how well behaved your- I mean *our* human is. So needy...so pliant and responsive. She feels even sweeter than she smells. Perhaps if you behave yourself, you'll get a taste." Silence, this time. Wary violet eyes observed him, gauging the sincerity of his words. What a bitter pill it must be for the other man to swallow, although far from undeserved.

Letting the beast marinate on his words, he focused once more on your tight, luxurious heat. The way your body both resisted and embraced his manhood, the small, satisfying noises you made as he thoroughly bred you, rutting with a simple, feral ferocity that enveloped his mind and body in sweltering bliss. *Not yet,* he decided, observing the way you moaned, unconsciously raising your rear up in an enticing, needy display, begging for him to bury further within you.

This was worth drawing out. He doubted that you had the stamina to continue much longer, but that wasn't important. He was rested

enough to extend his mate's punishment, and his pleasure, for as long as he wished. Your active participation wasn't necessary for his plan. You were small compared to the monsters above and beneath you. Easily lifted, manipulated, moved into whatever position he desired.

You could feel yourself edging closer, beads of sweat glistening down your neck as you were ground between the two monsters. Your fingertips digging and clawing at the man beneath you as a needy pant pushed from your lips across his collarbone, shivers of bliss traversed your spine and exhilarated your passions. Your lips were moving, the gentle begging for G made him release a soft groan as he leaned further over you.

The lich quickly brought his roaming hand from your breast and instead latched onto the strong, twitching shoulder of his mate. His spine quivering in narcissistic euphoria as he breathed, his taste wafting over you and into Voidster's parted, panting jaws; "That's it little dove...sing for me."

The scents stabbing into Voidster's palate was driving him mad, your lusting, dripping body rubbing so sweetly against him, along with the rocks of deliberate dominance from the lich, irked him beyond resolution. Yet, he found his wanting, throbbing manhood craving. Stuck between sheer rage and being held just before eternal bliss drew his jaws together, the loud clacking noise ringing out across the room as he seethed between his teeth in a low, shaking snarl, **[Love...let me tear her apart-]** the monster jerked roughly at his bonds, jostling you as the lich continued to roll within your tensing body.

G ignored him, shoving forward so fiercely that you were pushed hard against the monster's chest, nearer the gleaming fangs and narrowed violet eyes, yet not quite close enough to be reached. Voidster could feel himself salivating, craving the sweet release of tearing into your supple body, feasting on your blood as he thrust into your squealing form. A bead of precum built at the head of his cock, dripping slowly downward as the fantasy enthralled and distracted him. He was so hard it felt physically painful, the knot against his throat only building his passion as he swallowed hard against it.

The combined scents of your heat and his mate's arousal were unbearable, his tongue tossing fitfully behind his sharp teeth as he twisted against the restraints. He saw the dull exhaustion in your eyes, face flushed and sweaty as G bucked steadily into you, gripping your hair in one large, knuckled hand to pull your face back, forcing you to face the demon whose chest you rode. Glazed violet eyes stared into yours, each of you lost in your own worlds, torment and passion masterfully orchestrated by the lich.

G gently began to laugh, a soft warbling that shook through his ribs before he murmured, "getting closer.. Isn't that right, my dear?"

You were pinned beneath the vicious, purple eyes bearing down to you as you panted, strained whimpers slipping from your lips. The lich dug his fingers tighter through your hair, the tugging sensation making you growl and hiss just as he gave a particularly deep thrust. Striking into the pit of your stomach your nerves trembled, an inner itch growing stronger. Nearly there. In a trance from G's movements you whined as a confirmation, the act making the beast against your chest exhale in a deep pant, twisting at the end in an odd note. A whine of his own.

"How sweetly you beg.. How could I say no to filling you-" he purred, keeping his eyes locked onto the expression of the other male as frustrated horror began to cross his features, "-is that what you want, my dear..? To be bred?"

The lich's hips tucked up against you, grinding his length against you as deeply as he could with tough, demanding nudges that sent shivers through his spine. The sensation was too much, a gasp tearing through your lungs as you cried out. Legs trembling, nails clawing down Voidster's chest while you tightened around the lich considerably. He smirked, his lids drooping as he rode you through your bliss, his haunches winding with his own lust tipping nearer, "if you wish.."

[Bastard, d-don't-!] the shaky, hot outburst tore through Voidster's jaws. He was tearing at his arms, burns from the cords kissing his hide as he was strangled from his own struggle. Eyes wide and envious, he snarled at the lich, his legs shaking in anger as he braced against the sheets. If he claimed you now, the lich's numbing seed would render you unfeeling to his own attentions for possible hours.

"P-please-!" you gasped, sparks of electricity biting at your spine, making you dizzy as pleasure filled you to the brim, just as he should be doing.

The lich released a snarl, the sound reverberating through his entire body, rattling his bones and pressed into the air. You shut your eyes to it, baring your fangs upwards as the lich kept his grip deep against your skull. He gave a few, heavy thrusts before leaving you gasping and empty. Instead, his slick cock ground up along your ass as he lunged down towards you. Ripping your head to the side he sunk his fangs into your heaving throat, a hard shudder washing over him as he spilled his acidic, biting seed across your lower back.

It was almost as if someone had poured hot wax across your skin, the sensation making you squirm and throw forward up against Voidster's chest who was still trying to pull free from his restraints. His muscles quivered with the effort to pull his arms apart, twisting his spine as his parted jaws were burdened with livid snarling.

G pressed you down against the furious beast, heaving into your captured neck with his sockets shut. He continued nudging his hips against your backside as his climax faded, his throbbing, slick length digging into your skin while his scalding essence flowed downward. Voidster could smell it, the heavy, black sludge was reminiscent of toxic oil. The beast's jaw line shivered as he seethed, his chest rumbling beneath you, **[You selfish prick, laying claim to my human, when previously you had hardly given her any mind-!]**

You were dazed, bliss making your mind swim in a thick high as you

panted. Slowly, G unraveled his fingers from your hair, combing through your disheveled locks, and released your neck. Stinging, red indentations remained as the lich breathed heavily, a smirk drawing across his features as his eyes opened to meet the ravenous expression of his mate. “I already had the first claim.”

He then pulled himself off of your back, his hand slipping free of your hair to slide beneath the slick, hot flesh right under your breasts. He lifted you upwards as he settled and braced himself on his knees, straightening his spine, and guided his free hand down towards the neglected, throbbing shaft of his mate. “Your appeasement is also a priority. As we share respect, do we not?”

Voidster swallowed, the knot pressing against his throat made his windpipe burn, aching as he growled. He shivered as the elegant fingers of his mate caressed up along his unsatisfied arousal, before slipping back down, still slick with the lich’s saliva as his manhood was drawn away from his abdomen and repositioned. Heated, writhing, and irritated, the monster forced himself to respond cautiously. **[Of course…]**

“And with respect comes cooperation, correct…?” he hummed, swiping his tongue across his fangs, still tinged with your scent. He let his words sink in, as he drew your body against him, a shiver coursing through your back as you blinked and tried to shake the disorienting haze that had settled upon you. “The cooperation of understanding…knowing what could possibly cross the line…such as this.”

Voidster’s sockets narrowed, the edges twitching as he glared over you, and to the lich as he spoke. So, this was all purposeful. Meant to be a lesson, a punishment for speaking of his deceased human. Despite his bitter resentment, his emotions were tinged with slight admiration. G was cunning, but had never displayed such behavior so far. He was much more capable than Voidster had thought, especially now. The past five months had been abysmal, living with the sulking, solemn monster. Such change of pace had taken him off guard, now his pleasure was resting solely on the lich and the pain in his groin was

telling him to listen, to *cooperate.*

"It is better to know when to take.. And when to give," G cooed, his breath slipping across your shoulder as you stirred and pressed your palms against the slick chest before you. Bringing your gaze up you took in the cherry red rings coursing beneath the rope laced around the monster's throat, bruises and burns. You were so distracted by the damage being done to Voidster you hadn't noticed the lich lowering you until you felt a hot, twitching appendage press up into you.

Gasping your back arched, your eyelids fluttering as G guided you ever so slowly downward. Voidster's legs twitched, his chin tilting upwards as a hearty breath panted from his jaws as he felt you stretching around him, at last. He couldn't restrain the moan that welled upwards through his sore throat, a whimper from your lips joining his sounds of relief while the lich then brought both hands to your waist and shoved you downward.

A choked cry split from your lungs as you were speared onto the other monster, his chest heaving and hitching in a gentle laugh beneath your raking fingernails. His skull rolled back along the headboard as he panted and brought his gaze back around, his glimmering violet eyes taking in the scene at his lap. The lich kept himself pressed against your spine, keeping you righted as you squirmed and whimpered, an ache gnawing at the pit of your stomach.

"S-stop," you wheezed, beads of sweat trickling down your flushed form as G careened his head over your shoulder and shushed you, his breath hot and humid against your cheek. His voice was soothing, a soft whimper riding on an exhale as you tried to relax but ended up just focusing on the wicked smirking of the monster you were mounted to. A fearful, sour pang resonated in your chest.

[Ah, pet.. Don't look at me like that, I can only become so erect.]

Hissing you prepared a cutting retort but the lich had other plans in mind, he lifted you upwards once more and you braced yourself. Your legs tensing as you were prepared to fight against the hard drop you had just experience, instead, the lich rolled your hips down in a deep pass. A shiver wound through your spine, a pant beating from your lips as your eyelids closed. The tender grinding striking through your slick walls stirred electricity in your stomach, pleasure, not a hint of pain.

Voidster's expression immediately dropped, the tight, slow sheathing of his cock wasn't enough stimulation to bleed the craving within him. Flicking his eyes upward, he met the smug gaze of the lich, and bit back the fury that welled within him. G was still toying with him, still punishing him for his indiscretion the other night. The other man gripped your soft hips firmly, working you upon Voidster's shaft with infuriatingly slow strokes. He murmured gently into your ear, whispering encouragement and praise as your fearful expression transformed into one of bliss.

That he would put your pleasure, the pleasure of a human, an unimportant, replaceable pet, was beyond insulting. Still, this languid teasing was all he received, and he forced himself to say nothing, trying to jerk his hips upward in harder, faster thrusts. G said nothing as he observed his mate's frustration, simply placing one knee against the other man's hips, holding them still as he continued to lift and drop you with agonizingly gentle movements.

Voidster wanted to strike the look of pleasure and contentment from your face, wanted to lash out and hurt you, bringing the fear back into your eyes as you bled and cried beneath him. The lich was using him now to bring *you* pleasure, demeaning him as if he were no more than a plaything himself. He was beginning to realize that he had only scratched the surface of G's temper, all those other times. When truly infuriated, the man was ruthless, methodically giving out punishment as he saw fit. Voidster had fallen for this trap, a mistake he would not make again.

G's smirk had dropped, expressionless once more, as he watched the

face of the man beneath him. His gaze was intense, demanding Voidster's attention as he pinned him with his eyes. Nuzzling up against your cheek, he lavished affectionate licks upon your neck and cheek, always watching the slight flickers of emotion that his mate couldn't quite hide. He had sacrificed the pleasure of flooding you with his own seed, in order that the lesson be properly delivered. The denial of proper completion scratched at his temper, made him eager for next part of the plan. But he could be patient.

He began to work your hips in shallower thrusts, still slow and gentle. Not enough to provide the release his mate craved, but enough that your own desire began to edge upward once more, your slippery folds sensitive and heated from the cream he had applied. Abruptly, he summoned a pair of spectral hands, which took place of his own claws on your hips, continuing your slow, deliberate movements on the shaft of the frustrated beast. Sliding his own hand across your belly, he dipped down to your sensitive clit, stroking the swollen nub gently and methodically.

Your renewed sounds of pleasure were both enjoyable and aggravating. The scent of your heat struck hard at his feral, possessive side. Watching you ride another male, even his mate, struck a deep, primal chord within him. Some primitive side of himself wanted nothing more than to drag you from this man, bringing you back to his own lair for a decadent feast of hard rutting and complete domination over you. He reminded himself, again, that such selfish behavior could only ever lead to an emotional attachment he neither needed nor wanted with you. Sexual release was enough for him, without the burden of bonding to a human that smelled of roses, not daisies.

You were nearing your second orgasm, the sounds you made becoming frantic and higher pitched. He found his lids drooping, a slow, satisfied smile tugging at his lips. His mate was gasping, releasing needy, gasping sounds that weren't so different from the human that rode him. Yes, Voidster would remember this for a long, long time. Adjusting you atop the other male's length, he thrust you down hard, not enough to bring satisfaction to his mate, but enough that a long, hoarse moan was dragged from your throat, your spine

stiff and straight as you collapsed in bliss against the broad chest beneath you.

The silence was broken only by the heaving gasps of you and the monster whose cock was still sheathed within you, unsatisfied. His plan had been perfectly executed thus far.

The lich smirked, his obsidian gums stained with glittering spit as he locked eyes with the monster before him. Heaving, frustrated and at his limit. There was no more tolerance left, and G knew he couldn't afford to leave the lesson as it was. The violence his mate would retaliate with would be unbearable, lasting days. Slowly, he drummed his fingers along your waist, purring; "Now...for the finale of this little game."

His tongue drew across his fangs, a chuckle hitching through his throat, ridden in static pops that fizzled into the air. You were shaking, panting laboriously and flushed. You hadn't known yourself to be able to handle this much stimulation. Your fingers were shaking as you clung to Voidster, who ignored you, staring intently at the lich with his lips twitching in fury.

"Little dove...you have done well, so far," he murmured, pressing his bared jaws to your cheek, the tip of his tongue flicking to caress your skin before continuing. "But there is one last thing I need from you..." you were oblivious, the spectral hands disappearing as he brought his right hand to your hip, his claws digging into your flesh as he stroked his other hand up along your side to the back of your neck, "Your...explicit...pain."

Scrunching your brow, you weren't given a warning, the lich suddenly grabbing onto the nape of your neck, his knuckled digits digging into your tender flesh as he shoved you forward against the heaving chest of the beast. A startled gasp brought air into your lungs, your eyes widening just as G lifted your hips and then, with a sharp jerk, tore you down along Voidster's pulsing length. His massive cock was

wedged painfully against your cervix, a knot of agony driving into your gut as you cried out. Scrambling against the chest you were pinned to, you writhed, not able to fight the angle, nor the strength of the lich who used your body with such cruelty.

The purple light shimmering within Voidster's sockets rolled into his skull, hot breath beating from his open maw as his itch of arousal was finally catered to, in the most satisfying way. His tongue, dripping in spit, curled and pressed along his sharp teeth. The pain of old wounds being prodded at drew him deeper into the arms of ecstasy, as he felt your body being pushed upwards along him, only to come crashing back down into his lap with malice. The sharp knee of the lich slipping free of his mate. Instead of keeping him pinned, it helped brace his form just beneath the male's inner thighs.

"Sing, song bird," the lich snarled, black spittle slipping down along his jaws while his pupils constricted to pinpoints, "Bear for us a sonnet of obedience, anguish, and tender flesh."

G's words sparked with ill intent, his claws digging into both sides of your neck and across your waist in a dominating grasp. Voidster groaned; deep, long, and blissful. The sound only encouraged the lich to tear at your body; using you with a harshness that belied his earlier gentleness. The throbbing, slick shaft within you struck deeply, with a violence you had experienced before from this monster, but never in this way. Such sharp, harsh movements burned at your aching walls. Being fucked so wickedly, you couldn't hold back the wild cries that poured from your quivering throat.

Voidster's own hips began to buck up against you. Having braced himself against the sheets, a heavy tremor thundered through his chest, beneath your writhing form. His tongue curled and tensed at the back of his throat as he inhaled, an animalistic hiss trickling through his airway, constricted by the bonds which had tightened around his strong throat. The lich was losing himself to ferality once more, the scent of your heat paired with his mate's arousal was drawing another rise of desire to well within his chest and groin.

G surged forth, pressing his true strength into the motions of his arm as he rocked you into the piercing shaft that tore through you. A scream dragged like sandpaper through your windpipe, your voice becoming raspy, causing you to choke and sputter. The monster you were forced to ride drew his attention downward, soaking in your anguish as his haunches began to tense and quiver in need, as he coated your walls with further beads of precum.

The lich sneered above you, slipping his hand up along the back of your head to grip into your hair, “You can do better than that. *Louder* ,” he commanded, observing the way you trembled, your fearful gaze pressing into the corner of your blurring vision, toward his face. The beginning wetness of tears glared at his face from your pained expression, yet his brows only drew together. A heavy, reverberating snarl curdled through his bones as he inhaled the scent of...roses. Damn, dirty... *fucking,* ***roses.***

“Bitch, I gave you a ***goddamn*** order!” his shouting startled you, a hitching sob drawing to your throat as he slammed you down against Voidster’s lap and held you there, with his strength pressing you down, driving you down. You screamed again, wailing in anguish and fear. You shut your eyes tightly as tears slipped down across your cheeks. Digging your nails into the tough, slick hide of the monster you were skewered upon, your pained cries ebbed with wet, gasping sobs.

The monster you straddled let out a gasp, his girthy cock fully hilted. He could feel your limits being truly tested; the pit of your stomach wrenching, twisting and bruised. His breath beat in heavy waves through his chest as you continued to heave and whine- he was laughing. The sound was breathy, wheezing and maniacal. The sheer violence and hatred dripping from the lich was infectious, and edged him so well, he found himself nearing release already.

G tucked his snarling jaws tightly against your cheekbone, scratching your skin with his glistening fangs as he spat, “That’s better.” He

pulled at your hair, tilting your head back as he lifted you once more, your aching, sore stomach finding little relief from such a heavy blow, as your walls clung desperately to the shaft withdrawing from your abused body.

Instead of keeping your skull pulled back, he shoved your face forward, tucking it against Voidster's heaving, glistening throat. The rough cords wrapped high beneath his jawline kept you from his bite range, but didn't stop him from trying, as he snarled and snapped above your temple. You cracked a cry of panic, fear, and pain. Hot, stinging tears slipping down your face to the scar riddled flesh thrust upon you.

"Bite," the lich demanded, hissing at the end of his instruction, as he watched you nervously open your mouth. Shaking, shivering, and submissive, the lich took full advantage of your nervousness, pressing you forward so that your teeth could make contact with the monster's throat. He waited patiently, his gaze critical as you closed your jaws against the chunk of flesh, your quivering feeding into the skin drawn into your mouth.

Voidster swallowed, his parted, vicious jaws mere inches away from your tear-stained features. He rolled his tongue across his fangs, imagining how your blood would flow across them, down his sore throat. The lich found himself growing impatient, shoving into your skull angrily before tearing his knuckled fingers from your hair. The pull made you wince and yelp, which only further aggravated him.

G's voice growled, deep and intimidating, resounding in his chest as he menacingly spoke, "You have but a moment to obey me."

You began to tremble, you didn't know what he wanted from you. You already *were* biting down, this show to please the disturbed monster you were forced to ride was making you sick. G had been so tender, so caring... What had happened?

An echoing, violent strike against your flesh threw you forward, as a red hot sting branded your backside and outer thigh, the lich's claws catching your skin and leaving dripping slices of red where he'd struck you. You screamed again as the lich snarled, black spittle dripping through his fangs as he panted, the bones beneath his hide shifting and rolling as he repeated himself. " *Bite. Down.* "

Voidster began to laugh again, delighted by the cruel behavior of his wicked mate. This display more than made up for how he'd been teased. Watching the lich abuse you sent a thrill of arousal down his spine, making him quiver and pant. He worked his hips up into you, tenderly thrusting on his own, the motions sparking through your battered walls and making you whine, as you obeyed to the best of your ability. You bit down as hard as you could, pinching the dense pelt into your mouth until your gums ached and held the pressure regardless of the discomfort it brought you.

"You are serving Gods, your lords," the lich intoned, his accent laced with static, tears rolling down your cheeks as you shuddered and clung to the monster beneath you. "Everything you are, is *ours.* Now..." he growled, grabbing onto your hips with both hands once more, a tremor coursing through your spine, "Be a good little girl... *And get fucked.* "

The lich mercilessly began to drive you along his mate's pulsing shaft. The snarls tearing from his throat weaving into your pained cries burying into Voidster's neck. Such intensity shook through the man's spine and ignited a raging fire through his veins. Your slick, flushed form being ground against his heaving chest was excellent, the caress of your hardened nipples only brought him greater amusement, but it was the heartsong of agony, of betrayal, that made his guts twist in ecstasy.

The entire experience was overwhelming, but this...this truly was becoming a grand finale. The scent, the taste, of copper and roses melted on Voidster's tongue as he panted and moaned, tilting his head

back against the headboard. Soaking in the sweet bliss, serenaded by your lavish cries and the resentful, feral growling of the lich drove his hips to erratic, needy bucking.

The monsters worked as one, G's claws tearing at your skin while budding bruises began to swell beneath his fingertips. You were soaking wet, sweat dripped from your skin and slipped down the jagged pelt you were buried into. A driving, growing pain was kneading into your stomach with every hurried thrust and pull. The only way you could breathe was through calls and cries of anguish, heaving a sob inward to choke out a wheeze and shout.

Suddenly, Voidster snarled, his throat quivering as his sockets tightly shut into a grimace. His jaws began to yawn open while he heaved, his haunches trembling as he twisted and rolled his spine into the breeding motions of his hips. The lich drew his tongue across his lips in a slow sweep, a fire in his gut as he continued to work you along his mate. It wasn't long before G rammed you down, pinning you against the monster as he roared.

Drool slid down along the convulsing neck of the beast, his hips instinctively nudging and rolling shallowly as he spilled his seed within you. Hot, sticky and plentiful you could only shudder as the male tensed and growled. His muscles drew his pelt from your aching jaws, relieving you of having to bite as you lay panting, beaten and exhausted. With a final, hearty jerk upwards Voidster stilled his hips, heaving and blanketed in bliss while the blue-violet, translucent essence slipped from your folds and coated your thighs, blending with the lasting, black stains upon the area.

Slowly, G released your hips, sitting back on his calves as he panted in tandem with his mate, who grunted as he lowered his chin and flicked his gaze across your limp form. He appreciated the black stains across your back, the red swelling at your hips and gentle trickling of crimson along your outer thighs. The scent of your heat had now been smothered, extinguished by the monsters who gathered themselves.

You were too exhausted to protest when the lich picked you up, moaning as Voidster's length slipped free of your folds. You lay docile and unresisting in his arms, keeping your eyes closed as he carried you from the room, bringing you back to his public study. He eased you onto the oversized leather loveseat that sat near the window, deftly drawing the curtains together to shut out the afternoon sun. Restrained fury still trembled throughout his form, every movement leaving an aftertaste of violence as you warily observed him through your half lidded expression.

"G…" you tried, faltering as he gave you a slashing look.

His lips curled into a snarl as he bit, "Be silent, or I'll mount you here and now. As it is, you already require medical attention. It will be much worse if you do not obey me."

Trembling, you fell silent, watching as he rummaged through some drawers in his desk, muttering to himself. When he drew out a syringe, you flinched, but said nothing, per his instructions.

The monster carefully twirled the syringe in his clawed digits, shutting the drawer as he stepped around the desk back towards you. You averted your gaze, tucking your arms tightly across your chest as you flinched, his breath caressing your cheek as he ordered sharply, "give me your arm."

You tentatively obeyed, shaky and fragile you pulled forth your wrist towards the lich while keeping your gaze away. His rough fingers took hold of your forearm as he bit the cap off of the syringe, spitting the plastic onto the floor with a grunt. He lowered the sharp point towards the crook in your arm then paused, blinking rapidly as his brows scrunched together. Deja vu was flooding him, his eyes distorting the shape, the color, of your arm.

The lich slowly exhaled, distant, far off voices trickling into his mind and only grew louder the longer he scrutinized the veins lurking beneath your delicate skin. His hesitation was making your anxiety heighten, truly beginning to tremble you slowly peered over at him and found nobody home. He was staring at your arm, the needle in his hand quivering.

A voice, her voice, was growing stronger. Echoing around him as his focus was drawn towards the faint vein lines lurking within the crook of your arm, his breathing was loud in his skull. Slow, methodical.

'G..?'

Ringing filled his head as he inhaled. His lungs filling with air as the taste of chemicals graced his tongue, his thumb subconsciously adding tension to the plunger and spilled a few droplets of medicine. He found his voice despite the chaos, yet it was monotonous, from another time, "be quiet.."

'Don't leave me here..'

"Are you.. Okay…?" you asked, biting onto your bottom lip as his claws began to click against the syringe, his shaking becoming more evident while he began to pant. His eyes dilating.

He didn't respond, your words were drowning out as the warm light of his study flickered between a cold, sterile environment. The lich's fingertips dug painfully into your arm, fixating on a distant memory. You were too scared to try pulling away, the harsh strike of correction still stung your thigh and kept you obedient.

The voice drew louder, a harsh static fizzling in his sockets made him close his eyes and wince as the loud, high pitched desperate words of

a woman punctured through his magic straight into his soul.

‘If you love me you won’t do this..!’

Suddenly, the lich wheezed, his sockets flying open as his pin point pupils jerked towards you. He sat there, crouched, naked and shivering as hard beats of air slipped through his parted jaws. Carefully, he began to realize who he was seeing and relaxed, his mouth closing as he turned his gaze back to your arm and tightened his grip.

His claws scratched at your flesh, unfamiliar and wrong. The memory, was wrong, he *could* do this, he *didn’t* love you. He waited a moment, his hand stilling before he drove the needle into a vein. The cold, stinging of metal in your arm made you flinch, turning your attention away from the scene and before you knew it he withdrew.

He stood slowly as you tucked your arm back against your bare chest. You bit at your bottom lip, stealing glances at the monster as he turned, tossing the needle onto his desk, the tool clattering loudly against the wood. His back was towards you as he uttered, “Stay here. If you try to leave, if you try to remove our claim before nightfall...” he snorted, turning to look over his shoulder at you in a hardened glare, his words harsh, serious, “We will know.”

He left you there, stunned and damaged. Not the same girl he had left so long ago, her golden energy filtering into his soul like sunlight, despite their physical separation. Your soul held nothing for him to take, and you held no power over him. The medication he had given you would sedate you and begin the healing process, making you ready for what he anticipated would be gentler breeding in the days to come.

He would share you fairly with his mate, because when it came down

to it, his link with the other monster mattered more, much more. He didn't feel the same sense of betrayal by letting the other man affect him so deeply. He didn't experience unwelcome memories, flashes of sensation or emotion that left him dazed and unsettled. You could never be more than a pet, an interesting aberration, a plaything.

And so he left you, slumped into unconsciousness on the cool leather, your thighs stained with the mixed essences of both monsters. He left, and returned to the beast he had bound to their bed, the grinning, satiated man who blinked sleepily at him, violet rimming his dark purple eyes, practically purring in pleasure. He no longer felt the sting of those hateful words, but he held onto his last vestiges of anger. It served a purpose, now.

Expressionlessly, he severed the rope with his claws, freeing Voidster's wrists and throat with casual movements. His mate lay still against the pillows and sheets, raising one hand to caress the lich's cheek in a sleepy, tender movement. The red burns from the rope against his skin seemed to cause him no discomfort, although knowing the man, he likely enjoyed the pain that G had caused him. Just as well.

Voidster's jaws parted slowly, gazing up with affection at his mate as he purred, "I love you…" At that, the lich smirked, startling the other monster by grasping his throat, throwing his head violently back against the wall as he straddled him. The beast's eyes widened in shock, his claws automatically rising to grasp at the hand that throttled him.

"Be quiet," G muttered, "And turn around. We're not finished yet."

Chapter End Notes

One liners.. One liners everywhere. <3

Deep Waters

Chapter Summary

> Voidster annoys you a little too much, which results in a tragic accident. This is just a feels story with character development and history, takes place sometime before the previous two chapters.

Chapter Notes

> Featuring "Cock-Blocking Spot and The Police."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn't even three in the afternoon and you were already fed up. For some reason, Voidster had felt the need to stalk and harass you throughout the day. His instincts rallied by something, but it's not like you could figure out that puzzle. Wherever you went, he seemed to be nipping at your heels. Startling you with a flash of fangs, a groping of his clawed, thick hands and that deep taunting laughter that could echo through the house.

You were normally in a constant state of soreness, of exhaustion. You could do without the large monster fixating on toying with you. It had gotten to the point that you tried to escape with a bath. Using the far guest bedroom, silence surrounded you as you ran the faucet, chewing thoughtfully on your bottom lip as you took in just how large the tub was. It made sense, and you couldn't help but feel a little excited. At your old home you hadn't been able to even fully stretch your legs in the bath, but this tub could possibly fit a handful of people.

While you waited for the water you couldn't help but rummage through the cabinets, which were mostly bare. Some plush towels beneath the sink, soaps in the top drawer alongside a brush and some oils. Carefully, you rolled your fingertips over the items, eyeing a few strands of hair still tangled in the brush. It must have belonged to that woman...the one that G had lost. Out of respect, you shut the drawer after grabbing an unopened bar of soap.

Sun, that had been her name. Or, rather, a nickname. It must have held some kind of greater meaning than just being endearing. You wondered what the story behind it was, but it wasn't like you could ask. G seemed to relive the past in the little things, even in how words were spoken. He was unpredictable, and it was better to leave his private life as that. Private.

After the tub was filled, water steaming and inviting, you stripped. Setting your clothes on the counter, carefully folded up and accounted for, you slipped inside the tub. It took a few moments to adjust to the water but once you were settled in, pressed far back from the door at the far wall, it was like heaven. The aches and pains of being roughly handled, tripped, harassed and prodded at melted away. You could even float freely if you wanted, and you did just that. The weightlessness helped ease you into a light doze, eyes closed and soaking you didn't notice the careful steps of a monster out in the bedroom.

Suddenly, the door was flung open, crashing into the wall. It startled you, as you jolted and covered your chest to glare at the intruding, looming Voidster, who wore a malicious grin which, oddly, was fading.

"Are you fucking serious right now?!" you spat, pressing back against the edge of the tub, far away from the monster as you could be as he snorted and dropped his gaze to the water itself.

He didn't respond, at first, he seemed frustrated. His sockets twitched before his smirk returned, flicking his lilac eyes into your own as he took a step cautiously back, **[No matter, you can't be in there forever, pet.]**

"If you're so dead set on bothering me today why don't you just invite yourself in, like you do with everything else!?" you barked, tightening

your arms across your chest as you glared at the beast who squinted at you and blinked, still standing hesitantly in the doorway.

“What, afraid of the water?” you scoffed, your patience was far beyond your limits. If he was going to hurt you, he better just get it over with so you could move on with the rest of the day, since he normally got bored after playing with you.

Voidster snorted, eyeing both you and the tub as you eased your muscles and straightened up. You dropped your expression of disdain for one of shock as he glared, and backpedaled out of the bathroom. Wait, seriously? You listened, and heard nothing. He had left. Without a word.

“Huh...” you murmured, settling back into the water carefully, eyeing the door. You were expecting him to just run in at a possible sprint, in order to scare you like he had been all day. But nothing happened. It was possible he just didn’t want to get his clothes wet, that god forsaken crimson turtleneck and black slacks.

You shrugged him off, whatever. If you were getting a moment of peace, finally, it was worth basking in. Taking a moment to yourself was wonderful, you relaxed, washed your hair and skin and eventually got out of the tub and let the water drain as you dried off. You looked to the counter for your clothes, but found them missing. That bastard!

Tying the towel across your torso you strode out of the bathroom, grumbling to yourself, yet in your haste and irritation you had not taken into account to look around first. He was able to easily slip up behind you from the wall, flicking his tongue across his lips as his claws snagged the towel around you. The fabric fell away with ease as you jumped and spun around, bracing your chest with your forearms as you growled up at the beast.

You weren't new to his teasing, obnoxious play. And now, you were mad. He stepped forward, kicking the towel away from you and against the wall, his jaws parting as he breathed in your fresh scent. Holding your ground you continued to glare up into those violet eyes, they had constantly undressed you, cold and observing with cruelty pulling a smile to his wicked maw.

He reached out a clawed hand to which you quickly smacked away with all your might, grunting in aggravation as he let you deflect his advance, amusement spreading across his face. **[Ah, how fun you are today…]**

"Why can't you just ever leave me alone!?" you shouted, stepping back towards the door as he pressed forth. He wasn't paying attention to your words, his eyes flicking over your form to take in the healing bruises, scrapes and cuts he had inflicted over the last few days.

Voidster responded with a hearty chuckle, lunging forward for you to hit away his hand once more, but the blow left you open. He took his opportunity and swiftly tucked his free hand up beneath your arms, pinching your nipple with a precision. You yelped, electricity striking through your spine as you cried out with anger, and pain. Smacking his hand away you stumbled back into the hall, nearly falling into the passing lich who dodged your naked body with a lithe twist.

Snarling you tucked your arms across your chest, your breast sore from the fading, sharp pain given to you by the cackling monster stepping into the hall. Shooting your frustration up towards the lich, who was just in his dark zip-up, hood drawn and sipping at a mug of spiked coffee, you snarled, "How can you let him do this to me!?"

G flicked his white eyes from you to his mate, who was still heaving from the entertainment he had created. The lich murmured against the ceramic at his lips, not looking back towards you, "Is this not what you are used to by now?"

You gaped at him, you knew deep down that the lich knew this behavior was wrong, yet he didn't care enough to intervene. Ever. It was just the right stress to deepen the cracks of your mental capacity for the day, "So, because I'm just an object it's okay for this to just...go on?!"

He blinked slowly, seeming bored as he took another drink and then lowered the mug as he swallowed. His white, intelligent eyes met your features as you shivered from the biting air of the open hall, "We don't intervene with the other's human, that is the rule."

G turned and kept walking down the hall as you stood, slack-jawed and startled. Voidster placed his hands at his lower back as he strode forward, side eyeing the back of his mate until he was out of earshot before turning back towards you and chuckling, **[Indeed, even though *she's* dead... rules are rules.]**

"I don't fucking belong to you-!" you shouted, your lips twitching into a snarl as he laughed and carefully stepped diagonally from you, as if he were going to begin circling your naked form in the hallway.

[Technically, yes, you do. You came from my world, at my hand and will.] You made sure you continued to face him, nervously stepping away as he rounded you casually, **[Just as she had come from this world, at his hand and will. Not to mention, I had claimed you first.]**

"You kidnapped me!" you felt like tearing out your hair, this creature was the bane of your existence and now it was as if fucking you wasn't good enough. No, he had to torment you in the most childish way possible. Groping and toying with you like an immature teenager, "Just fuck off!"

[In due time...it's best not to rush foreplay, don't you agree...?]

Scrunching your nose in disgust you jerked your attention away from the monster and darted back into the guest bedroom. Slamming the door behind you, you locked it as the beast chortled out in the hall, he was even beginning to wheeze from how hard he was laughing. Bright red, furious, and well past your limits, you stomped to the dresser, hoping there was something inside you could wear. Inside, you were met with a single, crimson turtleneck.

"Ugh!" you snorted in absolute disgust, shoving the drawer back into the dresser with enough force to rattle the wood against the wall. The laughter outside only erupted further as Voidster stepped away down the hall, trying to pull himself together and catch his breath.

You'd rather be naked, or on fire, than wear *his* clothes. Who would ever do something like that?! Staying determined, you scoured the room, and eventually did find a change of clothes, tucked away in a box within the closet were some black leggings and a hoodie. Whatever, it was better than being exposed.

After you were dressed you carefully listened to the hallway. Despite being silent, your guard was going to be permanently up for days after all of this. Slipping outside, twisting and jerking your head every which way, you found yourself alone. The voices of the lich and Voidster were far off down the hall, but close enough to make you uncomfortable. You took a turn, away from the voices and to the foyer.

You needed a breather, to go for a walk and get away from these oppressive beings. Otherwise, you'd have a breakdown. As you stepped you glanced towards the front door and took pause, your bottom lip drawing between your teeth as you turned and looked behind you. The voices seemed distant. Suddenly, you drew your brows together and frowned. Fuck it.

Outside was lovely, birds were singing, pollen floating through the air, it was fresh and clean. And while you made your way down the long, concrete driveway, you didn't bother to glance behind you. The monsters were fast, and would probably startle you regardless of how many times to looked back at the house.

Sighing, you instead took the time to reflect, soaking in the natural smells of the forest around you. You had no idea where you were, and even though Voidster had told you, countless times, how you 'weren't in kansas anymore', you found it hard to believe you could be in another dimension. It did explain how G looked so familiar in comparison to Voidster, but you always thought they had been related, at least for a time.

You were stirred from your thoughts, unsure of how long you had been walking, when you came upon the main road. Blinking you stood at the edge, looking around every which way. It was only a two way street, faded and worn with thick trees shielding the driveway from the public. Curiosity set in as you raised your eyes, straight across the road to the rusted railing bordering the edge of the road.

The breath caught in your throat, your eyes widening as you found your feet whisking you across the street to set your hands on the flimsy metal. The forest was unraveled before you, the makings of a city glimmering in the distance as a gentle breeze carried with it the taste of freedom. It had been there, maybe only an hour or two drive away, all this time. You felt your heartbeat picking up, dropping your eyes downward and nervously took your hands from the railing. The drop was considerable, yet the road seemed to wind down the side of the hill, the glinting of sunlight against a vehicle caught your eye, but the voice calling from behind you made you freeze.

[A runaway? Hmn, how interesting a response...I never thought you had such courage in that muddled soul of yours.]

You shut your eyes tightly, wincing as the monster began to laugh from across the street as you carefully turned to face him. **[Even G was intrigued, though of course he takes his time to actually walk down here instead of using his magic. You have been a delicate little distraction for the both of us, charming really.]**

Opening your eyes you glared at the monster, anxiously folding your arms across your chest. Voidster was holding back a laugh, his shoulders lightly shaking as he stood across the asphalt river between you. Sighing, you jerked your gaze away, down the road where a sharp bend swerved so abruptly through the trees.

“Do you ever shut up?” you grumbled, an odd silence falling between you two and pulled your attention back across the street. He wasn’t smiling anymore. That was all right, you weren’t either. “You know...I used to dream of living in a house like that, with a view like this-” you gestured off behind you, slowly pulling the limb back over your chest as you huffed, “-and I would consider myself lucky to be here, if it were *just* G and I.”

The monster drew his brows together, his fingers curling into his fists as a soft breeze tangled through the leaves of the trees encapsulating you. A soft whirring blending into the noise of the foliage, yet it went unnoticed. “I’m sure you bother him just as much as you piss me off, all he does is work while you do what? Get your dick wet-?”

A low, reverberating growl blended with the drawing noise fading between the both of you. So focused in on one another, neither of you noticed the slow, casual approach of the lich as he stepped down the path and flicked his gaze around him, lost in another memory as usual.

This time, Voidster had nothing to say. Instead, he dug his bare feet into the soil beneath him, just as a glinting light shimmered through the tree line around the bend, snagging your attention as the beast snarled and lunged forward. How dare you speak of either of them in

such a way, he'd teach you a lesson that would keep you quiet and sedate for days if not *weeks* .

Time seemed to slow to a crawl, flickering before your eyes like a stop-motion film. The SUV, rounding the bend. Voidster, frozen by the sudden appearance of the vehicle. G, dropping his coffee mug and lunging forward, too slowly. Sounds faded away, and all you heard was your breath in your ears, the slow pulse of your heartbeat, before the screeching of tires on pavement, and the scream of metal twisting broke the silence. Glass shattering, somebody screaming, and a sound like a wounded beast roaring. So distant, you felt as if you were observing it from under deep water, or outer space. This couldn't really be happening, could it? The moment paused and lengthened, then it was over, the bloody aftermath before your eyes.

The SUV was partially crushed, the human driver had been thrown through the shattered windshield and lay in a bloody heap against the trees. Amidst the glass and shards of metal, Voidster was crumpled, blood and dirt streaking his still features as G bent over him, his face twisted in anguish. The lich had responded so quickly, before you had even had time to react. It still hadn't been quite fast enough.

His claws frantically caressed the bloodied face of his mate, a low, warbling sound of distress like you had never heard before tearing from his throat. Desperate tears streaked down his cheeks, his hand like a massive paw patting the still creature beneath him. Trembling, he bent, scooping the other man into his arms, lifting him like he weighed nothing. The beast lay limp in his hold, blood dripping from the claws that fell down toward the ground.

A sharp command, barked out from the lich, broke your trance. Numbly, you followed him, too shocked to really comprehend what he had said. You thought he had told you to follow him, but it didn't really matter now. The fragile life you had known had been torn asunder, in a moment so far removed from reality that it felt like a dream.

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He finally reached the house, carrying the larger man tucked against his chest. He listened grimly as Voidster muttered to himself, wheezing in pain and trembling at the slightest harsh movement. Warm determination and blood seeped through his clothing, coating his skin in the metallic scent of his mate's pain.

You trailed hesitantly behind him, obeying the brief order he'd given you at the scene of the accident. Foolish of you to be so trusting, to think that he wouldn't be angry, witnessing such a preventable accident. If Voidster hadn't been pursuing you, distracted and predatory, this wouldn't have happened. Some part of his rational mind knew that it wasn't your fault, but a darker, more ruthless side of him didn't care.

You followed him into the house, stepping aside as he set his mate down on the couch in the living room, and turned to close the door. In a split second, the full force of his fury was turned upon you as he rounded. He grabbed hold of your arm and dragging you to your feet to stumble after him. He threw you into the study, not knowing or caring if you were hurt when you fell. He would deal with you soon enough, after he'd given what care he could to Voidster.

The lich slammed the door as you were tossed inside effortlessly, you barely managed to catch yourself against his desk. Tears pricked at your eyes as you slowly turned, pressed up to sit on his desk. Bitter resentment filled your heart, it wasn't like you had been the one driving the damn car. And yet it wasn't necessarily undeserved, either. It had all happened so quickly, you were still reeling.

These monsters were unpredictable, irrational and favored each other, far more than they cared for you. That fact had stung, for a while when you first arrived, but now.. It was just a part of your new life. New life, how laughable. You snorted, turning your gaze to the windows you squinted to see outside. The rustling of the trees was

calling to you, letting out a sigh you dropped your hand and spun on the lich's desk. Pulling your knees up to your chest you hugged your shins, resting your chin upon your knees as you hazily stared through the blinds.

It was unlikely you'd get free range of the house for a few days after this. You let out a groan, ducking your forehead to your knees and closed your eyes. The wreckage just a few hundred feet down the way went forgotten. Yet, a soft, blue flashing light pulsed amidst the bloody carnage within.

G returned to the living room, expressionlessly studying the prone figure of the man before him. He'd never seen his mate so badly injured. Hadn't realized what comfort he took in his companion's seeming invincibility until the illusion was shattered, lying with the shards of glass from the large vehicle that had struck Voidster.

The wounded monster moaned, blinking dim violet eyes up at the scientist. **[G…? Where is…the human…?]**

"In my study," he responded shortly. Where you would remain until he had assessed the damage you had wrought, and figured out how best to punish you for it. Your errant behavior had put the other monster at risk, and he would not allow it to continue uncorrected. He had already lost one mate. Losing the man who had saved him, who had dragged him from the pit of self-loathing he had thrown himself into, was not an option.

"How do you feel?" the lich inquired casually, hiding his concern well except for the slight tremor in his hands, which he kept tucked in his pockets for now. The beast on the couch chuckled roughly, coughing and pulling a pained expression as he squinted up at his mate. **[Did you see the size of that human vehicle? Impressive, was it not?]**

He didn't know whether to laugh or strangle the other man. "Yes, it was very large, although not quite up to par with your ego." That made the injured monster laugh, wincing and pressing his claws against his ribs. **[You know you love me,]** his mate rumbled in amusement, struggling to sit up.

"Do I?" he inquired gently, bending to pick up Voidster in his arms once more. "Lie still, I need to treat your injuries and...wash off the blood."

He felt the tension in the body he held. Despite his careful wording, despite the extent of his mate's injuries, the other man wasn't a fool. **[No. No water, G. You know I can't-]** he broke off, wheezing as a cough spilled more blood from his lips. The lich frowned down at him. Internal damage, to cause blood in the lungs. Wonderful.

"Hush. I won't let you come to further harm," he said distractedly, maneuvering the large body through their home carefully, to avoid causing him pain. He tried to ignore the worry that welled up within him at how feeble Voidster's struggles were right now. The first time he had tried to force the man to take a bath, he had bolted from the room, yowling like a furious lion as he shoved past the lich. Now he could barely struggle, too obviously damaged and in pain from every movement. Oh, you would pay dearly for what had happened tonight.

Silently, he summoned a pair of skeletal hands to start the bathwater, keeping his attention on the male in his arms, who had begun breathing more quickly, shallowly. "Shh, it's alright," he cooed down at his mate, lowering his face to nuzzle Voidster's bruised temple. **[No water,]** the monster panted, his struggles becoming stronger as they drew nearer the bathroom.

"Be still," G commanded him, tightening his hold as the beast began to flail against him, heedless of the damage he did to his existing wounds. "Obey me in this, your wounds must be cleansed, or infection could set in." Voidster wasn't hearing him, was too caught up in the

shock of his injuries and his fear of the steaming bath they were fast approaching.

[G…please…I can't…] The words tore at him. The first time he had ever heard the other man beg, and it was in fear. Remembering similar fear in the voice of his previous, injured mate. *If you love me, you won't do this.* "I must," he muttered, "I have no choice."

The summoned hands brought forth an astringent powder that could be mixed with water to sterilize wounds. It would be much more effective than simply examining the other man and hoping that he didn't miss anything on that large, tattered hide. He didn't want to take risks, especially after such a close call. The powder was poured into the hot water, steaming slightly as it made contact. The scent of herbs floated within the room, cuing a keening whine to escape the struggling man in his arms. Undressing him was a nearly impossible task, but somehow the lich managed, discarding the clothes on the floor.

"Hold still," he ground out, kneeling beside the tub. The other monster paid him no heed, panting and wheezing in fear, eyes wide and panicked. The fact that Voidster had stopped talking entirely was not lost on the lich. The man loved the sound of his own voice, had a pithy rebuttal for anything, and tended to monologue like the villains from the movies he watched. His silence spoke volumes of his mental state, and the fact that he felt too vulnerable to focus on anything but the body of water beneath him.

"Shh, look at me. Look at me." He calmly repeated the command until the other man paused, glancing up into his piercing white eyes. "I love you," G murmured, capturing the attention of those violet eyes, glimmering faintly in Voidster's panicked sockets. A slow realization of what he was saying crossed the beast's dirtied features, his pupils wavering while the lich felt a stirring in his chest.

G drew in another breath and carried his words on the exhale, "I will

let no harm befall you, be still...” The statements were surprising enough that the beast let out a muffled wheeze, abandoning his struggles, before hiding his face against the chest of the man who held him. These were words G had intended to speak for some time. He always did seem to put such things off until it was too late to matter, he thought bitterly.

But the surprise had had its intended effect. Quivering, Voidster let himself be lowered into the heated water, his clawed hands gripping tightly to G’s zip-up jacket. **[Don’t let me fall,]** he gasped, finding himself long enough to implore the other monster with heartbreaking sincerity. It tore at the lich’s soul to see such a powerful being reduced like this, quaking in his arms.

“I won’t,” he affirmed, keeping his arms around his mate while the summoned hands drew a washcloth against the bloody, trembling hide. The lich let out a slow, deep exhale as he worked. He wasn’t entirely sure why standing water was such a frightening thing to such a powerful being, but he knew his mate had thought the same of him...when grief had consumed him, tipping him towards insanity. Voidster had watched the lich stand on the precipice, weak and indiscriminate, and took his hand, leading him away from the crashing waves below.

Similar, dark rolling waves were washing against him now, trickling over the edges of the large tub and splattering to the floor from the constant tremors rattling through the broken creature. The quick, hyperventilation of his mate drew concern across G’s brow as he lowered his gaze towards the man’s face. Finding his sockets shut, bruised and shivering the lich carefully adjusted himself. Dipping his forearm into the water, keeping Voidster’s head supported against him, he reached out with the opposing hand and snagged a rag from a spectral hand as he hovered above him in an awkward crouch. He endured the discomfort without a second thought, too focused on the man before him to care.

“Shhh,” he cooed, slowly drawing the cloth up through the dirtied, herbal waters in soft cascades to gently clean away the blood and dirt

smeared across the hardened face of the terrified beast. He wished for the act to be reassuring, but the mere sound of so much water, dripping and running across his mouth made his shaking all the worse.

G's concern only drew deeper lines beneath his sockets, the hard line of his mouth pulling into a fine frown as he stroked and caressed the damage done unto his mate's face. The man turned his features away from the rag with a growl, broken and heaving while he bared his fangs in an instinctual reaction. He wasn't speaking, still. The lich would have to do so for him. "Relax, love... I have you..."

The water became pink, then red, quickly, ribbons of blood unraveling and disintegrating with disturbing speed. Once the worst of the dirt, oil, and blood had been washed away, G drew him from the tub, wrapping the other male in a soft, dark towel, pressed back against his chest. Voidster burrowed his face under the lich's jacket, tucking up against his warm skin, claws still gripping the fabric of his hoodie.

Steadily, he rose, preparing to carry his mate to their bedroom. As he stood, he summoned more hands, ordering them to retrieve the necessarily medical equipment from his rooms. He strode down the hallway, all calm efficiency. He would be strong for both of them, until the other monster was up to the task.

Swiftly, he made haste to their bedroom, being careful to not jostle the man in his arms. The beast was silent, the struggled wheezing of his breath caressing the deadened flesh beneath the ravenous scar cutting through the lich's hide. The stress of being submerged seemed to have exhausted the remaining energy his mate possessed, G tried to remained focused on his task at hand as he whisked the man through the doorway and carefully set him onto the sheets.

Voidster cracked open his eyes, exhaling long and slowly as he glanced around the room, realizing where he was he let his grip falter from the lich's jacket. The towel was easily removed from his

quivering form, his eyes not particularly focusing on anything as he rested back against the sheets in a daze. G moved with sharp precision, plucking offered tools from the numerous spectral hands around him as he attended to the deepest cuts, still littered with shards of glass.

While the lich used tweezers to remove the shards the man beneath him shut his sockets, hissing from the cold metal digging around in his pelt. A few minutes passed this way, the silence only being interrupted by grunts of displeasure, and the soft clatter of glass on metal as G disposed of the debris in a bowl held out to him by a summoned apparition. Next, he had no choice but to disinfect these wounds more thoroughly, much to his mate's growls and shudders of pain.

Finally, the lich moved onto his needle work. His fingers were quick, wielding the straight needle with accuracy. He refused to work with curved needles, they resembled hooks and that left a bitterness in his mouth that could last hours from simply glancing at the repulsive tools.

Violet eyes stared up at him beneath a half lidded expression, lightly panting the monster raspily murmured with a weak grin, **[I am…having deja vu, yet…from a different perspective.]**

"You should be resting," G replied quietly, tying off the ends as he flicked his gaze upwards to the amused smirk of his dazed mate. It always surprised him how quickly this monster recovered, and even while the lich wished he would simply lie still and rest, it was reassuring to see him speak.

[So you say…because, you love me.] the monster chuckled, wincing at a stabbing pain in his ribs. He tried reaching towards the hurt, but the lich carefully blocked his attempt and rested his arm back at his side, ignoring the slight frown of impatience he received.

“Indeed,” he murmured, moving onto another large laceration across his collarbone and chest. Deep purple and red bruising swelling beneath the surface. The lich didn’t argue as Voidster continued to speak, lightly panting he closed his sockets and let his neck go limp against the pillows beneath him. **[Why…?]**

G hummed, his sockets carefully narrowing as he went about closing the flesh before him, “Because, you are highly irritating. You sleep only three hours a night at most, and seem to have a constant sexual drive that rivals that of rabbits.”

Voidster’s mouth twitched as he listened, his flesh tugging as the lich continued to work, “You also have an affinity for blood, for cruelty and power. You had brought that girl here for study, her grey soul is a rarity I have yet to see in any other living creature. Yet, you give way from research to play with her to her soul’s limit due to your impatience, and curiosity.”

His mate was silent as he finished attending to the largest gouges on the male’s torso. G set aside his tools and leaned over the bed, his fingertips lightly touching Voidster’s face, gathering his attention to look up at him. The lich came near, flicking his gaze between each dimly lit, hazy eyes of the man to check for concussive after effects, “Try as we might, we have not been able to replicate such a soul, artificially or naturally with the subjects at our disposal. This ‘pet project’ has been interesting.”

The man swallowed, the lich now inches away as he gazed into violet hues, lowering his voice. “But not as interesting as the brilliance laid before me, in my bed.” G tilted his chin, pressing his lips to the warm, hardened face of the man below in a delicate kiss. He only held the act for a brief moment before breaking away, tilting his rigid brow against the broad forehead of his beloved.

Voidster shakily lifted his wrist once more, his trembling fingers twitching in the air as G reached down, and wrapped his fingers

around the hand. The lich's claws caressed the tough hide of his mate, assisting the man to reach upwards, setting his palm against his face with a soft exhale, G's mouth tugging into the slightest semblance of a smile. His gaze softened as the man before him murmured, heavy on his breath, **[Love...you too.]**

The monsters carefully drew their lips together once more, soft breaths pressing through their affections. While you stood, awkwardly, in the doorway. Averting your gaze you softly coughed behind your fist, the lich flicked his gaze over to the door with a soft growl building in his chest. He gave his mate one last tender caress, swiping his cheek across his own, before straightening up with a hardened glare.

"S-sorry.. There's just, uhm.." you stammered, trying to get a grip under the harsh appearance of the lich and the naked, curious Voidster, "A cop just pulled up, outside..?"

G's sockets slowly narrowed, seeming to absorb this information just as there was a knock on the front door. The lich released a quick, "Fuck me-" before rounding the bed, almost gliding across the floor as he reached out and grabbed onto your hoodie. You let out a squeak as you were pulled inside, behind the monster who sneered over his shoulder at you, "Stay here."

The bedroom door slammed in your face as you stood, stunned. Voidster began to chuckle from behind you, resting his hand carefully across his stomach. He was too exhausted to keep his attention focused, instead, he let his body relax into the cool sheets and closed his sockets. His laughter ebbed, the both of you straining to listen as G stomped to the foyer.

G had an itching suspicion, one that was confirmed as he threw the front door open and glared downward towards the familiar, black haired detective, "Ah, Doctor Gaster... I had assumed you may have moved."

The lich's sockets narrowed further, his thin mouth pulling across his face in irritation, his grip on the doorknob so great the metal began to indent his thick hide on the underside of his fingers. The man placed his hands into his slacks, staring straight back into the white eyes commanding him to leave, "You wouldn't happen to know what happened just a few hundred feet behind me at the end of your property, would you?"

Detective Briggs, a human he could have done without ever meeting. Keeping to tradition, the lich was silent. The man gave the monster a look, his gaze flicking down over the exposed chest of the lich, warily eyeing how his forearm, and sleeve, was wet. Carl glanced back upwards, locking gazes with the monster as his suspicion melted from the realization of how hardened the man before him looked. The depressions beneath his eyes were deeper, heavy lines coursing around his eye sockets and for some reason, those scars seemed to have multiplied.

"Care to walk with me?" the man offered, tilting away to look down the driveway which hadn't seen a vehicle in five months, "Nobody has heard from you since January..."

G remained motionless, continuing to glare at this man as his claws begun to dig into the metal beneath his palm. A slight tremble working up through his arm as the man continued, "Your retirement was a bit...unexpected."

Silence. Carl carefully turned his attention back to the monster in the doorway, glancing past him into the foyer and found the interior clean, tidied. It eased the tension in his back as the man exhaled through his nose, flicking his pupils up towards the lich once more, "I know we didn't get the chance to talk, the circumstances were...abhorrent."

The monster wished to strike this man, make him shut up. But he couldn't, he knew better. His anger welled within him, boiling just beneath the surface as unwanted memories were coming to the surface. Luckily, not either of the men at the front entrance noticed how you carefully peered through the crack in the door, listening intently as you bit onto your lip.

[He…will kill you, for spying.]

You scowled, yet couldn't help but to frown as you carefully pulled the door shut and released the handle, easing the bolt into place. **[Hell…]** the monster chuckled, the sound broken and wheezing, **[He may kill the detective for prying.]**

Carl's voice carried well through the home, reaching the bedroom as you both continued to listen regardless, "The kids ask about you too, they didn't get to see you at the wake-"

"Enough-" the lich ordered, holding up his free hand as he grimaced. His dark, warbled speech fell onto the detective, cutting and demanding.

The detective slowly nodded, averting his gaze and cleared his throat, "My apologies. Well, I won't ask for a statement…I know how you are," the man flashed him a gentle smile, the lich returned with the twitching of his damaged socket, "These roads are pretty dangerous, we usually get a bad accident every once in awhile."

G took a step back from the door, ready to slam it shut, but the detective reached out, slamming his palm on the wood as his strong features gave way to sincerity, "Listen, take care of yourself…yeah? You've got friends in the city."

G clenched his jaw, his teeth grinding together hard enough it made his gums ache. He gave a curt nod, watching as the man removed his hand and returned a nod, turning his back on the door as it closed with a quick motion. The door slammed shut, yet it didn't startle the detective as he sighed and walked down the driveway. He knew the lich hadn't taken her death well, it was as if he hadn't seen the sun in half a year.

Carl made his way all the way back to the crash site, the patient eyes of a young man gleaming back at him as he spoke, "Just called for the clean up crew, and backup-"

"Nah, Dennis.. Won't be necessary. He didn't hear anything." The detective in training nodded lightly, not wanting to question or dig into what all was said. After December, the ties to the scientist were all severed, nothing remaining to hold him to the city, to the people that had been in his new life above ground.

G stood in the foyer, staring at the door as he balled his hands into fists and seethed. A sea of emotions boiling forth as he remembered snow, weighing the branches of an ancient willow. He could smell the crisp air, billowing through the thick, heavy cloak against his back and arms. The lich snorted, shaking his head as he drew his hand, riddled with dark grey lines from the doorknob, and covered his facial features.

While G gathered himself, your frown only deepened. The officer knew him, somehow. He also apparently knew that woman, you felt left out in the dark, a stranger in a foreign land. You sighed, a bit too loudly as the monster behind you stirred, **[You'd...enjoy the city, it's...full of cowards, like you.]**

"You're making it hard to feel bad for you," you muttered irritably, earning a heavy, strained chuckle from the monster behind you.

[Don't. What happened was a result of my own carelessness. Although if you *do* end up feeling badly, there are ways you can…make it up to me,] he purred.

For a heartbeat you stared at him, before the meaning of his words sank in. "Oh my god, seriously?" You ran your hands through your hair, gripping the sides of your face in annoyance as the chuckle turned into a full-bodied laugh, which rapidly dissolved into wet hacking. "You just never stop, do you?"

He took a moment to catch his breath, the laughter fading as he regarded you, perhaps for the first time, equitably. **[No, I never do. It's not in my nature.]** The two of you stared at each other for a few minutes, an awkward silence falling between you. It was the first time he had ever answered you seriously, had ever spoken to you as if you were more than a plaything to him.

The moment was broken as G swept irritably in through the door, startling you, although Voidster just smirked at him. **[Was it so difficult being without me for such a short while, my love?]**

The lich stood silently, clearly still wrestling with whatever memory had earlier been evoked. You saw him pausing, considering how to respond. Finally, he huffed out a gentle breath of air, walking toward the bed to stand at his mate's side. "Yes," he said softly, erasing the smug expression of the monster below him. Voidster glanced at you, and you shook your head slightly in understanding. They needed each other right now. Voidster for the wounds on his body, and G for the wounds on his heart.

You crept away silently, shutting the door behind you as you left. You weren't sure the lich had even been aware of your presence, too tangled in the pain of his loss, and the fear of the loss that had almost occurred today. It was just as well the two had come to care for each other so, you thought, releasing a soft sigh as you returned to G's study. These two powerful, eccentric, violent monsters had nobody

else. Whether by choice or circumstance, all that the three of you really had was one another.

Chapter End Notes

That's right, take our angst-dicks like good little readers.

Two of Hearts

Chapter Summary

Aggravated by Voidster's advances, you seek out the quieter company of the lich. But G has his own plans.

Chapter Notes

The secret behind G's powers as a sex wizard.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today was a day like any other, the morning had been relatively quiet, peaceful. You had taken to the habit of staying in the guest bedroom, far enough from the monsters that you could stay out of their tussles, unless they went looking for you. Which, of course, Voidster always did.

He was above you now, as you struggled and snarled, kicking and scrambling to get out from beneath him. His claws tearing at your t-shirt and sweat pants. Half-tangled in the sheets, he had taken you by surprise. You had been too tired to notice the door opening before he had thrown himself onto the bed to begin toying with you. Heat radiated from the monster's massive, tattered chest, pairing with the sick chuckles of amusement beating down on you.

"God damn it-!" you growled, aiming a swift kick outward at the man's bare stomach. The blow shook your leg, almost like trying to push away a brick wall. He tore your sweatpants down, his mouth drawn into a wicked grin as his violet eyes pulsed with excitement. He enjoyed the fight, and you were too stubborn to just let him have his way.

If he was perhaps gentle, caring and attentive you may not have minded intimacy. But this creature fed on your anguish, your pain and discomfort. Each coupling with him left you bruised, battered and

defeated. It was simply for his own need, he viewed you as his property, his plaything. You refused to fit into that description.

Narrowing your eyes, your ankles scrambled to be let free from the thick fabric tangling them. Voidster's large, taloned digits helped free you, and with nothing keeping you in his clutches, you kicked outward. Both of your feet slamming up into his chest causing him to grunt, he tossed your sweatpants aside as you twisted your spine and clawed across the mattress.

Before you could fall off of the edge he reached outward, his fingers slipping up underneath your panties. You whipped your head around, glaring at him from over your shoulder as he ran his long, twisting tongue across his fangs.

"You want my clothes so bad- well, take 'em!" you seethed, tumbling from the edge of the bed as his claws tore through the fabric, cutting your panties from your hips to lay tattered in his hand. He began to laugh, deep and reverberating as you quickly picked yourself up and ran out of the room, barefoot across the hardwood.

The monster eyed you as you bolted in just a baggy t-shirt, raising the shredded scraps towards his maw, he inhaled. A shiver wound down his spine at your scent, his laughter ebbing into a feral growling. The thought of a hunt invigorated him, your footsteps fading away towards the living room as he rolled his tongue back against his throat before parting his jaws. His dripping, blue-violet tendril lapped across the fabric, his claws digging through the sheets.

You weren't really sure where to go to avoid him, it was rare you ever got away so you went to the only real peaceful area of the house. The living room, just off of the kitchen. Tall, broad, elegant windows filtered in sunlight and the fresh scent of the surrounding forest through the open panes. G also preferred this room, whenever he wished to unwind. He was standing before the windows, sipping at a cup of coffee in just his slacks. Angrily you stomped up beside him,

folding your arms as you glared to the outside world.

The yard was beautiful and inviting, but since the incident with Voidster being struck by a car you were still grounded from leaving the home. The lich stood silently, not even flicking his gaze to take in your current state as you sighed, aggravation dripping in your voice, “how do you do it, G?”

He remained still, enjoying the sound of the rustling leaves outside that carried a lithe breeze through the windows and billowed against your t-shirt. You shivered, feeling exposed from the wind caressing your bare thighs but it wasn’t a sensation you were new to. Shuffling on your feet you snorted, casting your gaze downward to take in the obsidian band around your right ankle, given to you by the lich when you first arrived. You weren’t sure what it did, exactly, but when Voidster had taken you, you couldn’t understand a word he said. Now, unfortunately, you could.

“Like...is he that obnoxious and *mean,* with you too?” you asked, resting on one hip as you tapped the ball of your foot against the hardwood. Just a foot away from the knuckled, clawed toes of the lich, black scars also wove themselves across his feet and sharp ankles.

“Yes,” he murmured, taking another drink of the steaming hot, black liquid within. You flicked your attention up to his features as he turned towards you, “his passion stems from that of violence, power.. Exerting his will, his strength, as a form of deliverance.”

G always spoke in an odd way, it made him difficult to understand, especially when you were already frustrated as is. Turning your focus back out of the window you grumbled, “I don’t understand..”

The lich lightly exhaled, his shoulders barely shaking with a silent laugh as he brought his hand towards you. Slipping his fingertips up

along the side of your jaw he turned your attention back towards him gently, his voice low and humming, “I understand how it could be, taxing.. Living with a deity such as him.”

“He’s a prick..” you muttered, the slightest semblance of a smile crossing the fine line of G’s mouth. He pressed his fingertips along your jawline, threading back through your disheveled locks of hair, pushing them away from your face as you mumbled, “I guess I can live with the fact he’s so.. Cruel and horny, but does he have to be that forceful about it, all the time..?”

G chuckled, his lips parting to the glimmering fangs behind them, the light touches of his fingertips trailed down the side of your neck. A shiver trickled down your spine as your muscles relaxed, feeling reassured in your complaints.

“My dear, he does not understand the needs of beautiful women..” a light flush drew onto your cheeks, unable to hide your smirk as you gave him a look, he just returned the expression with a gentle smile of his own, “femininity is softness, fresh as a spring and spiritual like the heavens of night. The creatures like us, of the undead, entangling with such life, and fertility.. It should be poetic, yes?”

His touches trailed back up towards your jawline, his piercing white eyes having captured your attention as he spoke. You couldn’t help the light giggle welling in your throat, your skin feeling heated as you replied, “sure, silver-tongue. You write poetry behind our backs or something..?”

The lich’s features softened, a light breath riding on his words as he lowered his voice and tucked his lanky, knuckled fingers around the back of your head and neck, “I can scribe tender, intimate passions upon your skin, my dear.. If that is something you wish to see, to feel..” he carefully brought his thumb upwards, stroking your cheek as you began to blush, “become my blank page, and you can experience that of what you miss from mortal men.”

You shyly averted your gaze, tucking your arms towards your chest as you shifted your weight to the other leg, murmuring with a grin, “I don’t know what planet you’re from, G.. but ordinary guys are nowhere near as smooth as you think.”

He carefully took a step forward, setting his coffee mug on the windowsill to draw his fingers up along the side of your arm, hovering above you, “some boys never become men, despite age. Have you not lied with a human man?”

You shrugged, you’ve had boyfriends.. But the lich cast a shadow across them all. He was so odd, mysterious and you hadn’t seen him be this attentive to you before. It made sense that he knew how to speak so beautifully, if he was with that woman for so long.. You blinked softly, biting at the inside of your cheek, she was lucky to have someone like G look after her. He seemed to be speaking on personal experience, not just baseless lies or something he stole from a victorian novel.

G hummed softly, combing his fingers through your hair slowly, unraveling the gentle tangles as he brushed the pads of his fingers along your back, enveloping you in a gentle embrace, “I understand how berating he can be, tender love is not something in his nature. Yet, it is in mine.”

“Well, how can you stand him then..?” you asked, turning your gaze back into the lich’s eyes, he was so close. Your heart began to pick up, the large, mountainous scar across his chest was mere inches from you. His breath, that of fresh coffee, was warm and pleasant.

“I am also a beast of Sin, ferality is within my nature as well. It had been most of my life, until I was shown the importance of not just sex, but love making.”

A twist entered your gut, feeling heated you couldn't help but melt into his arms as he slowly drew you against him. A large hand pressed against your back, his claws affectionately trailing down the curve of your spine while you found your arms unfolding to rest your palms on either side of his large scar, atop his ribs.

"I miss her, for moments like these.." he murmured, carefully bringing his other hand back through your hair in another combing motion. The gentle tugs pulling at your scalp were relaxing, your muscles unwinding as you kept eye contact with the lich, "peace is not something sustainable in this home, anymore. I know how grating he can be, but.."

Slipping his digits through your hair, he held the back of your head, dipping his maw closer to your face, "if you wish, we can deter him for the day.. And remind ourselves of softer passions."

You were so focused on his facial features you didn't notice the growing bulge in the lich's slacks, the soft fluttering in your stomach made you pull your bottom lip between your teeth. He patiently waited as you thought to yourself, your pupils flicking across his sincerity. You did miss being raptured by a lover, walking away feeling confident and not broken down. Plus, with the effects of the lich's seed.. It may disgruntle Voidster enough to that he would leave you alone. But, was this just some sort of trick by the lich? He was more cunning than he seemed..

G could sense your concern, his voice carrying on his breath as he murmured softly, "you do not have to agree, my dear. It is simply a suggestion.. Although, a day such as this is best experienced in luxury, don't you agree?"

The lich slowly ran his hand down your back, his fingertips trailing over your bare ass as a gentle pant left your lips. Your eyelids began

to droop as he carefully ventured forth, his hand curling up between your thighs to pull his index finger back along your folds. A shiver coursed through your body, a soft whimper leaving your lungs as you shut your eyes. He repeated the motion, grinding down along your sensitive nub.

“So wet already..” he whispered, his voice rumbling in his chest as a whine pressed from your throat. He closed the distance between you. His hot, tattered chest pressing against yours, the bulge at his groin digging into your stomach. Your heart began to really pick up now, closing your eyes you melted into the monster as he carefully rubbed downward along your entrance, testing how tightly your walls clung to his fingertips.

“G..” you whispered, your fingertips digging into his thick pelt as he hummed, slipping his long digits up against your sensitive nub once more before carefully drawing downward to press within your walls. A slight gasp pulled your lips apart, finding your legs spreading for him as his hand dipped and rolled with his fingers slowly working within you.

The lich tossed his tongue behind his fangs, flicking his gaze across the room while you were distracted. Losing yourself to the moment as he prepared your walls, hooking his fingers to press and grind along your sweetest spots. Shivers wound down your legs, sparks of electricity pecking at your nerves as a soft groan road out between your teeth.

G yawned his mouth open, his hole punched tongue running across his fangs as he stared at the male across the room. Voidster’s claws twitched, his brows pulled into a glare while the muscles in his neck began to flick. Begrudgingly, the monster stepped back out of the room and growled to himself as he left back down the hallway. Technically, the lich was now playing with you.. And they both had equal rights in that regard, he had no choice but to submit his turn.

He watched his mate angrily step down the hall, tucking out of sight before he turned his gaze back down towards you. Not having paused his fluid motions what-so-ever. Slowly, he pulled his digits from your fluttering walls and as you sighed in protest he simply led you to the side, away from the windows and towards the large, plush couch.

The lich fell backwards, stretching his legs across the cushions, his back propped up against the arm of the sofa, while he situated you above him. You fell into instinct, straddling his sides you leaned forward, your lips finding the hard, hot skin of G's neck. Parting your jaws you slowly bit onto him, scraping against his thick hide while your mouth sucked at his flesh. The sensation made his eyes roll, a light moan leaving his throat as he quickly unzipped his slacks and pulled his dark, throbbing manhood free.

Earning a moan from the monster beneath you made you feel confident, repeating your passionate necking as you drew a hand up to cup the sharp jawline of the lich. He couldn't seem to wait, positioning his cock below you he drew a hand up to your hip, his fingertips digging into your supple flesh and pushed you downward.

A soft gasp left your throat, the head of his shaft wedging up between your slick folds, begging entry to your tight body. Carefully, you rolled your hips down towards him, a shudder weaving through your back as a moan strained through your lungs. His large cock sunk within you, your walls burning to accommodate him yet the pain only enhanced your pleasure as he gently helped your hips along.

The lich closed his eyes, his breath riding on deep pants that brushed across the side of your face. You bit onto his neck rather deeply, groaning as he filled and pushed your limits. Rocking in gentle, deep thrusts he withdrew an inch to bury two more. Until you sat, hilted and beginning to sweat on the lich's lap.

He gave a soft pant, his tongue lolling from his throat to lap up the side of your jawline and cheek. Pulling your teeth across his flesh you

shivered, carefully licking up the side of his throat and with his hand resting against your waist, your body fell into a comfortable pace. Your walls resisted and embraced him so sweetly, striking through your flushed form with a tenderness you had been missing.

G lightly rolled his hips as you rode him, meeting your inner thighs with his hard, scar riddled abdomen. Both of his hands began to feel up your sides, groping intimately as you wrapped your arms up around his neck and rolled your spine with the motions of your hips. Soon, beads of sweat began to cascade down the back of your neck, his name riding on a moan brushing past your lips to bury within the pointed end of his massive scar resting up along his throat.

The lich flicked his eyes open, his eyelids heavy as he panted and brought his hands up along towards your chest. Your t-shirt caught on his wrists as he exposed your bare flesh to him, and to the room. He cupped your breasts in a tender hold, sweeping his thumbs along your hardened nipples, earning a gasp and a shudder from your rocking body grinding along him.

Slick with sweat your stomach and ribs ground along the mountainous scar of his chest, and while he had no feeling in that area he certainly could feel the way your stomach slid against his own. Hot, wet and edging closer the lich left your breasts, pulling at your skin sensually down to your hips. He drew you down into his tender, deep nudging as you hilted him again and again. A groan welling in his chest, reverberating through his throat.

The wet, indulgent sounds of the lich's shaft coaxing your walls added fuel to the fire. A mewl clawed through your throat as you wished to hurry your pace, yet the lich gripped you tighter, lagging your motions as he nuzzled into the side of your face, panting. His fingertips dug into your hips, his arms shivering with the effort to hold himself back as he ground his throbbing shaft through you. Pulling you into his rocking motions, deeply, heavily and with a lusting desire you hadn't experienced from him before.

You could feel yourself edging closer, an inner itch was being stroked, coercing your muscles to begin winding and the lich could feel it. Slowly, he began to loosen his grip and still his hips as he drew his face upwards from your form, flicking his white, piercing eyes across the room as you moaned his name. Your arms pulling apart from behind his neck to dig your fingernails into his shoulders, your hips began to deeply, needingly, grind down along him.

Your whimpers began to come more erratic as the lich drew his arms upward, tucking them behind his head as he stared across the room, his mouth lightly parted to allow his tender panting to beat through his lungs. The tip of his tongue rode on the harsh puffs of air pressing through his jaws, much like a feral cat while he fixated on the wild, livid violet eyes staring at him from the hallway.

Voidster was hunched, supporting himself against the edge of the corridor with his claws sinking into the drywall. The scent of sex was overwhelming, and the pleading mewling being drawn from your throat as you rode the lich all on your own, no force, no violence, just utter submission was driving the male to madness. G simply swiped his tongue across his lips, his haunches tensing as you gave a sharp, short cry.

The lich basked in your affections, letting you do all the work as a groan rumbled in his chest. His shaft grinding into the pit of your stomach, tightening your grip to the monster as you fell into desire. Nearly there now, as was he. The monster watching the both of you swallowed, his jaws open as he became fixated on the sultry rolling of your back and hips, glistening in sweat. For some reason, the way you moaned and called the lich's name, drew his other hand into a shaky fist.

G knew you were close, his own hips instinctively beginning to roll and nudge upwards to you as your motions became more desperate. Slowly, he pulled one of his arms from behind his head and cupped the side of your face as you pushed away from his chest. Your spine curved into a deep arch as you gazed at him through a hazy, half lidded expression. He tenderly prodded at your moist lips with his

thumb, feeling your hard breathing sweeping against the digit he murmured, “that’s a good girl.. come for me..”

Tension wound down along the lich’s legs, his sharp, knuckled toes beginning to flex and splay. The light shimmering from his claws as you found yourself tipping, clawing down the monster’s chest your body quaked. G tilted his head back, panting heavily as he cupped the side of your face and neck as ecstasy flowed through the both of you simultaneously.

Your face scrunched in that of pain as electric, overwhelming waves coursed through your spine down your shaking arms and legs in climax. Pinning yourself against his lap, the lich rolled his hips up against you, riding your euphoria as loud, broken cries of his name pulled through your lungs. Shutting your eyes tightly the lich released a deep, guttural groan as he spilled his obsidian, thick essence through your trembling walls.

His strong hand held you back from him, his fingers digging into your neck as he shivered with release. The both of you heaving as your features softened, the scalding, acidic seed of the lich tore into your flesh and oozed from your folds to coat your thighs but the pain soon gave to a gentle throbbing. Basking in afterglow you sat, tucked against his lap as the monster slowly pulled his chin back down, his eyes wavering as he focused in on your face.

He brought his hand up to the side of your cheek, swiping his thumb down beneath your eye to wipe away the moisture having gathered there from the intensity of your bliss. The only word that would come to mind, carried on your breath, “whoa..”

G began to chuckle, his abdomen twitching as he lowered his hand in order to tuck his arm back behind his head. Unable to help to light smirk pulling at his lips, his voice was soft, yet warbled in a distant echo, “did you enjoy the poem..?”

A light smile cracked over your lips, dropping your gaze as you traced a few of his scars beneath your fingertips, “yeah. But, I may have to reread it sometime..”

“Of course, my dear,” he chuckled, eyeing the movements of your hand before flicking his gaze past you to find his mate seething across the room. His lips curled into a malicious sneer, his shoulders heaving beneath the strain of his panting while violet eyes gouged into his own.

G turned his focus back to you as you pulled yourself from his lap, a soft groan pushing through your throat as you dismounted. Thick, scalding sludge clinging to your thighs as you carefully crawled off of him, a heavy blush staining your cheeks. Luckily, the lich spoke for you, “I think it best if you retire to your room, if only for an hour..”

Blinking you flicked your pupils curiously into the lich’s expression, but he was looking past you. A rock fell into your gut as you stood, your thighs pressed together, and glanced behind you. Finding the heaving, growling monster beginning to step into the room. You didn’t have to be told twice, quickly you left in the other direction, as far away from Voidster as you could before darting down the hallway. A smile tugged at your lips, a light, radiating confidence flowing in your soul as you ducked into your room and locked the door behind you. Peace, at last.

While Voidster slowly trudged towards the sprawled, stained lich he remained calm and gently spoke, “Care to fetch my coffee for me, love?”

The male responded with a snarl, **[I’ll fetch you punishment for interfering, how does that sound?]**

Voidster was bristling as he came upon the couch and slammed his claws into the back of the cushions, looming down over the lich's lounging form. G was met with the contorted, livid expression of his mate who was now crawling onto him, shoving his legs apart while pulling his slacks down farther. This was all right, he could go for round two. A smirk pulled at the lich's lips, flashing his fangs at the beast hovering above him.

"Enjoy the show?" he asked with amusement, earning a growl from his mate as his thighs were shoved up, while the other monster undid his own slacks. Despite spending himself within you, the rough attentions of the other man were enough to stir him back to arousal.

Voidster paused in his movements, hot violet eyes meeting G's consideringly. **[You enjoy the letting the human ride you, laying submissive beneath her?]**

"Not half as much as I enjoy it with you, my darling," the lich responded ironically. "Although you would do well not to confuse what occurred with submission." Silence met these statements, the beast contemplating his words. Then Voidster bent his head, sharp teeth closing over the place you had bitten, erasing your claim as he laid his own. He bit hard, much harder than you had, yet not quite enough to draw blood.

When the lich moaned beneath his lips, he raised his head, dragging sharp claws down the other man's chest. **[And you would do well not to confuse my passions with a lack of appreciation for subtlety,]** he murmured, dragging his tongue against G's skin in rough ministrations. **[I know what draws the human to you. You manipulate her in your way, and I, in mine.]**

There lay the heart of what attracted G to the other monster, despite what he had told you about being a beast of sin. Keen intellect glittered behind those violet eyes, for all it was easy to dismiss, at times. A dangerous adversary to underestimate, which he had learned

early on in their relationship. The sometimes simpler facade the other monster erected could not, in truth, have held him enraptured for so long. There was more, so much more, beneath the surface.

Then he felt the clawed grip around his erection, interrupting that line of thought. **[Perhaps you are right. Today is a day to spend in…luxury.]**

Voidster smirked, finally gaining his mate's full attention. Within he still felt the smolder of annoyance that G had claimed you like that, when he knew full well that he had been waiting to have use of you afterward. That annoyance was rapidly being extinguished by something else, however- a sharp interest in the relaxed body beneath him, and a desire to remind that man of the pleasure he could offer.

Abandoning his earlier plan of taking the lich then and there on the couch, he stood, letting his unfastened trousers fall, kicking them to the side. Meeting the speculative glance of the other man, he smiled, before bending and picking his mate up in his arms. **[An hour won't be nearly long enough for what I have in mind,]** he said with a predatory grin, enjoying the way that G tensed in his arms, if only briefly. While the lich had never cared if he had an audience, Voidster preferred that this next part take place in privacy, away from any…distractions, such as yourself.

Humming lightly, he carried his mate to their shared bedroom, summoning a spectral hand to close and lock the door behind him. It was early yet, and afternoon light spilled in through the windows, bathing the bed in warm, golden light. Laying the other male down, Voidster walked to the windows, drawing heavy curtains in place to block out the illumination. Some things were better done in the shadows, where it was easier to yield.

He sauntered back to the bed, tugging at the partially-removed slacks G wore, until they had been drawn past his feet and could be tossed to the floor. The lich was no less dominant than himself, so it never

ceased to excite when one of them submitted, letting the other wield control for a time. Of course, the times that they wrestled, snarling as they fought to be on top, were also enjoyable. There wouldn't be a fight this time, unless he had completely misgauged the other man's mood, which he rarely did. G was sedate and content, like a well-stroked cat, eyeing him with amusement and desire.

Voidster summoned more hands, bringing forth the strong, black rope he preferred for such things. It wasn't enough, simply to rut until he reached climax, as they often did. Not today, after witnessing such a tantalizing, *frustrating* display. No, today he would take his pleasure slowly, indulging himself with his one willing victim.

The lich allowed himself to be restrained; wrists to the headboard, ankles dragged apart and tied tightly to the lower bedposts, keeping his legs spread. It was an extraordinarily strong bed frame, to withstand the combined passions of the two monsters. His mate would go nowhere without first being released. It was a measure of the trust he held for Voidster, as well as the slight risk he accepted in letting himself be bound by such a violent being. G had accepted the possibility of death, had even embraced it for a time after the human girl was lost. If he chose to live now, it was due in no small part to the influence of the monster that hovered possessively above him. What then, was the danger of submission to such unpredictable passions?

[Comfortable, love?] Voidster murmured softly, the heat in his eyes banked to a slow smolder as he walked the length of the bed, idly trailing his claws over the prone body of the lich. No response was forthcoming, and he expected none. The question was part of the game, that was all. The restraints had been expertly tied by a man who excelled in gauging the pain of the participant. No pain would be caused that he did not intend, and what he gave would be applied with all the knowledge and experience he had gained in his centuries of life.

He wondered if his mate had guessed yet, what he intended. It was rare that he used implements to his lovemaking; his claws and fangs were typically enough spice for the bedroom. But the lich knew his

proclivities, as well as he knew the man himself. “The bedding was imported from France,” he muttered dryly, raising a brow at the beast who paced before him.

[Ah, how appropriate. I have something new to try today. I had been saving them for a special occasion. The Parisian blade maker called them ‘flechettes.’ Do you know the word, my dear?]

“Darts?” He could tell the lich was beginning to regret taunting him with his conquest of you. Let it not be said that the man lacked courage, for all he had allowed Voidster to restrain him. But he was minded to enjoy himself today, and wring exquisite pleasure from the other man as well.

[Hmm, not quite.] The summoned hands brought forth a deep red leather case with gold hinges, a quality item by itself. Then Voidster opened it, revealing the black velvet lining, and the row of shining, silver blades arranged within. They were all the same size, each blade with an edge honed so sharply that the steel was nearly paper thin. Each flechette ended in a carved bone handle, polished to a high gleam, to be comfortably wielded during such play. He waited a moment, allowing G to better appreciate what lay in store, before setting the case aside.

[The best results are obtained when the subject is blindfolded.] His deep voice was smooth, rough with an edge of desire. **[It lends a feeling of suspense, you see. Where will the blade fall next? Is he drawing the edge or the back of the blade across my skin?]**

“I doubt the latter is truly a question when you wield the knife, my dear.” The lich chuckled, and Voidster allowed himself a brief grin. **[True. But I may surprise you, yet. Will you allow it?]** If G declined, if he asked to be released, Voidster would let him go. Consent was a luxury you weren’t afforded, being merely a human, and one that belonged to him at that. It was different, with the lich. He knew the darkness that lay in them both. G’s tended to turn

inward, while Voidster focused outward, inflicting it on victims of his choosing. G would have to decide if he trusted his mate to gauge his mood, to be considerate and play his desire without crossing the line into torment he wasn't prepared for.

"Yes…" he murmured softly, closing his eyes in assent. The beast couldn't help the flare of desire in his belly. The submission of the other male was so sweet, sliding over his tongue like rich blood. They had come far, from his initial invasion of this timeline, to this gentle yielding on a warm afternoon. It filled him with tenderness, and sharp need. Wordlessly, he commanded a new set of hands to bring forth the blindfold. Dark cloth, soft and luxuriant, too thick for even light to penetrate. They deftly tied the scrap around G's face, securing it in a knot behind his head.

A gentle smile upon his lips, Voidster eyed the prone body of his mate. Thick, corded muscle stretched taut between his bonds, his chest and limbs straining against the strong rope. Scars riddled his pale hide, especially the huge gash that split his broad chest. Knowing the lich couldn't feel it, he trailed the tips of his claws in the valley of scar tissue, feeling the smoothness beneath his fingertips. Still, he hadn't pried the story of this wound from G. But he would, someday.

Turning aside, he picked up the first of the flechettes. There were ten of the blades, for after the initial few cuts, the blade would dull, and their primary purpose was to be so unspeakably sharp that the victim didn't even feel their flesh parting like butter beneath the knife. They could cause pain, as well. A unique torment; the sudden bloom of agony from a cut the recipient hadn't felt being made. He wanted to use them on you, but knew that the damage would be too great. The lich would disapprove of him wounding you too deeply, but he could always test the resistance of human flesh on one of the subjects they kept beneath the house. Those were disposable, easily replaced.

Today wasn't a day for pain. He had known it before even bringing G to the bedroom. Or, at least, only very minimal pain. He was relaxed, content. The memories of the past weren't riding him, demanding release in the form of punishment that only Voidster could provide.

Not a day for the sweet catharsis of agony, but the lich could still tolerate the gentlest edge of his desire.

He lightly pressed the blade against the tough hide of the other monster, soaking in the small shudder of anticipation that greeted the cool metal. Then, he lifted the knife, flipping it in his hand so that he wielded the dull edge. Pausing, he sent some of the hovering bony appendages on an errand, waiting until they returned with a small bucket of ice water. Smiling to himself, he dipped the flechette into the water, running the back of his knuckled hand against G's cheek as he waited.

When he gauged the metal had become cold enough, he withdrew the blade, bringing the dull edge to the lich's unscarred belly, where scar tissue wouldn't interfere with sensation. The freezing metal would feel sharp to the other monster, unspeakably sharp. Smirking, he pressed down, drawing the flechette hard across the exposed belly of his mate. Condensation trickled from the blade, mimicking the sensation of blood running down his skin. Blindfolded, the other male wouldn't be able to tell which was which.

He saw G hesitating, bracing himself for pain that never arrived, and smiled. Then he flipped the blade, selecting an unscarred area on his ribs, and made a shallow cut some five inches in length. Now the lich knew the difference, he decided with amusement, watching the man shudder like a fly-strung horse. Oily black blood seeped from the wound, dripping downward to stain the expensive silk sheets his mate had been worried about.

[What a shame,] he clucked his tongue, smirking as the lich sighed in annoyance. **[If it helps at all, perhaps I'll save the cloth as a memento. A flag decorated with the blood of your desire,]** he added wryly, mocking G's tendency to wax poetic. A soft growl fell upon him like music, causing his smirk to widen. He chose to place a new cut beneath the first, perfectly parallel, watching as the two wounds leaked shared blood, mingling into a thicker stream of fluid that he trailed one hand against, smearing it back across the broad chest of his mate.

The pain of the slices was likely a mere itch to the monster who trembled and rumbled beneath him. Pain was not his goal, but he did so enjoy drawing blood, knowing that the delicate injuries he wrought would eventually join the multitude of beautiful scars on the other man. Tossing aside the first flechette, he reached for the second, holding it as he gracefully straddled the lich. He lowered his face to the free-bleeding cuts on the male's heaving chest, extending his tongue to lap at the blood, which burned and writhed in his mouth with the strong taste of chemicals.

An idea came to him, then. Rolling off of G, he lay perpendicular to him. He rested his forearms on the abdomen of the other monster, dipping his head to lap up more blood, holding it in his mouth. The lich was ready for him, his erection hard and needy as he bent to give it proper attention. Gently closing his jaws over his mate's arousal, he laved his tongue over it, dripping the burning blood over the heated flesh as his tongue swirled around it.

The lich gasped and thrust his hips upward, shoving into the wet heat that surrounded him. Voidster let him, a pleasing combination of blood, your fluids, and G's arousal filling his mouth. He skillfully worked the cock with his lips and teeth, stopping just short of pain as he played with his mate. The lich could manage only short, shallow thrusts, bound as he was. Voidster let the male edge himself in his mouth, glancing up to dip his fingers back into the blood of the cuts, smearing it against the pale chest of his mate.

Beads of burning precum coated his mouth, leaving behind that strange, tingling numbness. He was familiar with the effects of the lich's seed, although he hadn't had it like this before. Interesting. When he placed one clawed hand on the hip of his mate, slowing the thrusts that had become erratic, the other male snarled at him, the sound reverberating throughout the room. He tightened his grip warningly, reminding the lich who was dominant, this time. Then he relented, releasing his hold so that the monster beneath him could resume his frantic pace. He was beginning to reach a point where he couldn't hold back much longer, himself.

He tossed the unused flechette to the side of the bed, no longer interested in drawing out the foreplay. Closing his mouth once more around the throbbing phallus of his mate, he drew his rough tongue up and down its length, wringing a shaky pant from the lich. Not long, now. Violet eyes watched heatedly as thick strings of drool slid from G's mouth, jaws parted in ecstasy as he arched his back, moaning. Shortly after, his essence flooded Voidster's mouth, ropes of stinging liquid coating his tongue. Intrigued, he swallowed it, feeling it slide down his throat as the other man strained at his bonds and groaned.

Withdrawing, he smiled a wolfish grin that the lich couldn't see, being blindfolded. **[You seemed to enjoy that, my love.]** The other man panted, too exhausted to speak. **[The taste of you burns me in such an intriguing way. But now it's my turn.]**

He knelt, positioning himself between the lich's spread legs. Stretching like a cat, he drew his claws lightly from the scarred shoulders downward, ending at the prominent hip bones just below him. He could imagine how the white gaze of his mate would look now; sleepy and satiated, but he didn't remove the blindfold. Depriving the lich of his sight would only sharpen every other sensation, and he wanted the other male to feel him.

One hand moved lazily up to stroke at the clotting blood. Still enough there. He coated his shaft with it, the dark fluid tingling and further exciting him. Positioning his slick erection at the other man's entrance, he pressed forward smoothly, slowly forcing the lich's body to accept his length. His mate shuddered beneath him, caught up in the sensation of the throbbing heat that cleaved into him. Grunting at the tightness, Voidster withdrew a little, before rocking his hips forward in a short, forceful thrust.

He noted small details; such as the way that G's breath caught in his throat, the way the muscles in his chest strained slightly, the gentle creak of the ropes as their limits were tested. Smiling to himself, he withdrew a little further, gripping his mate's hips as he slammed his

pelvis forcefully against them. Almost there. Releasing G's hips, he leaned forward, bracing his arms against the broad chest of the other male. He released a heavy purr of satisfaction, hilting himself with one last roll of his hips.

[Do you enjoy this poem…?] he panted, dragging his tongue up the heaving chest of the lich. **[Not as soft, but violence and passion are two sides of the same blade, separated by an edge finer than that of the flechettes. Do you not agree?]** He sensed, rather than saw, the smile that curved his mate's lips at his words.

" Some have won a wild delight,

By daring wilder sorrow;

Could I gain thy love to-night,

I'd hazard death to-morrow."

G quoted softly to the beast above him, only the slightest tremor in his voice betraying him.

[Thus do you seduce us all,] he chuckled in response, pushing up on his forearms to better brace himself. He studied the face of the lich as he languidly moved within him, gentle thrusts that kept him on the brink, while postponing the moment of release. Sliding his arms beneath the prone body of the other monster, he curled them behind the lich's back, resting his claws lightly against his shoulders. He opened his jaws, pressing them tenderly to the mouth of his mate, who parted his lips and submitted to the kiss with grace.

As his tongue twined with his mate's, Voidster began rolling his hips more quickly; short, steady bursts of passion coursing through his body. The tight fit of the other male was almost too much. He could lose himself in the heat of the lich, bucking hard against the sharp hips that met his tender thrusting. Releasing the passionate kiss, he

clamped his jaws down on G's neck with a snarl, slamming into the other man with feral need as he maintained a predator's hold on his throat.

His hide itched and burned as a deeper itch built within the pit of his stomach. His hands roamed up and down the lich's chest with unfeigned urgency, claws catching on the collage of scars that decorated G's flesh. His twisting purple tongue lapped at the other man's flesh, catching tiny beads of oily blood that welled where his teeth had punctured the skin of G's throat. The labored breathing of the lich only excited him further, although not nearly as much as the choked moans of pleasure that broke through his lips.

It took only moments to reach his climax then, lost in primitive desire and his dominance over his mate. He spilled his essence into his partner, tightening his grip on the lich's shoulders and slamming him down to meet his cock in a final thrust. His groan of relief was muffled by the thick hide of the other monster, still caught between his fangs as he bit down with enthusiasm. G turned blindly to nuzzle his face, both of them panting heavily from the intensity of their lovemaking as they rode the last shockwaves of passion.

It was long moments before Voidster released the throat of the lich, running his tongue over his teeth as he closed his jaws. Lazily, he had the spectral hands release G's bonds, as he rested on top of the other man, still conjoined. He felt the other man remove the blindfold, and slipped his arms to either side of the lich, partially supporting his own body weight as he hooked his chin over his mate's shoulder and closed his eyes. A sound like a rumbling purr welled up within G's chest, soothing and calming him as he pressed the side of his face against the other man's.

[Two souls with but a single thought,

Two hearts that beat as one.]

“Will you never be done surprising me?” His mate laughed softly, bringing one arm up to stroke down his spine in a gentle caress. Now it was his turn to chuckle, letting his muscles relax beneath the tender ministrations of the man beneath him. **[Never. But I shall endeavor to keep the surprises pleasant, if you promise not to flaunt the girl before me again.]**

No need to raise his head and see the sharp smile he knew was there. It wouldn’t be that easy. They could no more stop provoking each other’s tempers than they could dissolve the inexplicable bond between them. It added spice to the relationship, and often those clashes of temper led to harsh intimacy that was both exciting and tender. It was a strange, flawed relationship, but it suited them both far better than either would admit.

Chapter End Notes

The two actual poets quoted are Charlotte Bronte and John Keats.

Don't Look a Gift-Voidster in the Mouth

Chapter Summary

Skelly tried to prove that Voidster could give out tender loving like G can, and failed miserably. Aloe helped in the failing. But it's still hot?

Chapter Notes

As always, you can find us at:

allocatealoe.tumblr.com
dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com

Follow us to see bonus short stories from TSM, as well as amazing artwork of G and Voidster by Aloe.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You panted heavily, straining against the muscular body that pinned you to the bed. Again, Voidster had ambushed you as you slept. Unlike the last time, he had left you no chance of escaping now. The soft jersey-knit shorts that you wore were pulled down to your knees, along with your panties. The loose shirt had been torn open by his claws, laying you bare beneath him.

One large arm pressed hard against your naked chest, forcing you down into the mattress. You clawed at it with your hands, prompting an amused, rumbling chuckle from the monster that pushed your thighs up, hooking your legs over his restraining arm. His knee shifted to pin the loose fabric of your shorts beneath it, effectively trapping your legs.

[You seem well-rested, pet,] he murmured with amusement, sliding the clawed digits of his free hand into your mouth, until you gagged. You glared at him, but didn't bite down. You had learned early on that his flesh was far too tough for him to feel any discomfort from it. Writhing, you made muffled sounds of distress, hoping against hope that G might hear and intervene. Voidster, of course, immediately discerned what you were trying to do.

[He won't hear you, darling. He sleeps, still. And anyway, he knows well enough what goes on in his house. Why would he care to help you now?]

You had nothing to say to that, even if you had been able to speak. It was true, after all. You were deluding yourself if you thought that G would care enough to interfere on your behalf, in a situation like this. He had interceded before, to keep his mate from killing you outright, but he also acknowledged Voidster's claim to you, as if you were simply an exotic plaything. As long as the beast didn't break you permanently, G didn't care what happened.

While his large, knuckled digits toyed with your thrashing tongue, aggravated whimpers slipped through your throat. He tasted of chemicals, and his sharp claws threatened to gouge fresh scratches against your gums. There was nothing more you could do, dribbles of saliva slipped across your bottom lip as he toyed, and irritated, you. Trying to keep his fingers from encroaching towards your throat, you shoved angrily against his digits, but that only brought him greater amusement at the futility of the act.

You were distracted as Voidster bent low, twisting his tongue against his fangs as he eyed your exposed sex. **[Ah, you smell so sweet this morning, pet. It seems your heat may start soon. Won't that be fun?]** You scowled, attempting to turn your face away as he leered at you. It hadn't taken long for you to gather that monsters had heat cycles. The two males you lived with seemed to assume that humans were similar in that regard, and the scent of your fertility drove them both to possessive ferality. God, you hoped you didn't get pregnant.

Smirking, the monster released your legs to tear away the remaining fabric, discarding your shorts and panties without a second thought. He withdrew his fingers from your mouth, leaving you gasping for air as he delicately traced his wet digits against your folds. It felt good, and you despised him for it. An involuntary shudder wound upwards through your spine, panting and glaring at the massive monster above

you.

“Just get it over with,” you snarled. “Don’t pretend like you care if I enjoy it.”

He raised a brow at that, still studying your body’s response to his gentle stimulation. **[I don’t have to care to find it interesting, little human.]** Thoughtfully, he raised his claws to his mouth, licking your juices from them with that long, twisting tendril. You shuddered, face flushing as you watched him. You had thought, once, that you could enjoy sex with Voidster, if only he were gentler and more considerate. Now you feared that idea. If he learned to manipulate you in this way, it would be unbearable.

Your expression, caught between arousal and fear, brought him great amusement. It wasn’t a game he played often, but he was bored, and curious to see how you would respond. He carelessly summoned a spectral hand, which gathered your small wrists together and brought them over your head. That taken care of, he rested his large hands on your thighs, gently pushing them apart to more fully reveal your delicate folds.

He parted his jaws, bending his head closer to the juncture of your thighs as he deeply inhaled. The sweet, musky scent was intoxicating. You weren’t in heat yet, but close, so close. Your reluctant arousal tugged at his loins, a sweet ache building in his groin as he lapped at your inner thigh, tasting the salt that lay on your skin.

You whimpered, attempting to twist your hips away as he let his hot breath wash over your sex. He tightened his hold on you in warning, then brought his attention back to your glistening folds, your arousal evident as moisture built between your legs. He dragged his tongue closer, brushing over your sex with delicate licks. He enjoyed the way you twitched and shuddered beneath him, your breathing strained as your body tensed.

He dipped his tendril into your quivering sex, your fluids coating and sliding against his tongue as he delved further within you. When he began to push into your entrance, a choked, mewling cry broke from your lips. He paused, grinning wickedly as he raised his head. **[Ah, does that feel good?]** The conflict on your face was entertaining, watching as you struggled between clear pleasure, and loathing for the monster that bestowed it on you.

Humming, he resumed his work, working the writhing tentacle deeper within your folds, until the burning tendril slid deeper, forcing its way past your tight walls. He let your flavors soak into his palate, the soft vibration of his lips further stimulating you as he let loose an aroused, rumbling growl.

You were a mess, gasping and unable to focus on anything but the long tongue sliding in and out of you. It felt incredible. It twisted and pulsed against your walls, seeking deeper entry as his hot breath spilled over your soaking folds. When the rough base of his tongue brushed over your swollen clit, you couldn't help the loud, choked moan that escaped you, turning to bury your face in the pillows as violet eyes raised to meet yours.

[I've never heard you make that sound with G, before.] He sounded entirely too pleased with himself, smugly satisfied at his handiwork. When he forced his tongue against your walls, thrusting it eagerly past your swollen folds, you groaned and arched your back beneath his ministrations. He reached down, brushing a thumb over the swollen nub between your legs as he worked you.

It didn't take long for you to reach the fiercest climax you had ever experienced, shuddering and curling your toes in the air as he withdrew his hot tendril, observing your flushed and tensing body with detached interest. Lazily, he brushed his fingers over your throbbing folds, inserting them as the last waves of pleasure wracked your body, tightening your walls against him. Curling his digits up, he dragged them slowly from your shuddering sex, prompting you to

squirm against him.

[So warm and wet,] he mused to himself, beginning to sit up. **[Much like that crimson river beneath your skin, pet.]** He grinned wolfishly as you shivered, staring up at him with a hazy, fearful expression. He pushed himself up, parting your thighs, and propping one elbow against the mattress to your side as he settled between your legs. Tilting his head downward, he parted his jaws, closing them carefully over your throat as his tongue lapped at your pulsing jugular vein. You forced yourself to remain still, your breath coming in short, sudden bursts.

The ghost of a smile remained on his face as he released you, one clawed hand reaching up to brush tendrils of hair from your slick face with surprising tenderness. His free hand reached downward, fiddling at his groin as you heard the sibilant whisper of his zipper being undone. His girthy cock pressed demandingly against you, sliding over your wet folds with ease as he positioned himself at your entrance.

A slight roll of his hips pushed the head of his cock into you. He released an indrawn breath, hot air hitting the side of your face as he pushed against you. Rocking forward again, he buried a few more inches into your heaving body. You gasped in pleasure as your slick, prepared walls accepted his length, which pleasantly stretched and filled you.

He brought his hand back up, using that arm to support his body weight as he stretched out above you. He was nearly 800 pounds of sheer muscle, and while he often took advantage of your much smaller size to tease or torment you, it wasn't the case this time. His muscular torso pressed down against your slick breasts and belly, rubbing against your skin as he took his time with long, lazy thrusts.

All the while, he watched your face with eerie concentration, gauging your reactions and responses with a scientist's cold reserve. It was unnerving, yet the skillful way that he played with your body was

distracting enough that you couldn't hold back. When he tilted his chin down to drag his rough tongue against your nipples, you gasped and arched your back. When he brushed them delicately with his sharp teeth, you whimpered and twisted away in fear, but he did nothing more.

The rocking of his pelvis against yours became slightly harder, the tip of his length pressing hard against your cervix as he hilted himself again and again. It was almost, *almost* too much, but then he distracted you with a puff of hot breath against the shell of your ear, or a slow, thorough kiss that made you feel pleasantly boneless. You wanted to break away and ask *how* he knew how to do this, and why he never had before. But part of you knew already. He had grown bored of the animalistic rutting he subjected you to on a daily basis, and was trying something new. It was probably motivated in part by his jealousy of your clear preference for G's attentions.

His motions began to lull you into a slight trance, your body naturally responding to his passionate gyrations between your thighs. The edges of his mouth began to twitch, trying to conceal his interested expression while your legs subconsciously felt along his powerful haunches. His hide was also ragged in scars, they tickled against your skin and only added to the sensations that closed your eyes and drew a deep, melodic sigh past your wetted lips.

Slowly, the skeletal apparitions holding your wrists faded away. At first, you didn't even notice. Too caught up in the lusting, rhythmic rocking within your tense, small frame as the monster struck you tenderly with each drive. Electric sparks pecked at the ends of your nerves, picking up your breathing against the man above you, tasting your air, your life. How sweetly the breeze against his lips tantalized him, a shiver running through his muscles as he ached for compulsion, yet restrained himself.

Your walls fluttered and clenched against his cock, drawing a light growl from his lips as he studied you. **[It is…difficult…to hold myself back like this,]** he muttered with amusement, baring his fangs down at you. **[Your blood calls to me, pain waiting to be**

drawn from your willing flesh. And yet…the challenge of abstaining intrigues me.]

You whimpered in response, trying and failing to form words to reply with. He noticed your difficulty, and his expression took on a decidedly self-satisfied aspect. **[Nothing to say, pet?]** he inquired smugly, a low purr in his voice as he rubbed his face against yours possessively. Your eyes narrowed, and you forced yourself to break through the waves of bliss that threatened to drag you under.

"You're a bastard," you gasped, shoving at him futilely as he chuckled. **[Always so feisty. But you do enjoy what I'm doing to you.]** He gazed down at you through half-lidded eyes, a cruel smirk replacing his humor. **[Or do you wish me to stop?]** Abruptly, he thrust hard into your aching sex, hilting and stilling his hips as he waited for your response. And he would wait, you realized with impotent fury. You could feel how his muscles twitched, how he quivered with the effort not to continue his movements, but forcing you to admit your pleasure was worth it to him. The thought made you feel perversely stubborn.

You saw the moment he realized that you weren't going to speak, that you had decided to rebel. Unexpectedly, he threw back his head, letting loose a peal of full-bodied laughter. **[Ah pet, perhaps I gave you too little credit before. Shall we engage in a battle of wills? Or shall I simply force you to bend to mine?]**

Slowly, he drew his hips back, his cock leaving you empty and aching for more. You had been so near to a second climax, it took all of your willpower not to beg him to keep going, to fuck you as hard as he wanted to. Why did everything have to be a game with him?! Huffing, you turned your head away. He would do what he wanted, regardless. He always did. Tears of frustration leaked down your cheeks, and you felt him pause, leaning back over your face. Tenderly, he licked at the salt tracks, his breath hot against your face.

[What's wrong, my dear? Is it so difficult to ask for what you

want?]

"This is just another fucked up game," you spat at him angrily, ignoring the closeness of his jaws. "What I want has never mattered to you, you just want to take everything you can from me. I never have a choice, even when you pretend I do. So if this is the only thing I can keep you from taking, I will."

His violet eyes widened slightly in surprise, listening to your tirade and pondering it for several moments. Finally, he replied. **[What right does a human pet have to deny her masters? You speak as if you have the right to such things, when truthfully, you have no rights but what we grant you. You can't claim the freedom of a world that you don't even belong to.]** His gaze pinned you, jaws parting as he exhaled. **[You are not a free human. I let you live because it amuses me, and because it brings my mate some small measure of comfort after losing his own human. Were it not for those two things…]** he licked his lips, running his long tongue over his jaws in a predatory fashion, **[I would kill you now.]**

"Maybe you should," you snarled, shoving again at his chest. It was like pushing against a brick wall, but you kept at it, losing yourself to temper and frustration as you fought tooth and nail against the man holding you down. You didn't realize the depth of your error until an answering, far more frightening snarl, echoed your own. Freezing, you looked up to see ferality carved into his very features, his eyes wide, pupils constricted, fangs bared as he stared down at you hungrily.

Panicking, you opened your mouth to scream, only to have him roughly shove two fingers into your mouth, pressing your tongue down and gagging you. **[What were you going to do, little human? Cry for help?]** he asked softly, all amusement fled from his countenance. **[The lich knows better than to interfere with my games. A lesson I thought you would have learned by now, yourself. So then.]** His mouth twisted into a cold, tender smile. **[Pain?]**

“Mmph!” You tried to respond, but couldn’t speak around the clawed digits shoved past your lips. Desperately, you shook your head to the side. It had been too easy to forget the danger of taunting him, pushing him past his very limited patience. **[No?]** He feigned surprise, the cruel smile never dropping as he pretended to consider your response. **[Well then…pet. Will I have to use such tactics, to hear you ask- no, to hear you *beg* for what I’m about to do to you?]**

You hesitated, and saw his eyes narrow. You knew what answer he hoped for, but if you complied, he might relent and use you gently, this time. Slowly, you shook your head. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but you would…beg, to spare yourself a worse fate. Fresh tears fell from your eyes, and he gently removed his fingers from your mouth, brushing them away with his thumb. He exhaled, resting his forehead on the pillow beneath your head. **[How you try my patience, my dear. I thought that I might have to- but no, that doesn’t matter now. Tell me, what is it you desire from me?]**

“I-I want you to f-fuck me,” you whispered, barely audible. **[I’m sorry, my dear. I didn’t quite hear you,]** he smirked. It was a lie, you both knew how keen his senses were, but you raised your voice anyway. “I want you to fuck me.” **[Hmm. Your tone lacks enthusiasm, but we can remedy that easily enough. Very well. I’ll grant your request.]**

Despite your words of desire, your expression belied your true feelings, bitter and venomous. He met your gaze with condescending inquisitivity, feigning a hurt expression while he drew a hand up to your face. **[One more question for you, pet…]**

Suddenly, he gripped onto your bottom jaw, his fingertips digging down to the bone as you winced and whimpered. He forced you to face him fully, trailing his slippery tongue across his fangs before he murmured, a hair’s breadth away from your lips, **[Shall I take you as a woman, or as a bitch in heat?]**

A harsh puff of air left your throat, twisting uncomfortably beneath him but he just tightened his grip until a whimper left your lungs. The odd, dangerous aura of the creature grasping you was painfully clear. Perhaps if you had just submitted, played his game from the start, he wouldn't have devolved into the menacing, grinning creature he was now.

You expected him to wait, again, for a response but when you tried to speak he just began to chuckle. A deep, throaty noise as he brought himself upwards, supporting himself on his knees as his free hand tucked beneath you to grasp at the opposing hip. **[Ah, I have been mistaken…]**

Raising a brow, an unsettling feeling crawled up your back and buried within your heart as the monster suddenly spun you beneath him. A squeak left your throat, but was cut off as he bore down over you, and wrapped his fingers across the front of your neck. His voice was hissing, pressed right against the side of your head while he pulled your hips up against his abdomen. **[There is no difference between the two, isn't that right, pet?]**

He didn't give you any time to process what was happening, as he wrestled you aggressively beneath him, dominating over you with a precise violence. This creature knew what scared you, and while it was true he could be using that cold technique just to get into your head…a darker thought crossed your mind. His excited, raspy breathing beat against your flushed skin, as he righted himself against your entrance. He truly, rapturously, enjoyed feeling you writhe beneath him.

Hooking one arm beneath your waist to keep you tucked up against him, he kept his other hand wrapped hard around your throat as he violently thrust his hips against you, forcing his girthy cock past your wet folds, piercing you to the core. A choked groan of discomfort left your lips, absorbed by the broad heat of the monster against your back. He withdrew only slightly before ramming his length up against your cervix, throwing you forward within the cage of his arms.

When another moan of pain slipped from your throat, you felt his toothy smile against your cheek, pressing hard against you as he thrust. **[Such a good little bitch, whimpering so sweetly for your master. This is what you wanted, isn't it, my dear?]** The hand against your throat relaxed slightly, cueing you to speak. You swallowed hard, wincing at the tenderness in your already bruised windpipe, before rasping "...Yes." A dark chuckle brushed against your ear, and he drew his hand away entirely, righting himself to kneel behind you as he gripped your soft hips in both hands.

You lay limp, passive, letting him hold your lower body up at the angle that suited him. Your upper body lay sprawled helplessly on the bed, face shoved into the pillow with every rock of his hips against yours. He was being gentle- by his standards. Still, the fear and humiliation of it brought further stinging tears to your eyes, and the pained sounds you made were a combination of pleasure and discomfort.

When a deep warmth began building in your belly, you didn't fight the sensation, letting his steady thrusts edge you and work you further toward a second climax. You could hear him panting behind you, his fingers flexing against your hips as he pulled you back to connect with his pelvis, the head of his cock nudging against the pit of your stomach every time. Suddenly, he released his hold on you, his hands slamming down on either side of your face as he used his body to push you down further into the mattress, almost crushing you beneath his weight as forced himself deeper within you.

You struggled for air, barely able to draw enough breath to remain conscious. The only sounds either of you made was the rough heaving of your coordinated breath, until small growls began slipping past Voidster's jaws, nestling into your hair as he panted and groaned. He braced himself on his forearms, his scarred chest sliding against your slick back as his movements became more and more erratic.

Finally, he began pulling out farther, sliding into your tight body with

deeper, longer strokes. The added stimulation was enough to tip you over the edge, your walls grasping hungrily at his length as he continued his feral rutting, riding you through the pleasure that ripped through your body. Naturally, your body twisted, arched and shuddered from the sheer force rushing through your form. Your jaws parted, gasping and choking out a broken, steadily heightening cry. It forced the breath from your lungs while you squirmed and shook, pinned between the sheets and the rabid creature rocking into you from behind.

Your scream sung to him, another sound he had yet to hear. The acrid sound of aroused agony welled saliva in his mouth as a hard, vicious grunt beat past his fangs into the back of your neck. He shoved and struck through your shivering body, pushing and grinding against you with a vehement urge to bury within your marrow. His claws dug into the mattress, shredding the sheets and tearing into the bed itself with ease. G would be aggravated at the inconvenience, your giddy, exhausted mind told you. Then again, it was hardly the worst damage Voidster had done, to either you or the furniture.

While your pleasantries subsided, his were fermenting. Lost in himself, the scent of your encroaching heat, your soft flesh and palatable blood stirred his jaws to drawn upon the side of your neck. Against your fidgeting, it was easy to slice into your skin as he drug his fangs upwards along the crook of your throat. He could feel your heart beating, rapid, terrified, while you whimpered and tried to press yourself upwards along the sheets to alleviate how roughly his motions stabbed into your gut.

A livid, guttural snarl tore through his chest, instantly noticing your retreat he shoved his arms into the mattress, slipping them around your torso to hold you in place. Dipping his chin downward, he gulped in the smell of the soft trickles of crimson slipping down your shoulder, his pupils shuddering in his sockets. Keeping one strong, powerful arm around your ribs he drew the other back beneath your stomach once more, his toes digging into the sheets as he lifted you to a more suitable angle.

Amidst his violent, raspy panting and the striking of his hips against your backside your own whimpers of discomfort magnified. You weren't sure how long you could take this punishment, this carelessness. Tears trickled down your cheeks, swallowing your pride for self preservation, you did the only thing that would come to mind to end this sooner. You moaned, soft, barely audible at first with a strained, choked sob hanging on the edge.

It didn't seem as if he heard you, jerking your stomach back against his manic thrusts as he speared through you. Tearing and forcing himself through your tense, aching walls. Dense trembles coursed through your legs and back, desperation parting your clenched jaws to draw out a breathless cry of his name. A hard, ragged breath tumbled from his chest, his violet eyes trailing downward to your face, coated with disheveled, sticky, locks of hair.

He watched, for a moment, with sick amusement as you struggled to breathe, heaving and gasping while he gave a hard thrust forward. Grinding his hips deeply, in a tight circle, drew another cry from your lips. This one, honest and pained. Pressing his bared teeth against your skull he growled, **[Seduction…? My name crossed your lips, but you must be thinking it is the lich who has mounted you.]**

You couldn't help but wince, shutting your mouth as your breathing hissed through your clenched teeth, but his words didn't stop there, while he continued to use and abuse your tender form. **[What-? Giving up already-?]** He gave another vicious, shallow thrust to break apart your lips with another broken, painful moan. **[Not going to proclaim how you love this- how you love me?]**

The mere thought of that made you nauseous. He simply laughed, a rolling and condescending sound. Voidster shut his eyes, his smirk still tugging at his lips as a building pressure welled in his gut. He was too close to release to draw this out further, mayhaps the next time. His patience had been tried enough, this session. With his throbbing, girthy cock striking mercilessly through you, you couldn't help your pitiful whimpering as he worked himself nearer completion.

When the muscles in his neck and back began to wind, he ducked down, biting angrily onto the uppermost part of your neck. A searing snarl warbled into your pinched flesh, a shuddering yelp piercing through your throat. He gave a few more dominating bucks before a low, reverberating growl wavered through his chest. Spilling his hot, thick seed within you, he shallowly, angrily nudged his hips against you, until they eventually stilled to hilt himself.

His bite drew another row of red hot indentations, spilling a few beads of red across the points of his fangs as he pulled his skull backwards. Drawing your skin with him, a pained, startled cry spat out from your lips before he fully released. He left long, trailing scratch marks along your flesh, eyeing his work lazily while your mixed fluids trailed down your thighs.

Slowly, he lifted his chest from your back, drawing his arms out from under you, while still keeping his hips pinned tightly against you. Propping up on one elbow, a deep, pleased chuckle ran through his throat as he brought his free hand up to your glistening features. When he swept your damp hair from your face, the act encouraged you to peek out at him from beneath your wet eyelashes.

[Don't be so sad, pet. Surely, you will cry my name in passion one day-] the look of utter disgust you gave him brought an amused glint into his purple, radiant eyes, **[-since, by the end of this, you could grow heavy with child at my hand.]**

It took a moment for his words to sink in, but once they did your eyes instantly widened, gently shaking your head as he cooed, trailing his fingertips along your jawline, **[Ah…yes. Won't that be fun?]**

His laughter shook you to the core as he dipped his spine, withdrawing his hips from you, leaving you bruised, battered and stained. A coarse tremble took hold of your body, instinctively curling

over onto your side, jerking your head away from his hand to bury your face against the pillow. His breath came hot and heavy against your cheek, stinging the red marks upon your neck as he murmured, **[Don't fret, my dear. G will not have the slightest inkling as to our 'love'.]** You cringed, his slick, violet tongue lolling out from deep within his throat to smear a translucent trail across your cheek and ear. **[Then, you will be mine far more than you ever were his.]**

Shuddering, you quickly drew a hand up to angrily wipe at the sickly saliva coating the side of your face. The monster just chuckled, pulling his tongue back into his mouth and snapping his jaws back together audibly. The weight of his body leaving the bed displaced you, and you struggled to draw the blankets up against your naked form, covering yourself as he began to stand up. He tucked himself into his pants, taking a moment to adjust before yawning, and stretching.

Still smirking, he sauntered out of the room, his parting words a terrifyingly intimate murmur. **[I'll find you again when next you come into heat, my dear. And I'll breed you as a bitch in heat should be. A singular privilege for my well-behaved pet.]** He glanced over his shoulder to drink in the shock and revulsion on your face, his smirk widening as he left, closing the door behind him.

Shaking, you turned back on your side, hugging the blankets to your chest as you pondered what he'd said. Because it hadn't happened yet, you had just assumed it wouldn't… But could you really become pregnant from this? The thought was beyond terrifying- not only the idea of Voidster being a father, but the notion of what demon spawn he might possibly sire on you.

You shuddered deeply. You would have to talk to G about this, later. This couldn't happen. It just couldn't. And for once, you suspected that the lich would agree with you. For now, you let the warm sunlight, exhaustion, and the temporary reprieve from Voidster's attentions lull you into an uneasy sleep.

Chapter End Notes

ARE YOU GUYS SO EXCITED TO BE VOIDSTER'S BABY MOMMA?

>:)

War Games

Chapter Summary

In which Aloe and Skelly discovered they both have a uniform fetish and things happened.

If you love yourself at all, go take a nice long gander at this picture before reading. And maybe just keep it open for maximum effect.

WAR GAMES

Chapter Notes

G is for General.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Irate growls warbled through the sterile hall as the monsters strolled from the end of the corridor, harsh, thick metal doors lined them on either side but they passed them by without a second thought. Too consumed in the experiment they had surely thought would have been the breakthrough, instead, it was fruitless.

“Perhaps it is the nature of Bravery..” the lich grumbled, keeping his gaze straight ahead as his mate brought up a bloody hand to his face, smearing his taloned digits across the squirming, violet tendril of his tongue in thought.

[If that is such the case..] he muttered, lowering his claws while flicking his lilac eyes beside him, studying the lich’s narrowed sockets, **[it is the same for Patience, Kindness.. Perseverance..]**

“Justice..” he finished, twirling his tongue behind his fangs as a soft sigh pressed through Voidster’s jaws. Their footfalls echoed through the corridor, falling in step with each other as they retreated back to the drawing room.

A summoned skeletal hand pressed open the double doors, allowing them to swiftly glide within the room before the metal clicked shut behind them. Stepping towards the wall the lich folded his arms, coming to a halt as his mate trailed across the scribbled evaluations, notes and data gathered. They had been at this for months, yet, the specific soul archetype alluded them, refusing to be persuaded from their vivid coloring to the dull, shimmering gray of that their pet possessed.

“We need a new tactic, ordinary torture elicits response.. But not enough to change the overall components,” G muttered, his fingertips digging into his sleeves, bunched above the elbows. His mate possessed a mastery of the blade, of pain incarnate, he had been guided to full catharsis many a time beneath the calculating, cold smirking of the monster. The problem did not lie with his ability, it was the sheer willpower of the human soul.

Voidster narrowed his sockets as he flicked his gaze across their findings, scrawled in a meticulous, ancient language. Through pain, there was submission.. And while he could orchestrate a dimming effect, flutters and sparks of both light and dark within the souls of his prey, he could not breach the hue into a lustrous ashen tone. G was right, they needed a new approach.. A thought, small at first, but it did draw a subtle grin to the fine line of his mouth, **[what we need is foreplay, coaxing release of energy can be lengthy, or short.. While we attempted a longer session we were close to our goal, but.. Perhaps with some.. *flair* , we could add another element to the mix.]**

“Mnn, what do you mean?” the lich murmured, casually panning his bright white eyes towards Voidster, catching the hint of amusement across his features. It never did take long for the brilliance of his mate to shine through in the creative way he approached these experiments, his cruelty was a profession mastered by years of trial and error.

[Give me but a moment, my love..] the man turned away, concealing his growing smirk as he gathered his magic, **[I must see if it is a possibility, first.]**

G released a puff of air through his maw, drawing his brows together just as his mate vanished. Taking with him the scent of blood, and fear. He waited a moment, expecting the monster to jump back into the room, but he didn't. Curiously he turned his gaze back to the drawing board, scouring the surface to mayhaps get a trace of what inspired his companion.

Half an hour came and went. It hardly felt like any time had passed to the lich, consumed in his writing when his mate reappeared behind him. G thumbed through his notes, humming as the sound of his companion's approach gently rung through the room. "Find what you were looking for..?"

[Indeed.. Remember our hypothesis on foreplay..?] the man chuckled, thankful that G was glued to his papers for once as he carefully held onto the heavy fabric draped over his forearm. The lich hummed in agreement, not bothering to nod as he turned a page.

[What I believe we need is an.. Intimidation factor-]

"We are behemoths in the eyes of man," G murmured absentmindedly, "what greater threat than that would arouse a stronger response..?"

The man behind him began to laugh, deep and rolling in his chest. That gathered the lich's attention, slowly G turned to look over his shoulder, directly meeting the violet, glimmering eyes of his mate. He had a wicked smile, the attempt to restrain it was lost with the lich's focus now gathered, **[what say you, to war games..?]**

G raised a brow, the other scrunching downward as he turned and lowered the notes in his off hand. It took only a moment for the monster to bring his gaze downward, blinking at the items draped over Voidster's arm. The lich's features softened, surprise flickering the light in his sockets.

[General..?]

***

It was dark outside, and both of the monsters were absent, down in the basement where you'd been forbidden to go. You'd heard them talking about using "intimidation tactics" and "the progress of the experiment" before they'd noticed you listening. Whatever it was that went on down there, they were secretive about it, and the cold look in G's eyes had discouraged you from inquiring about it.

It didn't stop you from wondering, of course. At times, they seemed excited and pleased when they returned, at others they were frustrated, or even angry. You gathered that they were conducting experiments, although why or on what remained a mystery. Voidster tended to spend more time in the basement than G did, but often they would descend together, working for hours while you were left to your own devices.

And they had been down there for some time now, you realized, glancing up at the clock. At least three hours, by your estimate. You welcomed the reprieve, and had enjoyed spending some time reading without interruption. Now you were bored, wandering around the house and examining the various trinkets that Voidster seemed to amass on a weekly basis.

The crisp staccato of boot heels on the hard floor drew your attention, moments before the lich came striding through the doorway. You

found yourself staring, frozen in place as he entered, a hot blush suffusing your features at what he was wearing. The black military uniform was both elegant and authoritative, with deep red trim and a high collar. Leather boots polished to a high shine encased his calves, causing the harsh footsteps you had heard as he walked. The jacket was perfectly tailored to his broad-shouldered form, the perfectly creased slacks gathered beneath the cuff of the boots. In one hand he held a black riding crop, idly twitching it against the palm of his other hand as he walked.

You were agape, frozen in place as the lich strode across the hard wooden floors. The buttons of his coat were polished, in a striking gun metal. Yet one, level with his breast, had a deep slice through the far edge and gouged the metal mercilessly, a chunk of the button was gone at the innermost part of his chest. He looked, striking. The fitted uniform didn't seem to hinder the lich what-so-ever as he began to pass through the large, open room. Your heart beat loudly in your chest, and he could hear it.

Having noticed you he paused, a faint smirk tugging at his lips as he gently turned his head towards you, observing your reaction. Carefully, he altered his course, his steps slow and measured as he approached you, clasping his hands behind his back. The look in his eyes was so predatory and aggressive, you found yourself backpedaling, moving back with each step until your back was pressed against the wall. His expression grew more intense, closing the distance between you until he was standing directly before you, staring down at your flushed face.

"You seem uncomfortable, pet." He spoke in a voice laced with amusement, watching as you squirmed beneath his knowing gaze. "And why would that be, I wonder?" Your eyes darted to the side, perhaps you could escape and avoid this conversation entirely. Silently, he brought one arm up, leaning forward to press it against the wall beside your face. You were trapped. You stared at the way the fabric strained over his well-muscled shoulders, and swallowed dryly.

“Can I um...go?” you asked a bit breathlessly, looking anywhere but the face that hovered slightly above your own. A soft chuckle rumbled through his chest, hot breath beating against your face as he eyed you knowingly. “I asked you a question.” His tone was mild, but only a fool would ignore the demand behind it. You quivered, pressing hard against the wall as his scent, spicy and masculine, added to your discomfort.

“You...ah. Look nice.” You ventured lamely, unable to find any better words to explain your reaction. “Nice” was an understatement. The lich looked incredible, every inch the commander from the war he had been in. Alright, maybe you had a little bit of a uniform fetish. It wasn’t that unusual a thing to find attractive. But G was already so domineering, the added effect of the uniform made him twice as intimidating as he usually was, which was no mean feat. It took your breath away, in more ways than one.

“So I’ve been told…” he mused out loud, shifting his weight, and keeping you trapped, still. “Although yours is by far the most interesting reaction I have received.” With that he leaned forward, the heat of his body radiating outward like a physical thing. “Perhaps you should join me in the study. Your input may prove...valuable...to our research.”

“I-I-I d-don’t know,” you stuttered shyly, wishing he would give you a little space. It was hard to focus on anything right now, the way that he leaned over you. Your eyes drifted from his chest to his groin, and the growing bulge you saw did nothing to improve your state of mind. Instead, you grew even more flustered. “M-maybe I should go to bed?” you trailed off a bit desperately. The lich was more than a little seductive, even when he wasn’t trying. When he was focused in on you like this, like you were prey, his sexual energy rivaled the unnatural heat that his body produced. It had burned you before, and you weren’t eager to play with that fire again, despite your body’s reaction to his closeness.

His jaws parted then, inhaling as his sharp white gaze bore into you, and you knew he could smell your arousal. Silently, you cursed his

unnaturally sharp senses, becoming even more aggravated when you saw that he knew it, the bastard. “G, do you have to-” you were cut off as he bent his head toward yours, the tip of his black tongue flicking against your lips as he pressed forward even further, demanding entry to your mouth. When you opened it to further protest, he shoved his tongue into you, the hand with the riding crop coming up behind your back to press you up against him.

When his hand tangled in your hair, a soft growl sliding from his lips, you realized that whatever he and Voidster had been up to downstairs had edged him into his feral nature. Retreating, you had only further awoken that primitive instinct. If you continued to fight… You sighed. It was best to submit to this, to accept the situation you had gotten yourself into. Aggressive and aroused like this, he would probably just bend you over the kitchen table if you kept fighting him. You opened your mouth to him, hesitantly returning the kiss, submitting to the dominant thrusting of his tongue against yours.

Scalding, and eager, his movements rolled within your mouth. His half lidded gaze studied your features as he drew a shuddering breath to course through your lungs. The large hole in his flat, lengthy tongue ground along your own, slipping within the empty space to draw a heated, slight break of your lips. He didn’t give you much time to catch your breath as he tilted back towards you for another taste.Your shared, light panting beat through the intricate weave and bow of the dance occurring between the both of you. When he finally broke away, his white eyes glittered with a queer light, and you knew he had only just begun.

“Come,” he commanded, his words sharp and biting as he pulled his claws from your hair and slid away. He left you, startled and lifting your hand to your lips to wipe away the black, translucent spittle he gifted you with. Flicking your focus to his broad, strong back, you realized he was not waiting for you. Voidster was strict, highly punishing... Yet, you knew better than to disobey the lich, who could be so much worse in his patient, methodical ways.

Hesitantly, you followed, making your way to his study. He was

waiting for you there, leaning back against the desk as he toyed with the riding crop he still carried. Pressing your way into the room, through the door you did not expect the wood to slam shut behind you. Jumping from the sound, you spun to gaze wide eyed at the only exit you had, officially cut off from the rest of the house.

“Are you afraid, my dear..?” he spoke, his voice dripping in a dark accent as static and an odd, flowing echo reverberated through his throat.

Biting onto your bottom lip you tentatively turned back around the face the lich, folding your arms over your chest as he pinned you beneath his bright, piercing gaze. You couldn’t help but to take him in, again. The fading, blue light from dusk filtered between the blinds and bathed him in a soft, eerie glow.

Lifting your fingers from your bicep you quickly averted your gaze, drumming your digits against your flesh as you stammered, “W-what is.. A-are you wearing..?”

The lich found your reactions beyond amusing, drool began to pool behind his jaws but he made sure to swallow as he forced himself from the desk upon you. He was quick, too fast to properly react to. He was suddenly before you, the riding crop tucking up beneath your chin as he tilted your attention up to his hovering, critical gaze. He tsked you, dripping in condescension, “It is I who is in charge, asking the questions.”

Slowly, he pressed the rod tighter against your mandible, a light whimper slipping from your lips. His eyes, while white and shimmering, had pinpricks of black in the center, focused directly into the windows of your soul. He held your focus, his tongue rolling behind his itching fangs, the only indication being the gentle rocking of his jawline yet he stared with a cold absence.

“Do not concern yourself with my dress, instead.. Let’s take a look at you, shall we..?”

A breath caught in your throat, you wanted to press him for answers, but the way that cold leather dug up beneath your chin smothered the words that wished to break free. With a flick of his wrist he slipped the rod against your jawline, and cheek. Applying pressure he turned your face from him in an upward angle, exposing your neck to him as a soft pant left your lips. Parting his jaws, he inhaled once more. The scent of your arousal, fear and excitement pulled a harder throb to his groin. Total submission was not hard to coax from his prey, yet it tantalized him regardless.

“Remove your clothing,” he murmured softly, stepping back a pace to give you room to obey, the crop lifting from your features. When you glanced back at the doorway, he simply smiled, eyes hot and focused. Leaving wasn’t an option. Slowly, you tugged the loose t-shirt you wore over your head, the comfortable sweatpants following, until you stood only in your bra and panties. As you reached to begin removing those as well, he caught hold of your wrist, stopping you. “Turn around,” he whispered gently, splaying his hand between your shoulderblades to press you more fully against the wall.

You obeyed, shaking slightly as you felt the cool leather of the crop tracing delicate patterns over your bare flesh. When it withdrew, you weren’t prepared for the harsh strike against your exposed thighs, leaving a stinging line of fire in its wake. You were unable to suppress the yelp having been drawn from your lips, the lich merely held you tighter to the wall before he struck you once more. Clenching your teeth you managed to muffle the whimper riding on your shaking breath, tears pricking at your eyes while your muscles tensed, bracing for another impact. It didn’t come.

Instead, he took hold of your shoulder, turning you to face him. His expression was removed, calculated while his words laced through the air, demanding your attention as he articulated, “When I give you an order, you’ll obey with haste, so that I know how much you wish to please me. Hesitate, and you’ll receive further...encouragement.”

He stepped back again, eyeing you coldly as you trembled like a leaf from the pain and humiliation. “Now undress.” You obeyed with alacrity, fumbling the hook of your bra in your haste to obey. It fell to the floor along with your panties, leaving you exposed and vulnerable to the monster before you. The sting of the crop against the backs of your thighs subsided to a dull warmth on your skin, and a faint whimper escaped your lips as you pressed back against the wall.

“You will remain silent, unless instructed otherwise.” His voice was calm, amused even, despite the coldness in his eyes. You were caught between fear and arousal, your breathing shallow as he raised the crop to slide between the valley of your breasts. Droplets of sweat clung to your naked form. Despite your lack of clothing, the room was warm, and the lich before you was even warmer. He inclined his head toward the desk, eyes never leaving yours. “Present yourself.”

You almost hesitated, before remembering his earlier threat. Shyly, you made your way around him, walking over to the antique desk. Now you were uncertain, glancing back toward him for further direction. He parted his jaws, exhaling softly as he spoke, “On your stomach. Bend over the desk and spread your legs.” The task wasn’t easy; his desk was tall, and you ended up straining on the tips of your toes, bent awkwardly as he had told you.

You shuddered as the stiff leather stroked unerringly between your legs, biting back a moan as he teased your aching sex. When you felt his clothed erection pressed behind you, you let out a gasp, which he chuckled at, before stepping back to deliver quick slap to your buttocks with the crop. You were unsure if he was punishing you, or simply enjoyed watching you squirm beneath the stinging blow. When his hand stroked gently over the newly-forming welt, you shuddered.

“Perhaps I’ll whip you for the pleasure of it,” he said pleasantly, removing his hand to twine it in your hair, yanking your head up. He leaned down, breath hot against your ear as he spoke. “Would you like that, pet?” You were silent, unsure of whether or not you should

speak. When you didn't answer, he delivered another, harder blow.

"I asked you a question."

Tears pricked at your eyes. You were humiliated at your body's response to this treatment, the heat between your legs was becoming unbearable. Despite your reluctance, you knew there was only one acceptable answer to give. "Yes," you whispered, his face still inches away from yours. "Yes." You felt defeated, but the hand in your hair gentled, releasing its tight hold to stroke you gently.

"Good."

He stood upright, trailing his fingers down your spine as he stepped away. You had no time to prepare yourself before the riding crop snapped down, breaking against your skin in a stinging arc. Your breath caught, he paused to see if you would disobey his prior command, but you remained silent. Again, he swung the leather-wrapped rod, and you wondered why it mattered so much that you obey, that you please him, when he was whipping you anyway. Yet you couldn't find it in yourself to rebel. His presence was formidable and overwhelming, his low voice as he encouraged you was almost hypnotic, demanding your compliance, praising your obedience.

Admiring, glinting eyes studied your form from behind. Taking in the budding weals, the flashes of color drawing into your delicate skin. It was...poetic, provocative. The lich's jaws parted in a light pant, rolling his tongue across his sharp fangs as he struck you again, and again. Tears pricked at your eyes, just as blood trickled from the scrapes he gave himself along his black, squirming tongue. He could see the flashes of light from your soul, an array of different colors. Opalescent and undecided, it enthralled him. An elusive sight, a rarity in living beings and yet here it was, bending to his whim.

He halted his hand. instead, he lightly caressed the darkening marks across your flesh as he leaned down above you. His free hand hit the desk hard, the reverberations trickling through your chest and stomach as he pressed against your backside. His hard, throbbing bulge wedged against your ass he breathed, “In war, you take what is given to you. Whether it be obtained through compliance...” the soft brushing of leather trailed up along your outer thigh, a shiver coursing through your spine, “Or opportunity.”

You kept your mouth shut, braced against the wood as you felt him draw upon you. His hips giving a demanding roll as he eased onto his elbow. Arched and domineering, he brought the crop upwards. Slipping his arm up on the other side of you, he drew in his wrist and placed the wrapped rod against your lips, “Bite.”

A soft, helpless whimper slipped on your exhale as you obeyed, your jaws parting to allow the lich to drive the rod back between your molars. You didn’t wait to be instructed, clamping down onto the rod tightly you felt the leather strain against your slick teeth as he reached back with his free hand. Unfastening his slacks he skillfully freed his dark, pulsing manhood and eased himself up against your wet folds.

He gave you no warning, with a sharp jerk of his hips, he forced his girthy shaft within you. Your walls burned, stretching to accommodate him, while your spine twisted and arched, a moan vibrating through the rod back into the lich’s fist. Beads of black spittle slipped across his bottom lip, drawing his hand quickly up beneath your stomach, lifting your hips off of the table at just the right angle to work himself within you.

His movements were uncaring, cold and demanding. His hips trying to take more, and more resistance while the sheer force of him, and his arm drawing you back against him, took your feet off of the floor. It was impossible to hold back your desperate, strained noises as he pushed and pulled through your tight form. Coaxing a flutter of your eyelids as he gave a particularly aggressive thrust, hilting and striking the pit of your stomach angrily.

A rolling, breathy chuckle drew a concerned whine from your chest, glistening in sweat as the monster nudged his hips forward, teasing your cervix with harsh grinding. “Such a satisfying conquest... So small, yet capable.”

Your teeth began to ache from the heavy bite you kept on the crop, and the lich trying to press it further against the back of your mouth. The corners of your lips were being equally bitten by the thick, tanned hide but you dared to not speak, to ask him to ease up. He was giving into ferality, to cause him displeasure now... It wouldn’t end well.

He panted against you, jaws parting to allow his slick black tongue to taste your skin. The only sounds were the rustling of the heavy fabric he wore, interrupted by your muffled moans, and an occasional groan from him as he thrust into your small body. His breathing was ragged and heavy, the movements of his pelvis shoving you into the hard surface of the desk as he took his pleasure.

The heated steam rolling across the back and side of your neck as he stroked your flesh with his tongue, stung your skin. For whatever reason, the lich’s magic was highly toxic, aggressive. While he worked his throbbing shaft against your slick, tight walls, beads of precum began to slather within you. Biting and nipping your sex, drawing a groan of discomfort from your lungs.

He cracked a grin, his gums glistening in the low light as he tucked his chin against your cheek, tilting his jaws inward as he murmured, “Do you feel me, pet-?” He gave a sharp, sudden thrust, wedging up against the pit of your stomach to draw a helpless cry from your throat. Your spine and hips naturally twisted, trying to alleviate the pressure in your gut while drool coated and dripped from the crop firmly tucked between your teeth.

Stilling his hips, he kept you pinned against him as a whimper built

and ebbed on your shaky breath, “I shall set you ablaze...” His arm beneath your stomach withdrew, your damp skin meeting the warm wood below. Stretching upwards, he slipped his knuckled, drumming fingers along the front of your neck, “And your anguished cries will be the sonnet of my victory.”

The lich pushed over the top of you, forcing your spine to elongate as his chest pressed down into your back, the buttons of his coat digging into your smooth skin. How he enjoyed feeling your writhe beneath him, struggling to breathe beneath his weight while the grip around your neck was purely to hold you place as he slowly drew his hips back. Tossing his tongue across his fangs he drew in a heavy breath, hissing through his jaws as he rocked forth with careless abandon.

You were shoved into the desk, the edges digging painfully into your hips and tops of your thighs while the lich exhaled in that of bliss, the lightest chord of his dark voice flowing across the side of your face. He began to resume his erratic thrusting, his cock striking through your walls to spark electricity through your sweating, heaving form. It was possibly a good thing, having that leather wrapped rod imbedded into your teeth, preventing you from hurting yourself as he bucked and rolled his sharp hips against your backside.

The make-shift bit in your mouth creaked with the strain of your bite, a desperate mewling spilling from your lungs as he coaxed your muscles to tighten, binding around him, much to his pleasure. He broke through your defenses with ease, panting and lifting his jaws to inhale the scent of your hair right against your scalp. A reverberating growl rumbled in his chest, driving vibrations down into your back while you felt yourself beginning to edge closer.

Flushed, panting and taking the lich’s commanding thrusts left you with little else besides the fluttering of your eyelids, your pupils rolling backwards as he pushed and forced himself through you with wickedness. You were nearly there before the monster above you suddenly snarled and tore himself from you, his fingertips digging painfully into your throat as you gasped and choked. An involuntary whine beat on your trembling exhale while the lich twisted the crop in

your mouth, spinning it at an angle to have you let go. And you did.

His hips came back to meet you, except this time, his hot, slick shaft was wedged against your bare ass while he sneered into your skull, “did I say you could have release-?” His grip upon your throat tightened, a squeak leaving your lungs as you shuddered, your heart quivering. He allowed you to cool down, your arousal abating while he rubbed his jaws and face into the side of your skull with harsh nuzzling. He breathed in your scent once more, riddled with the sweet spice of the anxious pleasure he had constructed.

Not forgetting his own lusting he angrily tossed the riding crop, the tool clattering against the wall before it bounced to the floor, rolling to a halt off to the side of the room. Suddenly, his hands were all over you, groping, grabbing and roughing you beneath him. In any other situation, in a gentle, trusting relationship... it may have been playful. Instead, it only made you struggle against him, fear spiking in your heart as his claws left cherry scratches across your arms, sides and waist.

He spun you, much to the fit of your squirming limbs, and slammed you down against the desk. Grabbing your wrists in one hand he pinned your hands above your head, his fangs glittering in the low light as his free hand grabbed down your outer thigh, hoisting your leg up against his side. With his cock now wedged against your sore, slick sex he growled. He commanded your attention, his piercing eyes struck and held you in place, hovering just above your lips as he spoke, “Pet...”

Pausing a moment, he studied your shaken features, the way your lungs trembled, and caressed his hardened face caused his tongue to roll in the back of his throat. He swallowed, before continuing, “You need not answer my earlier inquiry... I know, now, that you are...exquisitely terrified.”

A soft, rolling laugh dripped down onto you, your eyes shaking as you

tried to pull your head away from his gentle advance. His fangs were bared, due to his devilish grin while he rolled his hips against you, grinding his shaft against your entrance as he continued, “You must be asking yourself…how do I satisfy his hunger?” he chuckled, his chest heaving with the effort to suppress his excitement, “The answer, my pet, is that you don’t.”

Your lips trembled, not even bothering to pull at your arms as you blinked away the moisture welling in your eyes, hazing his malicious, feral smirking. Slowly, he released your wrists, gauging your reaction as you lay submissive and fragile beneath him, “You will give me all that you are. And I will consume you, piece…by piece.”

He snapped his jaws right before your face, causing you to gasp and turn your head to the side quickly. A light, rolling laugh hitched in his throat as he shifted, drawing his newly freed hand downward to align himself back to you. A fire ignited in your chest, your fear smoldering to anger. These monsters used, bullied and terrified you but something within the fibre of your being wouldn’t allow them to break you.

As he began to press within you, moving his hand to grip up beneath your lower back to tuck you against him you flicked your gaze towards his face. Taking in his features you muttered, cold and low, “Bastard…”

He paused, his sockets slowly narrowing as a deep, ravenous snarl cut through his chest and instead of keeping his hand at your hip he slowly brought it upwards. The glinting light reflecting from his claws could not dissuade your hardened glare, even as the sharp edges trailed up your neck. Tucking his thumb beneath your chin, his fingers curling around the back of your neck he suddenly pulled you upwards off of the table. The jerking motion, coupling with the quick bucking of his hips forced his cock to cleave within you, ramming into the pit of your stomach.

Shuddering, heaving and with a whine trialing on your breath his

head slowly tilted to the side, as if examining your reaction. Shaking, you brought your hands up onto his chest, grabbing onto the lapels of his coat while he remained wedged against you. “Interesting word choice, coming from a mewling bitch.”

“Fuck you,” you snarled, ignoring the irony of the phrasing as he slid one arm against your lower back, the other cupping your buttocks as he carried you, still impaled on his cock. When he fell back into his chair, you let out a breathless shriek, gripping hard onto his coat while he smirked. You squirmed in his lap, pushing against his chest despite the iron grip that held you firmly in place.

“Ah pet, you’re lucky that it’s only that,” he murmured with amusement, raising one brow as he settled his hands on your hips. “Perhaps one day I’ll show you the other humans we keep, that you might better appreciate your situation. And anyway, it’s not so bad as the tender attentions of my mate, is it? I didn’t even draw blood when I whipped you.” He adjusted you on his groin, a light pant beating from his lips as he spread his stance to force your legs further apart.

Your hands remained braced on his broad chest, glaring up at him in frustration as he dug his clawed digits into your yielding buttocks. “Voidster enjoys your struggles, he loves the thrill of the hunt, the way that your fragile body fights against him. I, myself, am more interested in breaking your will. Between the two of us, we could shatter your mind, make of you an exquisitely obedient toy with no desire other than pleasing us. You should be grateful that we both find you more entertaining this way.”

Delicately, he lifted your hips, pulling you halfway from his erection, before dropping you back down onto his lap. “And we both know you would be lying if you claimed not to enjoy this,” he added with slight purr, repeating his movements as you gasped and whined. For several moments you could say nothing, too caught up in the sensation of his length forcing your walls apart, the wet slap of his pelvis meeting your thighs as he moved within your tight body.

Catching your breath, you scowled at him, responding with biting precision. “Do you really believe all that shit you say? Or are you just saying it to intimidate me?”

His expression hardened, the amusement turning cold and remote. “You are nothing to me,” he muttered in a hard voice, slamming you down onto his cock with cruel force. A whimper tore through your throat, and your struggles renewed, shoving futilely against him as his movements of languid pleasure turned to bitter vindictiveness. “You are an amusement, a diversion. Nothing more. I could give you over to him, let him tear you apart as he’s requested a dozen or more times. Is that what you want?”

“N-no,” you gasped, tears forming in your eyes as he ground you into his lap, snarling. He summoned a pair of spectral hands to take over his hold on your hips, sliding one of his true hands up to tangle in your hair, yanking your head back and exposing your throat. He bit down hard on the side of your neck, blood dribbling down from his mouth as he dug his fangs into your skin. You inhaled sharply, forcing yourself to remain still lest his sharp teeth tear at your skin.

“Does it always have to be like this?” You swallowed, the movement pressing lightly against his fangs as he held you. “Hurting me...forcing me?”

He didn’t stop jerking his hips upwards to meet yours, but he did slow down, mulling over your words as he released your throat. “You seem to have a talent for being present at...inconvenient times,” he murmured, stilling his hips and rolling you down against his length in short, languid nudges. “Such is the fate of the caged bird. Where would you go if we released you? You have no one in this timeline.”

Tears pricked your eyes at the unexpected reminder. A whimper broke through your lips as the blunt head of his phallus pressed hard against your cervix. “T-that’s not what I was asking, G. Don’t- ah! Don’t change the subject,” you muttered distractedly, the itch of budding

climax beginning to build once more.

"Little dove," he murmured gently, tilting your chin up to meet his eyes. "Is such treatment truly so unbearable to you? I had been under the impression that you enjoyed such things, to a certain point." He punctuated the words with a smooth roll of his hips, moving you with gentle, fluid motions to ride him. "At times that line is crossed, but that is simply a hazard of living with beasts such as us." A grim smile touched his lips, and he bent his head to lick at the bloody bite mark he had inflicted on you.

"I just…" you shuddered, heat pooling in your belly as a set of spectral hands cupped your breasts, claws lightly brushing over your nipples. His white eyes were glazed with desire, staring down at you with an expression of hunger, of *wanting.* It took your breath away, seeing such a powerful deity so focused on having you.

You had never been the prettiest, the smartest, the best at anything. You had always felt disappointingly average, untouched by the special something that others possessed. A faceless person in a gray world. It had been such a shock, being torn from that mundane world and transported to a realm where the attentions of two such intimidating creatures were focused solely on you. Well, not solely on you, but their relationship with each other was another matter entirely.

"You just…?" a soothing voice pulled you back to the present, distracting you from your thoughts. G had his arms wrapped around you now, pressing your body hard against his own. The metal buttons bit into your breasts and stomach as he bucked his hips up into your helpless body. With a groan, he stood from the chair, spilling you onto the desk once more, this time on your back.

One arm tucked beneath your lower back, the other pressed across the breadth of your chest, pinning your upper body to the hard surface. His eyes roamed over your heaving, sweat-slickened form, lingering on the red bite mark he had gifted you with, as his tongue twisted

behind his fangs. Acidic spittle built in his mouth, and he gave into the urge to smear it against you, draping the tendril against your collarbone as he licked and tasted your salt.

“Do you have to do that when I’m trying to focus?” you grumbled irritably, aroused past prudence. You felt his smile against your throat, a deep, warbling chuckle rolling from his chest as his thrusts began to pick up in speed. The slap of his pelvis against your thighs was rhythmic and brutal, and you sensed he was nearing his completion.

“It pleases me to have you like this. On your back, on your knees…” he mused, words interrupted by his own ragged breathing. “So soft and yielding. Like holding a rose, in my hand. Even the gentlest grip bruises your delicate petals. And yet, despite your fragility, the thorns you bear cut deep. It is the latter that intrigues me. Perhaps if you stopped fighting, my mate and I would lose interest.”

You made no reply, a keening whine building along with the first flutters of pleasure as he skillfully worked and built your desire. He fell silent, panting against your slick clavicle as his hips bucked into you, each thrust throwing you back against the desk. When your walls tightened around him, he shuddered, and slowed his thrusts once more.

“What did I say about taking your release without permission?” he asked ominously, one hand releasing its hold on your back to grip your chin hard. “I didn’t!” you gasped, writhing against him despite yourself. You were close, so close. The lich’s eyes narrowed, the cold facade of the general of war he had been, returning. “Perhaps if you beg me, I’ll allow it, prisoner.”

He rolled his hips deeply against you, hilting himself as far as he could within your trembling body. “Well?”

Biting your lip so hard that it bled, you tossed your head fitfully to the side. “G...please…”

He frowned down at you, clearly unimpressed with your efforts. “I suppose you don’t want it that badly after all, what a shame.”

“No! Wait!” you begged desperately, your eyes wild as you met his gaze once more. “Please, please let me come. Fuck, I need it. I need...you.” The humiliation of the game made your cheeks burn hotly, tears rising unbidden as you lowered your gaze. Your back arched against the desk, pressing yourself against the lich as much as you could.

“Hmm.” He took in your flushed features, drinking in the sight of your abasement with fascination. If only the test subjects in the underground lab had been so responsive. Then again, if they had, he may never have come upstairs, agitated and seeking out comfort in a glass of scotch. Torture, true torture, wasn’t something he enjoyed without cause. Voidster reveled in the pain of his victims, and in truth, G found his mate’s response more interesting than the reactions of the souls they studied.

His cock throbbed within you, and he knew that he, too, was perilously close to the edge. You weren’t truly submitting to him, not in the slightest, but you had begged so prettily for release just now. And in truth, he had two options before him. Deny you that small comfort, earning your resentment, or reward your small show of obedience, perhaps receiving gratitude in return. He didn’t truly care which it was, but the latter promised a more interesting outcome.

“Fly, little dove,” he murmured, his hips resuming their demanding pace as he slid one hand down to stroke the swollen nub between your legs. He drew sounds of pleasure like a song from your lips, drinking in the sight of your flushed, tear-stained face, and your heaving breasts. When you arched beneath him, your sex clamping down on his own throbbing erection, he gave a final few thrusts before giving

in himself, hilting and filling your body with his burning essence.

He leaned hard over your splayed body, hips pinned to yours as you both rode the aftershocks of shared passion. A soft groan of satisfaction rode on his exhale, hitting your face and the desk beside it. His claws dug hard into the surface beneath you, and he rolled onto the balls of his feet, pressing himself still further into your quivering body, until he could penetrate no further. There he rested, his throbbing length cradled tightly by your warmth as the throes of passion recceeded.

Glancing down at you, he saw your eyes closed, face flushed and glistening with sweat. Your bosom heaved beneath him, the indentations of his metal buttons still sharp and red against your skin. He smirked a little, bending his head to lick at the droplets of sweat that had beaded in the hollow of your throat, tasting your salt. Truly, an interesting experiment. Of course, it couldn't be repeated on the...creatures they experimented on. He would no sooner soil himself with them than he would allow Voidster into their shared bed before he had showered.

The lich had grown used to you, and your gray, damaged soul was enough of a rarity that he could allow himself to indulge. Your moments of rebellion and sass reminded him of the other girl, the one he had loved. You could never replace her, but he did draw some vicarious satisfaction from coupling with you in remembrance of gentler passions. It brought him some relief, added a bit of spice to his relationship with his mate, and allowed him to further understand what made you work. What you responded to, what your soul responded to. It was all very interesting.

If he was perfectly honest, however, tonight had had nothing to do with his research, and quite a bit more than nothing to do with how prettily you had blushed upon seeing him in uniform. Riding the feral side of his nature after intimidating the prisoners had roused his predatory instincts, and you had been the perfect, luscious prey to pursue. He didn't think you would have any complaints either, after all was said and done.

A little soreness, but that was to be expected after accommodating a man of his size. Some mild bruising, a few welts that would undoubtedly flower into bruises by tomorrow. He would provide a healing salve, which should go a long way towards soothing you. Certainly more than the prisoners below usually received after Voidster had finished with them.

War games, indeed. He shook his head, withdrawing from your trembling body to adjust his uniform once more. Glancing down at your helpless form, he shrugged, and gathered you into his arms without effort. A hot bath, perhaps, and then the ointment that would ease the discomfort as you healed. He would tuck you into bed afterward, and let you sleep off the effects of the rough play he had indulged in tonight.

Chapter End Notes

You know you liked it, Spot. We all did. (˘ɜ˘)

Sun's Diary (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

> Part one of a very long story arc in which we learn more about Sun's fate after Living with a Lich, and Voidster persists in his threats to knock you up.

Water, glimmering and plentiful, pattered against the windowpane before the lich. His solemn expression reflected against the subtle storm drawing in, through the mountains. He could taste the fresh rain, mixing on his palate. It smoldered, softening against his tongue lathered in a dark roast while he stood stoic and gentle. A mug of steaming, black coffee in his right hand, the left; tucked within the pocket of his slacks. Bare chested, drowsy and mild. It was mid afternoon, but the darkness was not abated by time.

He noted how the emerald grass swayed, rustling the leaves surrounding the home while an empty, worn rope swing from the willow fell into a gentle swaying. Shimmering, newly lain dew drops coated the world before him, an oppressive grey hovering overhead, tumbling with the beginning signs of a tempest. Ghosts of the past pressed forth from his soul, flickering before his eyes, as he heard her, *‘Don’t you just love the rain, G?’*

The silence of the dark, cold hued living room was calm, and peaceful. He remembered her laughter, a gentle, rolling giggle that would light his chest with warmth, though now it only brought a tender ache. Caught up in another place, another time, he was blind to the barefoot stepping of the male behind him, watching him carefully behind violet eyes.

‘It’s so peaceful...I could stand here forever, with you.’

G’s claws gently dug into the ceramic in his hand, grinding a fine line

into the painted, glossy surface. Absent minded, as he normally was. His white, glossy eyes bore out from the glass, yet he was seeing something besides the rain, the droplets of running water slinking over his reflection. She was laughing again, gentle, heartfelt, *'I love you too...'*

[You are thinking, again...] the male murmured, standing just beside the lich, his shoulder shadowing his own to the left.

"I miss her..." he replied, a naked whisper.

Voidster released a soft breath, flicking his attention out the window. He knew. But, it had been a long time since the lich had spoken like this, without restraint. The monster's gaze focused on the reflection of his mate, and of him. They were both in similar attire, yet Voidster's slacks were undone, hastily pulled up without much thought.

The lich didn't even flinch when the sharp, tender claws of his mate carefully slid up his jagged, protruding spine. Reaching outward, snaking his knuckled digits across the tattered sides of his companion, Voidster pulled the male against him. Sharing his warmth, and silence, as he held his tongue for a moment. He wished for G to move on, to leave that woman behind. She was a human, frail and fragile it was only a matter of time before her expiration. Though, he knew why she haunted him.. Her death, which had been.. unnatural.

Snapped from memory, the gentle, deep breathing of his mate brought the lich into the present. His bright pupils flicking lightly, studying the flora and fauna being caressed in the cool breeze outside. The ache in his soul was a constant present, numbed by alcohol and ignored with sexual desire, but always there, regardless. He dared to not speak, those three words had slipped his lips before he could correct and hide them. Showing weakness, regret, was a scheduled appointment with the bleeding of suffering. Something he did crave, now and again... But not now, not today. Not because of a rare, golden, memory.

G heard a soft hum, flicking his gaze warily towards his mate who lowered his brow towards him. His half lidded expression caused anxiety to nip at the lich's guts, **[Perhaps you should retire.]**

The lich blinked quizzically, unable to hide his surprise. He found the option...odd. Drawing in a gentle breath, he quietly replied, "I am retired."

A light smirk tugged at voidster's mouth, the slightest semblance of a grin pulled at the fine line of the lich's maw as they gazed into one another's eyes. The reassurance of humor spoke volumes to Voidster, it showed that G was not in need of the tender therapy of a blade. **[I meant that you should return to our quarters... The sheets are chilled, without you.]**

G's gentle smile grew for a moment before fading, his attention being pulled back out of the window as he raised his mug and took a drink of the scalding liquid within. The strong scent, and flavors, stirred his mind and allowed him to focus momentarily. It was but a few seconds before he murmured, lowering his drink, "But, my...how delicately the beads of glass trickle before us, darling..."

Voidster blinked, his brows carefully furrowing as he flicked his gaze back to the window. Noticing the tear streaks across the window pane. Poetry, of course. His mate's favorite form of coercion. A gentle chuckle beat through his throat, not enough to stir the lich's attention. Carefully he bowed his spine, drawing forth his free hand to slip across the jawline of his mate and turned his chin towards him. Lowering his eyelids he breathed, **[If that is what you wish...]**

The lich was taken off guard, it was rare his mate submitted to his wants, lest without a struggle of some form. He was then met with the warm, heavy breath of the monster beside him caressing his lips. Bating entry, G reciprocated, a light pant slipping through his jaws as

they met. Their tongues came forth, a light play of prodding and testing the other before the lich closed his eyes and yawned his maw open.

Their jaws ground in careful bliss, a soft pulling and pushing to their skulls while they tasted the other. Giving unto the stirring in their chests, affection drenched in subtle meaning of that besides desire struck a chord within the both of them. Voidster allowed his fingertips to rest upon the lich's cheek, feeling how his mate's mandible flexed and eased in symbiotic bliss. With a few more parting strokes, the lich broke his affections, tilting his chin downward to press his brow into his companion's. A soft, rumbling purr rode on his breath.

Voidster carefully rolled the edge of his brow against G's, coaxing the lich's sounds of satisfaction to heighten as the man melted into his chest. His mate couldn't withhold from him, slipping his free arm around the monster's strong back to rest between his shoulder blades. They held one another for a time, finding peace and comfort in the comingling of their scents.

The storm outside began to draw inward, the torrent of water crashing onto the windowpane, directly at them. Yet, they stood resolute and tranquil. Strong, together.

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It was a few more moments before the larger male slowly stalked off, leaving the lich with his thoughts before the large windows. With his back turned, toes gliding across the cold hardwood floor, a narrowed, tight, frown pulled at Voidster's mouth. It had only been a few months since he had carried the bloodied lich through the snow, back into the home. He knew the trauma of his loss ran deep, but it perplexed him how such a powerful creature could ever be so intertwined with a simple human girl.

Unfortunately, he remembered her just as vividly as the lich did, and it only brought a bitter flavor to his palate while he rounded the corner and perused the hall. She was a spitfire, stubborn and far too brave for her own good. There were numerous instances when he had been a hair's breadth away from striking outwards to crush her delicate throat, the woman only dribbled back talk and sarcasm. Something the lich may have found as endearing, but he did not.

Reflecting on autumn, his violet eyes trailed across the wall to his left, reminiscing on a particularly irritating scene. He had encroached on her personal space, and she back pedaled into the wall. Against her own fear she scowled into his eyes, a dead set vibrancy that would have been amusing if it weren't for her incessant bitching. He couldn't quite remember her exact verbiage, but the way she spat her articulations in cold defiance had summoned such a thunderous growl within his chest that it had alerted the lich.

Voidster hummed lightly, panning his eyes to the opposite wall as he continued through the memory. His body having been slammed back into that hard surface, the furious, feral lich pinning him back with his forearm shoved against his throat. Back then, G had suppressed his magical abilities through various injections, though he knew his human had no inkling of an idea of what he had to do in order to sedate him. Their passions were vile, wretched and left him absolutely glowing. But, it was a hinderance when it came to being 'put in check'.

There was no real way to overpower a lord of the undead, and the brutal beatings they unleashed on each other were common... And they all, every last one, stemmed from G's possessive nature over that human girl. With the bite mark upon her neck, and the glowing, shedding golden light of her soul. The monster scoffed, righting his focus as he stepped further down the hall, eyeing a door at the far end of the wing. It was a shame that she perished at the hands of others, he would have enjoyed indulging in watching that smug stubbornness bleed into trembling horror.

It didn't matter now, though. She was gone, and the lich was freed.

Let loose from having to hover, to fawn and coddle. To protect, to set his godlike ability, and life, on the line for some flower-scented bitch. Now, they lived as deities should, left to their own devices with no one to answer to but themselves. Together, they were unstoppable, untouchable.

A silent sneer tore through his lips as he swiped his twisting, slippery tongue along his teeth. He just did not see the logic in his mate's woes. The crippling, devastating loss had truly flayed him to the core. Even when G showed progress, there was always that lingering distance far back in the lich's eyes. The lich was a poet, an actor- but he, himself, was a mason of pain. He saw the cracks in his partner's foundations, beneath the marbled stone, the stoic, outward appearance.

Voidster knew, even though the cracks may never heal, that the tender stinging, the throbbing of loss would eventually fade. Shutting his mouth, lips newly wetted, he neared the end of the hall and eyed the door to his right. Light shimmered beneath the painted wood panel before him, and a grin tugged at his expression.

It was a marvelous idea, bringing another human girl into the home. The lich had finally learned how to share, and the subtle, adverse nostalgia helped ease his mate to a further complacency. With enough time, there would be little left to remind either of them of that girl with a confident smile, and an air of Justice.

His knuckled digits reached for the handle.

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You had woken to the sound of rain pattering on the house, and it had brought you a calming peace. The white noise was welcome, versus the heavy footsteps of encroaching monsters. You had chosen this

guest room, tucking yourself far away from the pair to avoid hearing their scuffles and possibly getting dragged into one.

Although, as you lay there, you became a tad restless. Stretching, sighing and rubbing the haze from your eyes, you managed to slip out from under the fluffy comforter. Padding to the wall, you flipped on the light and squinted around the room. There wasn't much in here. A small closet, a large bathroom off to the side, and a dresser. It was possible there had been more in here at one point, as soft square spaces were left on the wall from hung pictures that had been taken down awhile ago.

Curiously, you slipped across the room, deciding to peek inside the dresser again. You had found clothes in here before and when you opened the first, top drawer, your lips pulled into a hard line. A large, crimson turtleneck lay waiting in the empty container, and with a sigh of disgust you shut the drawer rather quickly before moving onto the second. A few t-shirts were in here, some sweatpants, a misplaced, colorful sock. Blinking, you mulled over the items. You knew they belonged to that woman who had lived here before you, and you couldn't help but feel guilty at imposing and wearing her things. But it wasn't like you had any options otherwise.

Shutting that drawer, you crouched, wincing as your knees popped. Grabbing onto the wooden knobs you pulled the third drawer, peeking inside to find a few, folded up blankets. They weren't particularly interesting, but when you ran a hand over a dark, earthen toned one, it was plush and inviting. You repressed the urge to take the fabric out, it was better to be conservative with items like these...lest the *beast* ruin them all.

Dropping onto your backside, you sighed, crossing your legs as you mulled around through the thick folds of cloth. Not finding anything else besides that, you shut this drawer back within the dresser as well. Eyeing the final one, you inched backwards to make space and pulled the dusty knobs.

The wood whispered as you pulled open the drawer and blinked down at the contents. It was mostly barren, but you still perused the loose artifacts consisting of; USB wires, a small leather bound journal, various socks (finding the missing partner to the first) and different panties. Not much was telling about this woman, besides the fact she had an affinity for either black, or brightly colored underwear.

Humming, your fingers trailed over to the exposed journal, and you plucked it from the dresser. Carefully you caught the edge of the front cover with your pointer finger, flipping it over and open, to the first white page. A name was scribbled here, in black pen, but you couldn't really make out what it said. There was a date below it though, dating back about a year ago. Your brow scrunched curiously, remembering how Voidster had made that comment about 'five months' ago.

Biting gently on your bottom lip, you turned the page to the first entry, scribed in the same pen. The entry was short, and spoke of how this woman had moved into the guest room since 'G' had been away, although she never explained why. The text went on to explain how it felt like a vacation, staying in a different room, but she had apparently still hung up family photos.

It felt...wrong, going through this journal. Yet, it called you to keep flicking your eyes over the pages. Her entries were sporadic after the first few, daily entries about her home life and memories of the lich that were far, far from what you had been experiencing here. She spoke of him tenderly, with humor and wit. Almost like a different person entirely.

Flicking the pages over, your loose leafing fingers disheveled a paper within the center of the journal. The crumpled note fell into your lap, startling you. Pulling your gaze away from the open pages, you balanced the journal on the corner of the opened drawer and plucked the folded, thick, parchment having landed on your thigh. Swallowing dryly, you slowly opened up the piece of paper, finding it deeply compressed and rigid. The contents were far from what you were expecting.

Eyes wide, heart sinking into your gut, you were face to face with a blood stained hand print. Dark, crimson drippings accented the disturbing image, and in the center of the palm lay a heavy, dryly painted ink circle. As if someone had just dipped their finger in an inkpot, and run out about two thirds of the way around.

"What the...hell...?" you murmured. The longer you stared, the more uncomfortable you became.

Suddenly, you heard the handle to your bedroom turn, causing you to jump. Your hands dropped the paper and flung to the open faced journal, knocking it back within the drawer as quickly as possible. Rustling quickly, you managed to hide the leather beneath a pile of jumbled socks as heavy, methodical footsteps trailed up behind you. Your hands froze amidst the jumbled pile of fabric, as a thick, dark shadow draped over you.

[Planning on changing so soon...? The dawn has just come, unless...you are merely thinking ahead.] The dripping, deep voice of the beast rumbled.

Sighing, you tilted your head to the side, keeping your hands in the drawer as you mumbled, "What do you want?"

[Such disdain,] he chided, his violet eyes flicking over your hunched form as you sighed and turned to look back inside of the drawer. The slight cream edge of the paper left in your lap caught his eye immediately. **[Coming from a thief.]**

You let out a grunt, leaning back away from the drawer, gripping onto the edges of the wood. You gave a loud sigh, "Why, because I live here and don't *'contribute enough'* ?"

As you withdrew, it gave the monster a perfect view of your lap, the paper against your thighs only having been obscured by your baggy night shirt. His sockets twitched, honing in on an image he didn't think he'd see again. Quickly, he crouched behind you, his heat pressing into your back as you reflectively hunched forward and growled. He caged you, knees on either sides of you while he rested on his toes.

[Where did you find this, pet?] he mused, and before you could spit at him to back off, he dipped his hand beneath your arm, straight into your lap. The sound of crunching paper made you cringe. You had completely forgotten about the note. Shit.

"I...I just found it," you blurted, closing your eyes in a wince as the monster lifted his hand and shook the paper lightly to stiffen it between his clawed digits, just off to the side of your head.

He snorted, trailing his violet eyes over the image, while he parted his lips and inhaled. Goat's blood, and ink, rather old. Perhaps a year. **[I asked *where* you had discovered this item. If you listened half as well as you sulked you would be of better use.]**

You glared into the drawer. He usually talked down to you, so this was nothing new. But you didn't really feel like giving up the only item you had that would tell you more about this house, that woman and even the lich. Slowly, you shrugged and grumbled, "It was under the bed."

The hard folds in the parchment told Voidster otherwise. He lowered his arm, resting his elbow on his knee while he peered down at you with a hardened expression. He waited, and you could feel the tension crawling into your back as he drove holes in the back of your skull from his piercing gaze. Anxiously, you drew your lip between your teeth, focusing on your breathing to stay calm.

He began to fold the paper in his hand, between his fingers, the rustling noise pulling your focus over to that hand, as his fingertips wove and wrapped across the parchment. He bundled it back into its original state, and held it between his index and pointer fingers. **[So, it was folded, as such…beneath the bed?]**

You could hear the edge in his voice, he knew you were lying to him. Taking in a breath, you let it out carefully, “Yeah.. what is it?”

[Interesting, you see, parchment is a rather dense paper. It would take a rather…strong pressure to crimp the edges as such, and for such a long period of time.]

“I wasn’t asking about the paper-”

[However, I was pointing out the holes in your obvious, pathetic lie. While your disobedience may be amusing at times, the sheer stubbornness and defiant behavior you continue to display lacks intelligence.] With his free hand, he ducked around the other side of you, reaching towards the drawer. You quickly grabbed onto his wrist, stilling his advance.

“I’ll just ask G if you don’t tell me-” you hissed, expecting the snarl the beast gave you, but not the sudden lash outward with his other hand. The sharp edges of the parchment dug into your skin as he grabbed your wrist and spun you around to face him. Yelping, your lower back dug into the drawer behind you, scooting it halfway back within the dresser as you lay resting awkwardly on your hip. He hovered above you, his sockets narrowed, gumline glistening in the shadowed features of his face.

[You will not ever, even briefly, think upon such a thing, ever

again-] his voice was harsh and low as he leaned further above you, breath hot and humid against your face. You tried to lean away, but he held you firmly. **[-Lest I cut out your tongue with a paring knife, flaying your gushing meat from within your esophagus, while your mandibles creak and snap against my knuckles shoved so deeply within your throat that you shall not, ever, sing a word again.]**

Stunned, utterly agape and horrified you stared helplessly up at the creature holding you. Threats were one thing, especially coming from Voidster. But the way he snarled down at you, the soft trembling in his powerful neck, and how his grasp on you budded bright red marks made you realize just how serious he was being. Shirking down, submissively, a whimper left your lips but he just followed in with a slow, purposeful lean.

Suddenly there was movement behind him, and a soft, echoed voice flicked your gaze past his shoulder to the bright, stoic eyes of the lich, “Leave her be, we have work to attend to.”

Slowly, the beast above you eased his grip on your wrist just enough that you could yank free of him, shuffling tighter against the dresser at your back as he gave you a lasting, cold, glare. You watched his hand, as his fingers flicked and twisted the folded note between them while he stood, glancing over his shoulder at the lich who met his gaze, expressionless.

[If you insist, love.] They stared at one another for a moment, before the lich subtly nodded and turned to leave the room, still holding onto his steaming mug of black coffee. Voidster turned in tune with his mate, and as he crossed the room you let out a soft sigh, relief flooding your veins just as he paused at the door.

The stillness of the creature brought your gaze cautiously upwards, into his eyes, which stabbed into your skull. He would be back. Swallowing, you froze and watched as the monster released a

reverberating, irritated growl, licking his lips and slipping the note into his pocket as he strolled from the room and left the door wide open.

While their footsteps faded down the hall, their voices intermingling, you pressed the back of your head against the dresser and let out a deep, shaking breath. Voidster was usually intimidating, but that...that had been a window to his true potential, and he had meant every word of it. At least now, you had a few hours to yourself for certain.

You waited until the monsters were far enough away, before quickly turning, pulling open the drawer again to pilfer the journal out of hiding. There was no way you could keep this from Voidster. You'd have to read it, and read it quickly, before he could take it away from you as well. Stuffing the leather beneath your shirt, pinning it to your ribs, you shut the dresser and stood to close the door as well.

Their schedule was regimented rather strictly by the lich, they had never deviated from it, no matter what. It wasn't the first time Voidster had been interrupted and pulled away, so you'd have to take full advantage of this chance. Jumping back into bed, nestling in the comforter, you pulled the thick sheet above your head and settled in on your stomach. The soft, dim light filtering in was just enough to begin reading again.

' March 7th- So, apparently, we have a doppleganger living in the house now. G reassured me that everything would be fine, but I hate his stupid, purple eyes. It's like he's always...undressing me with them.

He doesn't seem able to use magic, luckily... But he gives me the creeps. Something is wrong, with him. I begged G to get rid of him somehow, but he said something about 'his responsibility' and yadda, yadda, poetic smooth talk. Though when our clothes hit the floor, I could have ***sworn*** *I saw violet from the far end of the room. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, G 'smooth talked' my attention away from it.*

I probably just imagined it anyways. I trust G, even though his…smiling 'friend' is irritating to say the least. He stays away from me, and mostly in the lab downstairs. Thank God, if I had to wake up to that mug everyday I'd go live in a cardboard box under the interstate.'

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The journal entries were mostly vague, but from them you gathered that this woman had been with G for a long time. Years, even. She talked about how she could 'feel' his moods, complaining of itching or a burning on her neck, it was rather odd and confusing. The text spoke of friends, name basis that didn't mean anything to you, but she seemed to refer to them all as close family. You wondered what happened to them all. G must have known them just as well as she had.

Anxiety and paranoia kept you from fully reading each page. The last thing you wanted was for Voidster to step in at an inopportune time, plus you were getting rather hungry. Scanning each page, you eventually were forced to flip to the very last entry, which was about that odd note you had found, the one Voidster had confiscated from you.

' December 15th- Another weird note, except this one was nailed on the oak in the backyard. This is getting…scary. Having these sent to the research facility is one thing, Detective Briggs stopped further anonymous messages from arriving to us. But this means this weirdo knows where we live. That's impossible. It's hard enough to try finding this house even though you know where it is, especially with all the snow fall.

I probably wouldn't have even noticed this if I hadn't gone to sit on the swing, to get away from that freak. Luckily, he hasn't touched me in months, but he's so aggravating. He caught me coming back inside with it, and even though I hate his guts, he made a good point. I'm not really sure what good would come of it if I showed this to G. Every time something like this happens, he goes off the handle.

I'll keep it for now, until I figure out a better way to approach him about it.. He already knows we're getting sent these.. Weird.. 'Drawings', that represent him. Not much else to say about it right now anyways, the last thing I want is for him to prowl around the woods like a wild animal for days.'

Closing the journal, you bit at your lip. The note did remind you of the holes within both G's and Voidster's palms, but apparently they were meant for the lich himself, not Voidster. It was making sense now why Voidster was so protective of his mate over the image, but now you had more questions than answers. Hopefully, some of the entries you missed could shine more light on the situation.

Slipping off of the bed, you tossed the journal under the mattress, as far in as you could, and sighed. That was the best you could do for a hiding place, for now. Hopefully you'd get more time later to look more thoroughly through the diary.

A soft, rumble tore at your gut. Nervously, you bit at your bottom lip and meandered out of the room and into the hall, leaving your door cracked open. Rain was still falling outside, casting a dim atmosphere in the corridor until you encroached upon the front area where the kitchen light was on and some lamps in the living room brought a gentle glow into the scene.

The scent of coffee drew you into the kitchen right off the bat. The lich always had a familiar brew going in the morning, and luckily, it was still rather warm. It was pleasantly quiet as you made yourself a cup, and the patters of rain against the large windows in the adjacent room was calming. It filled you with a peaceful serenity as you snooped through the fridge, perusing for something to eat.

You decided on something fast, and simple. Not wanting to be out in the open for long, you settled for cereal and some fruit. Standing at

the counter, you watched the storm rage on outside, across the living room before you as you satisfied your hunger. While living with these two was trying, and exhausting, at least G kept fresh ingredients in his home at all times.

It didn't take long to finish off your food, quickly rinsing your dishware before tucking it in the washer. Stepping back to the counter, you plucked your warm mug from the granite and held it between your palms, casting another glance to the windows. A soft flash of light illuminated the backyard, before a gentle, rolling thunder echoes through the open room.

The reverberating sound masked the presence slipping up against your back. Long, thick, knuckled fingers reached for your waist as you took a drink of coffee. You thought to yourself on what you read, imagining a different time that must have once brought this home positivity, balance and comfort.

It was all whisked away with the hard pressing of fingertips against your hips, startling you into nearly spilling the creamy beige beverage in your mug. The digits pressed and felt along your flesh, digging down to feel for your hip bones as they trailed forward along the front of your stomach. Growling, you lowered the cup, not even bothering to look behind you as a hot breath brushed across the side of your neck and shoulder, "What are you *doing* -?"

He replied with a gentle humming, his hands feeling across your pelvic area with a doctor's accuracy, **[You're a tad narrow, aren't you?...No matter.]**

The hairs on the back of your neck stood on end, a shiver running down your spine as you tried to step away from him. He merely trapped you between his body, and the countertop. The fear you had from the previous day, of his threats to breed you, came full circle. You slammed the coffee mug down onto the counter, angry and rebellious.

“Leave me alone,” you hissed, your facial features scrunching in disgust as your body shuddered and jolted from his fingertips pressing and digging into the sensitive tissues of your abdomen. You couldn’t see how his fangs hovered above your neck and shoulder, slick with saliva, as he inhaled your scent while you squirmed in his hands.

His claws easily pierced through the fabric of your shirt, scratching the surface of your skin. He had his thumbs pressed into your lower back, with his fingers curled against your hip bones, digging painfully into your flesh, **[My my, nearly ripe… Yet, you continue to try me. That note, and your resistance of me…]** you winced, his grip winding all the tighter, **[…is becoming irksome. I trust you remember what I said about mentioning that scrap of paper to the lich.]**

“Why does it matter so much?” you growled, futilely shoving at the large, knuckled digits that held onto your hips possessively. His hot breath beat upon the back of your neck, and you shivered, suddenly aware of his closeness. *“Stop smelling me,”* you snarled, thrusting a sharp elbow back into his ribs, which only made him chuckle.

[I’ll have to correct this new defiance in you, pet. That is, if you don’t correct it yourself by disobeying me. G would probably object to my disfiguring you so…dramatically, but he won’t be fast enough to stop me. I must admit, imagining you confined to silence is an attractive thought. You would still be able to make those soft little *squeals* I so enjoy, if you survived.]

He drew you back against his hips, his throbbing length pressed hard against your lower back. His fingertips trailed lightly up and down your hips, still, and you knew what else he was reminding you of. To be pregnant with his child was…horrifying. Worse than his threat to rip out your tongue, when it came down to it. “I would rather kill myself,” you bit out harshly, “than *ever* let you knock me up, you disgusting freak!”

[Don't worry my dear,] he breathed down at you, slowly grinding his clothed erection against your resisting flesh, **[I would never let the mother of my offspring come to harm.]** He gave a low, wicked laugh, hooking one arm across your pelvis as the other came up to caress your face. You both tensed when you heard the slow, steady footsteps of the lich approaching from the hallway.

A light, irritated growl rumbled in the monster's chest, his tongue lolling from his jaws to possessively lap up the side of your neck. The footsteps drew nearer still, and you couldn't help but to sigh in relief at G's impeccable timing today. Suddenly, the beast at your back jolted, the sound of a rather heavy handed slap resounding through the kitchen. Voidster's growl instantly cut off while his tongue jumped back behind his lips, his head silently rising to look over his shoulder from the light stinging of his backside.

"Shoo, be gone with you," the lich commanded, holding his gaze with the violet eyes glimmering straight at him. Voidster snorted, his grip on you loosening before his hands fell away completely. The monster turned away from you and grumbled beneath his breath, as he strode from the kitchen back into the hallway.

Neither you or G saw the gentle smirk tugging at Voidster's lips from being struck, a soft, tingling excitement building in his gut. He'd have plenty of time to bleed his arousal, after he discovered where you had truly gotten that note from. The edges of the parchment still tucked into his pocket, he sauntered towards the guest bedroom, not paying attention to the conversation bubbling up behind him.

"Thank you..." you murmured, unconsciously reaching over to rub at your reddening waist, turning to look at the lich who poured himself a fresh cup of coffee.

"You should know to be discrete while you are in...your current state,"

he replied, stuffing the pot back within the machine as he glanced over his shoulder towards you, his expression flat, “He is unusually excitable today. What were you talking about?”

You swallowed dryly, snatching up your abandoned coffee mug to have something to do. Taking a long swallow, you grimaced at the cold temperature, and set it back down. “We never really talk *about* anything,” you hedged, trying to figure out how much you could safely say. “He mostly just...you know. Threatens and intimidates me, for fun.”

The lich inclined his head in agreement. He knew well enough how your encounters with his mate usually went. Voidster respected almost no one besides himself and the lich, and even then it largely depended on his mood. Still, there was something about the tense way you held yourself that belied your statements. Something that Voidster had said was not sitting well with you, and it seemed to be bothering you more than anything he had noticed before.

“G…” you started hesitantly, glancing back the way that Voidster had left. He truly seemed to be gone, and you hoped for your sake that he was. When you said nothing more, the lich turned his full attention to you, raising a brow as he watched you struggle for the words to continue. Your behavior was becoming even more unusual, the longer this continued for. You fidgeted with the hem of your loose t-shirt, staring down at the floor, until, with a sigh, he lifted on elegant hand to tilt your chin up, forcing you to face him.

“Whatever it is, it won’t be resolved with your silence,” he reprimanded you gently, eyes searching your face for some clue of what you were thinking. He saw pain, fear, and a level of anxiety that bordered on panic. Whatever Voidster had said, he had truly affected you with it this time. “Speak,” he murmured soothingly, removing his hand with a gentle caress. You responded well to small gestures of affection, and he hoped it would encourage you to finally bring forth whatever secret festered so deeply within your soul.

“Voidster...he uh…” you swallowed, your voice faint and uneven. How could you possibly say this? Yet you had begun, and if you tried to backpedal now, the lich would only pursue with his implacable, domineering persistence. Too late to take it back. “He said that he’s going to get me pregnant,” you said in a rush, the words almost colliding with one another as you forced them out. You watched as G’s face paled slightly, his hand shakily setting his coffee mug on the counter to join yours, before retreating a step.

Turning away from you, he faced the window, lifting one hand to cover his lower face as he stared out of the glass at nothing. You didn’t know what reaction you had expected, but this one terrified you. G’s obvious unease, his...apparent *fear* at your words made your heart drop into the pit of your stomach. The slight tremor in his hands made you break into a cold sweat.

“H-he was lying, right? He w-wouldn’t really do that?” you asked a bit desperately, your voice rising in pitch as you tried to contain your hysteria. The lich said nothing, still staring out the window as words continued to tumble from your lips without thought. “G, you can’t let him do this. I’d...I’d die. I can’t be a mo- I can’t be his...I just can’t! *You have to help me,”* you implored desperately, tears beginning to sting your eyes as he just stood there, unmoving.

“Be still,” he growled, dragging his fingers down the sides of his face as he stared out of the window, watching the rain wash down across the glass. “Panic will do nothing-”

“B-but-!” you tried, taking a step towards him as he just sighed, cutting you off.

“Words are one thing, action is another-” the sound of you quickly approaching him finally grabbed his attention, his white, wary gaze trailing across your features as you scowled upwards at him. Without saying anything you grabbed the bottom of your t-shirt, lifting it to your ribs to showcase the deep, red prints left along your waist.

Remnants, reminders, of the last coupling you had endured with the beast.

“He seems pretty adamant about it,” you trembled, your voice a murmur as you dropped the fabric down over your belly, the lich’s gaze frozen on your waist. He was processing this, but was obviously struggling. It unnerved you.

“He’s lying, right..? He’s just trying to scare me like usual, isn’t he? Tell me that’s what he’s doing, monster’s can’t...mix, with humans.” the words tumbled from your lips, as if trying to convince yourself, but the subtle, slow shaking of the lich’s chin side to side made your heart drop in the pit of your stomach.

“I am...unsure...” he replied. The look of pure, utter, horror you were giving him spurred the lich to turn more towards you, hovering forward while he lowered his voice. “It is not impossible, in theory. But it must be done deliberately-”

“You should do it,” you blurted, taking him back as he quickly righted himself, his sockets going wide. “Please, G- you *have* to, I can’t- *He’s so awful-* ” the effort to try to make your case crumbled beneath the quivering of your lips, your body shivering as you reached out for him, grasping onto his zip-up with desperation. “I’d rather die than- you can’t let him do this!”

He seemed stunned, dazed as he set his palms on your shoulders, stilling your tremors while he just continued to shake his head, “I do not think that is a plausible course of action-”

“He keeps touching and smelling me, and the shit he says- *I’m terrified* , G- please, *please* , you have to do something!” your fingers dug into the soft fabric of his jacket, holding his gaze with your own as moisture welled in your field of vision, quickly blinking away the

forming tears.

The lich sighed, his words carrying on his breath, “I would think you would rather avoid whelping entirely, correct?” you bit onto your bottom lip, nodding quickly while his hands tightened on your shoulders, bringing a small semblance of comfort as he finished, “For now, I will keep him...entertained. It is possible he will forget, and move on from such an abhorrent idea.”

You didn’t entirely agree with G, you sensed he was building a wall there between you even though you were holding onto each other. His gaze flicked upwards from your form, checking the entryway, and the corridor, before bringing his focus back down. He could tell you were still visibly shaken, and upset. The mere notion of children anywhere near his home, unnerved him to the core. It couldn’t happen, and he wouldn’t allow it to either.

His grip on you loosened, his hands folding inward to his chest to pluck your fingers from his zip-up which you balled into fists and glared up at him. The lich’s expression was stoic once more, his hands tucking into the pockets of his slacks as you hissed up at him, “He doesn’t just *‘forget’* and you know it-”

G’s attention flicked back over your head, but you continued to lowly, harshly, whisper, “It took a lot of courage to tell you this-”

[Ah, secrets and whispered discussion...] the beast mused, stepping lightly into the kitchen with his chin held high, violet eyes twinkling down towards you. He found it interesting how you refused to meet his gaze, yet the lich was staring straight at him. It made the soft, leather journal, press all the tighter to his stomach, tucked in his belt line beneath his large, crimson turtleneck. **[How rude, conniving without me.]**

“No secrets, love,” G replied, calm and steady, as he always spoke. “Unless you have something to say to *me* .”

Biting onto your bottom lip, you felt safer in front of the lich and kept your eyes averted away from the approaching Voidster. **[Why, you know me, my love. There is nothing hidden between us, despite what a nervous, hormonal, human may claim. Perhaps if you enlighten me on your thoughts, I may address them.]**

You could feel the heat pressing from the beast as he stepped behind you, looming in on the lich. Awkwardly, you managed to scoot around G to stand off behind him instead of being trapped between the two massive monsters.

Voidster kept a calm, confident aura, yet the evidence in his possession made irritation crawl and squirm along his veins. If you had brought up the note, against his advisement, you would not walk away unscathed. When the lich spoke, it was symphonic, and precise, “It is amusing how you pointed out the human’s hormones, when your own seem to be...stimulated.”

The beast let out a light breath, the resemblance of a chuckle warbling in his chest. You hadn’t spoke of the diary, or the note, too encompassed in your own issues to dare bring up those items. Good, perhaps you were learning. **[What can I say...? It is mere coincidence our bodily desires have aligned.]**

You glared at Voidster from around G’s arm, his smug, perfectly relaxed stance dug a knife into your gut and angered you beyond belief. He was so comfortable with lying, with being such a bastard, whatever did someone like G see in someone like him?

“Your desires are never satiated, let it be known that she is equally as mine as she is yours-” you watched the beast’s face, seeing the slight,

barely noticeable flicker of annoyance before it was replaced with his natural confidence once more. It meant he was listening, and it relieved you as the lich continued, “-and staking a...large, cumbersome claim is not tolerable.”

[As you wish,] he mused, his eyelids drooping while a faint smile tugged at his lips, **[an equal claim, for equal deities.]**

“...Indeed,” the lich muttered, casting a sideways glance at you before he stepped forward, slipping past his mate as he headed back towards the hall. “Come, we have dallied far too long.”

You expected G to wait, but he didn’t, and he was gone from the room just as quickly as they both had arrived. Leaving you alone with Voidster, who stepped towards you, leaning down to cast his shadow across your stern, stubborn features.

[Don’t fret, little dove...] he cooed, stretching a hand out to run his claws along the side of your face, which you reflexively scoffed at, jerking your head away from his touches. **[I know how you like to squeal to the lich. You will, eventually, enjoy squealing for me. Be sure to keep that tongue in check, however. It would be a shame for me to have to confiscate it...as it will be difficult to complain about back pain without it.]**

“Shut up,” you growled, slapping his hand away as he righted himself, eyeing your form hungrily. “G will be so *pissed* at you-”

[What he doesn’t know won’t hurt him,] he murmured, giving you a final glance before turning to stride through the kitchen after his partner, raising his voice so that you would hear him while he sauntered away, **[And we all would prefer to keep it that way.]**

Rounding the corner, Voidster nearly ran into his mate who was standing and waiting for him. The curious glance he was given made the beast smirk, and as they walked side by side back towards the basement, he filled the lich in on the conversation he hadn't managed to hear. **[I was merely stating how ridiculous it would be to sire offspring, and how we all would prefer that to not come to fruition.]**

"Mnn, indeed," the lich muttered, his suspicious gaze finally leaving his mate.

Voidster rolled his tongue within his jaws, excitement building in his form. This was all much too easy.

Sun's Diary (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

In which nobody has any chill, and G's amazing personality gets him laid again.

Chapter Notes

K that's not really the real summary, but it's not...wrong... ilu Aloe.

That night, you lay tossing and turning in bed. The two monsters had disappeared to the basement, per usual. After waiting for hours for G to return, you had realized that it might be Voidster who came back first, and decided to retire for the night. You were frustrated and sick with fear. The way Voidster had spoken, it seemed likely you would ovulate any day now, and if G didn't do *something,* the beast would have his way, of that you were sure.

G had said something about the other monster's hormones, god...was Voidster going into a rut at the same time? You hadn't yet witnessed such a thing with the monsters. G had told you about the ruts they experienced, briefly, so that you would know what signs to look for and how to behave. What you had gathered was that was similar to their reactions toward you when you were "in heat." but magnified many times, and just as often sated with violence as with sex. Luckily such things rarely occurred, he had said.

G had a room built into the home, something he had constructed for the human woman he had loved, Sun. It could be opened from the outside, but locked and unlocked only from the inside. Inside was a bedroom with an adjoining bathroom, and a stock of preservable foods and fresh water, just in case. It was basically a panic room, built specifically to protect a human female from the attentions of monsters who were too feral to control themselves.

He hadn't told you about it the first time you had "gone into heat" around them. He had been taken off guard by his own response to you, and too feral to release you from his sight. Later, he had shown you the room, mentioning that the entrance was reinforced with steel, and that Voidster was unaware that it existed. Of course, G had said with a feral gleam in his eyes, it wouldn't protect you if either of them caught you before you reached the room, so it was better to plan ahead.

You wondered if you should be staying there, now, instead of the same guest bedroom you always chose. But you needed to talk to G about it, first. You didn't remember where the room was, or how to engage the locking mechanism inside. And besides, G had promised to distract the beast. You didn't want to alert Voidster to the fact that you could get away from him unless it was an absolute emergency, and you couldn't live your whole life in that tiny room, either.

Sighing, you thrashed onto your side, hugging a pillow against your chest as you stared out the window. The rain still pattered softly against the pane, soothing, but not enough to help you forget what had occurred earlier that day, or what might occur later. You finally gave up on sleeping, climbing out of the bed in a loose nightgown that fell to your knees. Your unbrushed hair fell around your face, and you unconsciously tucked it aside as you walked to the window, setting one palm on the cool glass.

For a moment, you tried to feel and absorb the serenity of the weather outside. You slowed your breathing, focusing on the white noise of the droplets striking the world before you. You felt yourself begin to relax, a little. Then, a broad heat appeared at your back, a white clawed hand reaching past your own to rest on the sill. "G…?" you ventured cautiously, unsure which monster stood so near to you. You had hoped he might come seek you out to continue your earlier discussion.

A low, breathy chuckle disillusioned you immediately, and you tensed as Voidster's free arm came hard around your torso, hooking below your breasts to draw you back against him. **[Guess again, little songbird. Although the fact that you were expecting the lich**

is…interesting. Tell me, why would that be?]

You couldn't let him know that you had begged G to father a child on you instead of the lightly panting beast whose arousal you could feel against you once again. You cast about for something else to say, anything that might distract him. Unthinking, the words came to your lips, "She hated you too, you know." The sudden stillness behind you both frightened and made you hopeful. Perhaps you could stall for time. "I don't know why G ever let you live here with her, since he obviously loved her more than he ever did you."

The slight tremor of the beast at your back told you the words had struck home, but whatever brief satisfaction you felt at the well-aimed barb vanished as he wrapped his other arm around you, his breath beating down on the juncture of your neck and shoulder. **[Your behavior lately is interesting,]** he began conversationally, drawing you back away from the window and toward the bed.

[If I didn't know better, I'd say you were craving…discipline. Although perhaps, it is merely your heat affecting your judgment. It's come, you know.] He parted his jaws against your throat, inhaling deeply as his long, violent tendril came forth to lap at your skin. **[It pervades your scent, your very essence is soaked in it.]**

Shuddering, you twisted around in his arms, facing him. "Let me go," you said quietly, too terribly aware of the danger you now face. Predictably, he laughed at you, purple eyes gleaming down at you, glazed with lust. **[Tell me pet, has that *ever* worked for you? On me, no less?]** You didn't dignify that statement with a response, since it was true. **[No, I think…]** He edged you nearer the bed, large body forcing you back. **[The best way to bring a bitch to heel, is to remind her of her status.]** With a low, sudden growl, he grasped you in both hands, tossing you back onto the bed like a child's toy.

You gasped, landing hard on your back. The impact momentarily stunned you, giving Voidster ample time to crawl up above you,

kicking your legs apart with the ease of long practice. The soft nightgown was torn from your body without a second thought, the ruined garment tossed furiously to the side of the door, which he had closed and locked behind him. His red turtleneck sweater soon followed, along with the soft thump of the small book he had been concealing beneath it, tucked partway into his pants.

“Y-you found her journal?” you gasped, twisting under him to stare at the door. Sure enough, the small, leather-bound book lay on top of the pile of clothing, modestly closed, revealing none of its secrets.

[Shut up,] he snarled down at you, fangs dripping saliva as he leaned on his forearms to trap you full beneath him, his hips forced between your thighs. One hand tangled in your hair, dragging your head back as he closed his maw around your exposed throat, biting down hard enough to draw blood. You gave a strangled scream, clawing desperately at his chest as he pushed you down into the mattress.

Releasing your throat, he licked at the blood, smearing it around in his mouth and grinning down at you maniacally. **[I was prepared for a gentler coupling, since you seem to respond so well to that. But I’m glad you chose this. It better suits my mood.]** He lapped down to your breasts, smearing blood and saliva on your skin as he dragged his tongue against you. One clawed hand reached downward, forcing a finger past your resisting folds to hook within you, pushing your walls apart in preparation for something much larger.

He frantically rubbed his face and jaw against your own, marking you with his scent as he slid his body against yours, sweat making you both slick. It was terrifying. He was like a feral lion, all muscle and claws and teeth, pinning you with the ease that a large predator would take a rabbit with. His roaming hands left angry red scratches on your skin, and when he raised his head back up, he thrust his hot tendril into your mouth, nearly gagging you as he moved it down your throat, not a kiss so much as a declaration of his intentions.

He rolled his clothed erection hard against your naked mound, rubbing the soft fabric of his trousers up between your legs as you panted and kicked at him. He was already panting heavily, his hips moving almost of their own volition as he bucked and thrust against you. “Stop it Voidster, I’m *not* going to do this, you sick fuck!”

[You don’t have a choice, little songbird,] he sneered down at you, too focused on the thrill of the struggle to notice the sound of footsteps pausing outside of the door.

“If you do this, I’ll…” you sobbed, trying to catch your breath, “If you do this, I’ll tell G that you took that note, and Sun’s journal. I don’t care what you threaten me with, I would *rather die.”*

[And what evidence will you provide to prove your claims?] He asked imperiously, one hand shoving downward to free his straining cock from his trousers. **[The note has been destroyed. The journal will soon follow, once you’ve been properly bred and taught your place. Say the words to G, and you’ll sing no more. I’ll leave you mute and gravid, a helpless broodmare for my offspring.]**

The metal knob jangled roughly, the locking mechanism inside being manipulated by an outside force. While the sound startled you, it couldn’t pierce the cloud of lust around the beast above you until the door flung open and cracked into the wall. At that, Voidster slowly turned towards the doorway, his fangs bared and back shivering in pure aggression.

You panted, straining against the crumpled sheets as you stared at the lich, wide eyed. He stood there for a moment, his brows narrowing as a growl wove through his chest. G took a few steps forward into the dark room, keeping his eyes focused in on the angry, vicious violet eyes piercing straight through him. The air in the room was heavy with fear, and the mingling heat between both of you on the bed.

Shamelessly Voidster rolled his hips forward, tightly grinding himself against you as a pant left his jaws, strings of spittle clinging to his sharp teeth. While you whimpered and struggled against the beast pinning you to the sheets, the deep, reverberating voice of the lich trickled inward. “Release her, and dare to face me honestly. If you try me, I will bludgeon the lust from your heart with my bare hands.”

Torn between his senses, Voidster growled in reply as he narrowed his sockets upwards to the lich. His body was poised possessively above you, the muscles in his back twitching while G began to approach once more. “What say you-?!”

A sudden, soft thud against the lich’s foot halted his approach. His white, shimmering eyes dropped from the both of you to the floor, instantly catching the leather bound journal laid intertwined with crimson cloth right at his feet. Voidster processed what his mate was seeing too late, even as he suddenly sat up the lich was too fast. G lunged forward to crouch on the floor and snatched up the booklet, the red cloth tried to snag a corner of the notebook but the lich shook the fabric free.

His digits trembled as he traced his fingertips across the surface of the journal, bringing his head back up to stare up at Voidster with black, bottomless, sockets. The sight, the tension welling in the room, was intense. And unfortunately, you were trapped smack dab in the middle of it. Highly unnerved, your muscles began to seize up, lying trembling below the massive monster above you.

Voidster’s chest was still heaving, slick with sweat as he gently chuckled, trying to shrug off his haze. Pushing himself up from the sheets, he rested on his knees, still evidently aroused and struggling to maintain a calm air, **[G, nevermind that-]** his sockets twitched, narrowing despite himself as the lich quickly drew the book to his lips, inhaling deeply, **[-It is nothing to concern yourself with.]**

“This.. this was hers..” his voice was strong, nearly booming, yet soft

and brittle. The monster panting above you focused in on the lich, giving you the perfect opportunity to carefully push back, slipping out from beneath him and against the headboard of the bed. G then stood, the journal clasped to his chest for a moment, before his hands shakily then tucked the book into his beltline, similar to how Voidster had.

The lich's sockets were still black, even as Voidster scowled and slipped from the bed to stand before him. His dismount rattled the bedframe, his weight jostling you as you pulled your legs to your chest and watched with wide eyes. The beast was quickly advancing towards G with his hand out. **[As I said,]** he growled, thunder rolling in his throat, **[It is nothing. Give it back to me, immediately.]**

"What.." he swallowed dryly, static popping against his fangs as he snarled, a shaking tremor coursing through his arms, "What *note?* "

The image of a bloodied handprint, an inky circle in the center, crawled into the forefront of your mind. Subconsciously, you began to bite onto your bottom lip, shivering against the cold wood at your back and the danger beginning to build between the two very large, rather capable, monsters.

Voidster had lost his patience at this point, he took a hard, authoritative step forward. His features contorting into a vicious sneer. **[You cannot handle this, nor that journal, relinquish it, *now.*]**

You bit down hard enough to draw blood, a warm coppery tone slipped over your tongue while you wrapped your arms around yourself. The room was a wellspring of venom and malice. The lich's shoulders groaned, his spine creaking as his posture began to devolve into a more feral, unnatural pose. His eyes came back with a burst of white light, but they were shrunken and fierce as he barked, "What have you dared to burn of hers?!"

The two monsters stared at one another, tense and angry. You couldn't help but to flinch as Voidster harshly gestured towards the lich, a rather bright flash of light filtered in from the window, bathing them in a cold, sterile light, but the heat rising from the growing argument was sweltering. His voice carried with the loud, rolling thunder outside. **[Look at yourself, turning against me, your mate, over a stack of paper bound in animal hide-]**

"You kept more from me." It was a statement, and the lich ground it out like heavy stone, a hand lifting to his rabid features while his gaze dropped to the floor, "The pictures...they didn't want them for her memorial, you *burned* them-" Voidster tried to speak but G tore his hand from his face, his claws scratching loudly across his bony features as he yelled, "HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?!"

You had never seen G lose it, his face twisting and flinching beneath his own words. The soft, grey scratch marks across his features were prominent, slowly beading in black drips of obsidian that bubbled to the surface. Voidster mimicked the lich's intensity, the muscles winding through his torso bound, flexing in rage as he gestured cruely while spitting, **[Oh, please! Don't be so pathetic, it took a fortnight to get you to speak, another to rip that god awful stereo out of your sight to keep you from staring at it like a starved scavenger-]**

The lich stuck outward, his hands grasping for the beast before him as he bellowed, "You bastard-! You've been burning her memories away from me-!"

Voidster grabbed onto his wrists, grunting and snarling as he managed to wrangle the lich before him. Keeping G's sharp claws away from his chest and throat, the muscles in his neck strained as he pressed his chin forward and began cutting him with words. **[She's already been burned-!]** The lich's eyes went wide, yet he continued to try shoving forward, standing on the balls of his feet as they fought for control of the situation. **[-What is more fitting than adding further ash to her memory? It will pair well with the dust of her corpse!]**

That stalled the lich long enough that Voidster, panting, leaned in close, his eyes ablaze. **[That's right. They didn't bury a body, they buried a box. A small, glossy, box. In a casket, all for show, all to protect her from *you* . God forbid a lich reanimate a human girl, defiling her, obsessing over a rotten husk! Played like a puppet on a string!]**

While you weren't sure what they were talking about, you gathered enough from her journal, and from how often Voidster referred to G as a 'lich'. It was horrible, watching the scene, helpless and shivering, naked upon the bed. The beast had spoken in such ways to you, many times. He indulged in bringing you any pain he could, and he was an expert at cutting through emotions as well as flesh. But to see him doing this to G, it really brought everything around full circle. You weren't the only one being treated like this, and it seemed as if the lich had run to the end of his rope.

G's facial features bunched together, soft trickles of black slipping down along his cheeks. The lich parted his jaws, drawing in a deep breath as he trembled and shook, staring into his mate's malicious gaze before an ear-shattering, strained screech left his lungs. Instantly, you pulled your hands to the sides of your head, trying to block out the sound, but it was scraping into your very being. It left you breathless, sick and trembling against the wall. You ducked your head downward, trying to shield yourself from the horrific sound of agony.

You felt a hard, stabbing pressure well in your chest, as if the very culmination of your being was being compressed, influenced. Your whimpers were easily drown under the shriek of the lich before it was suddenly cut off, the tight grasp on your chest released instantly and you couldn't help the heaving sigh that left your lungs. A hard, deep grunt, along with the sound of a solid strike brought your focus back up in time to witness Voidster throwing his weight into another straight on punch, right into the side of the lich's face.

Gasping in horror, your body began to tremble as you watched,

helpless. The blow G was given knocked his head to clear to the side, trickles of some dark fluid spilled down his lip as he stumbled. Voidster allowed the lich to slip from his grasp, a dark, foreboding snarl building in his throat. Open and vulnerable, the beast delivered a swift, heavy kick right up into G's abdomen which plucked the monster right off of his feet and into the nearby wall. The sheer force of the blow knocked the wind from the lich's lungs, collapsing onto the floor, barely able to catch himself on his hands and knees as he gasped for air.

The lich was wheezing, sputtering and coughing as Voidster trembled in rage, stalking towards him, **[How I *loathe* when you do that. You dare to call *my* soul, lambasting *me* because of your own foolish ineptitude. Unable to let go of a dead girl, going so far as to hoard scraps of paper and turn against me when I do right by you.]**

Voidster growled as he swiftly crouched and grabbed onto the back of G's neck while his free hand dove to the lich's beltline, reaching for the journal. Still struggling to catch his breath, G stubbornly fought back. In a last defensive move, he fell to his side, his weight slamming into the floor with a hearty thud that shook the room, rattling a lamp at the bedside. Pinning an arm over his abdomen, protecting the journal, the lich slashed outward at the advancing hand with a swipe of his sharp, barbed claws.

Red hot, stinging gouges lay across the back of Voidster's knuckles, sparking true fury as he lunged forward and grabbed onto G's throat with both hands. The lich was slammed into the ground again, this time onto his back. Desperately, his legs tossed and kicked against the floor, trying to strike outward, but all he was able to do was flail beneath the beast. The flavors of a true fight, of true violence, poured fuel onto the fire, and in an instant Voidster began to lean his body weight behind his strangling, **[After all I've done, and you still fight me-!?]**

G wheezed and gasped faintly, his eyes rolling back into his skull as he clawed and pulled at the hands squeezing consciousness out of

him. He was able to dig trenches into the knuckled, angry, hands of his mate, but his attempts were in vain. Voidster hardly felt the pain, he just panted and continued to drive himself down over the lich, pressing into his shuddering, giving, neck.

The lich still kept an arm pinned firmly across the leather bound journal at his stomach, refusing to expose it, even as the spark in his eyes began to flicker and fade. Voidster brought the lich up by his throat, only to slam him against the ground for a pathetic, strained, breath of air to press from his lungs. **[You will not forget this act of treason, I will ensure it!]**

Terror gripped your heart, G was rapidly losing the battle beneath the dripping, snarling monster above him. You couldn't let this happen, Voidster surely would kill him! Quickly, your eyes darted around the room, looking for some way to intervene. The answer was on your right hand side, a metal, wrought iron decorative lamp stood tall and proud against the wood. You scrambled from the bed, ignoring your nakedness as you grabbed the lamp, wrapping your fingers against the cold metal and ripped it from the wall.

[After this-] Voidster panted, his expression wild and wicked, the edges of his mouth turning into a grin as he watched the white, trembling eyes of his mate slip backward inside of his skull, **[-I will be sure to burn every little intermittent scrap left behind by that foul bitch. Then, I will bleed every last remaining crevice your heart still holds for that impertinent, unpleasant wench!]**

The strained, wet sounds of G's struggle to breathe hastened your movements, blinding your fear with that of pure instinct as you padded straight up behind the crouched, trembling Voidster. You brought the heavy metal upwards, a sneer drawing your lips back to bare your teeth and swung it like a bat.

The base of the twisted, decorative iron rang against his skull and jerked his face to the side. A loud, enraged cry left his throat along,

with a reverberating crack that shook the entire room. The blow tremored through your arms, biting your nerves and forcing you to let go of the lamp, quickly stepping away. Voidster's fingers loosened enough for the lich to quickly bring his legs upwards and with a hard kick, he shoved into the beast's chest.

Knocked off balance, startled and dazed, Voidster was thrown backwards, landing heavily against the floor on his backside while he hissed and spat. You quickly knelt beside the lich, taking in the dark, disturbing welts budding all across his throat. The sight made your stomach flip, it was difficult for you to even pinpoint the massive scar that trailed up his neck from his chest amidst the sea of trauma. G gasped, gulping in air as he sat up, wrapping an arm around you to pull you against him as he heaved. A soft yip left your throat as you were tucked into his side, cautiously setting your hand on his chest, swallowing dryly.

The lich stared straight across the room at the shifting, slowly, righting body of his mate. His voice was hoarse, far more echoed than you were used to as he hissed beside your head, "You.. are out of bounds.." He lightly coughed, his breath whistling through his throat. "Trying to kill me.. over my own.. property."

Voidster snarled, pulling himself forward to stand, crouched, and readying himself to lung forth but the lich's words made him pause. Tentatively, you peered over at the hunched beast, shivering in fear. He was staring straight through you, ravenous, and unstoppable.

"I cannot accept this-" G dryly swallowed, hacking on the bitter, tender soreness budding in his windpipe.

The lich growled, bringing his legs back towards himself as Voidster stalked forward carefully, fangs bared and eyes pulsing with pure energy. You reflexively tucked harder against the lich, who curled his lanky, shivering fingers around your bicep as he continued, "These memories.. are mine, and mine alone-"

[You're delusional, be still. I saved your life, and continue to do so by guarding you from nostalgia. I delivered you from your pain before, and I can do it again,] he oddly worded, a sick, warbled hitching pushing through his lungs in the semblance of a laugh.

"Your presence.. is no longer- welcome," the lich wheezed.

The maniacal sheet that had been draped over Voidster's features was suddenly withdrawn, his eyes widening. For some reason, the beast took pause, as the weary eyes of his mate held him in place, "I know you.. you will not leave- despite my wishes.." he slowly shook his head, a light, puff of air leaving his lips as violet pupils dilated, training in on him, "So instead, I will."

The lich pulled you tighter against him, his fingertips digging painfully into your flesh as you turned your gaze away from Voidster, closing your eyes as terror took hold. You could hear the beast before you beginning to growl, a deep, thundering reverberation that shook the walls. **[You will dare not go anywhere-!]**

Suddenly, the world around you gave way. You kept your eyes closed, clutching to the lich as strong forces pressed into your gut, tumbling into pitch blackness. Left behind, the enraged, desperate, beast tore forward, slashing and tearing at the wall, at the floor.. as if trying to grasp at the man that had once been there. Roaring, screaming and heaving. His violet, pulsing eyes scoured the damage beneath his hands as he tore apart the wall, dust and chips of paint cascading downward, coating his palate. Unable to control himself, to stop, he tore the room asunder. Blinded, with a sensation he had only ever seen upon others. Agony.

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The world slowly came back to you, the sound of rustling leaves, and the heavy downpour beating upon a nearby window, and surrounding walls, was nearly deafening. Carefully, you opened your eyes, glancing around in a haze. You were in a small, dusty cabin. A fireplace across the room, a couch, and other simple furniture somewhat decorated the flat open room.

G coughed, wheezing and sputtering as he pushed himself up from the floor. Quickly, you sat up from him, but your hands still hovered above his body. Watching with worry as he caught his breath, and began to glance around himself, “It has been.. ages..”

“..W-where are we..?” you murmured, nervously looking around again.

The lich carefully pulled the journal from his beltline, tucking it against his chest in his hand as he stood from the floor. “Still on the property. But quite a distance from the estate.” you watched him slip across the room to the fireplace, immediately getting to work on lighting it. Wrapping your arms around your bare chest, you shakily stood and made your way to the couch to sit instead. It was dusty, but you didn’t complain. It was better than the floor, or back in bed beneath Voidster.

“It was a.. ‘Home away from home’.. As she used to say.. ‘Camping’? I believe is another word she used.” he murmured, his voice still raspy, struggling to enunciate. The lich built the tinder quickly, though you didn’t catch what he lighted it with, as you found a blanket draped over the arm of the couch and busily wrapped it around yourself.

Sneezing from the jostled dust, you pulled the fabric around yourself tighter, looking towards the fireplace while the lich stood once more. “He will not find us, here.. I need.. some time to think.”

With that, he opened the journal, standing before the fireplace with his back turned to you. Eventually, once the flames rose high enough and began to consume larger pieces of the fodder, he meandered across the room. Despite his words, you still felt sick, and paranoid. Voidster was beyond consolidation. They had fought in front of you before, but what you had just witnessed was nothing short of total, unrelenting brutality.

All this time, you thought the lich just allowed Voidster to treat you badly. You hadn't even realized he had been treating G similarly, if not worse. You cast a shy, guilty glance over to the monster, but he ignored you. Leaning against the wall, he was busy flicking his pupils over the pages, his face blank, but you could see the wetness forming beneath his eyes contrasting against the black, oily trickles of blood he had given to himself.

You figured he would want to read the entire journal, and only reading parts of it took about an hour or so for you. Sighing, you carefully adjusted yourself on the couch, laying on your side to face the fire. Sneezing lightly, again, you decided to watch the flames. The soft crackling of the fire was distracting, but you couldn't help but to strain your hearing. The light turn of a page would break the silence, but you were expecting the dreaded turn of a doorknob.

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It was long hours before the lich realized how long he had been pacing and reading. Glancing over to you, his expression softened. You were fast asleep on the couch, wrapped in an old blanket that had been Sun's favorite. It was soft and fleecy, and along with the campfire, would help thaw the chill from your bones. He had heard you sneeze twice, and was uncertain if it was from the dust or the cold. Either way, it wouldn't do for you to fall sick, not now.

He walked to one of the windows, staring broodingly out at the rain. Far, far in the distance, his mate was undoubtedly destroying their- his home in his rage. A male thwarted in the middle of rutting was bad enough, but when that male was Voidster, and a vicious brawl was added to the mix...He was lucky to have escaped alive. Lucky to have had the foresight to bring you with him, for you would surely have been the target of the other man's rage, if he didn't outright destroy you.

He idly toyed with the battered diary in his hands, running his fingers over the worn edges with reverence and sorrow. A fragile link to the past, one his mate had been about to destroy. Who knew what other mementos had been burned over the months, as Voidster sought, in his misguided way, to shield the lich from the pain of the past. He sighed in frustration, turning from the window.

His body was battered and exhausted from the fight, his throat bruised, face scratched. The beast was stronger than him. Not by a lot, but enough. If you hadn't intervened with the lamp, who knew what would have happened. Based on the rage in the other male's eyes, he could guess well enough that by now he would either be dead, or strapped to a table in the farthest depths of their dungeon. Voidster had no tolerance for what he perceived as betrayal, nor the lich's attacks on his character, however accurate they might be.

Curled up on the couch, you looked so fragile and worn. He could guess as well, how you must be feeling, based on what he had seen in the bedroom. He had never intended to allow you to be exposed to Voidster's rut. The lich was the only person who could handle such violent intensity without experiencing death or dismemberment. A human girl such as yourself would never survive. Along with your heat, that sweet scent that tickled his own palate and made him crave daisies, Voidster would be driven mad with lust.

He bent at the waist, gently gathering you into his arms before lying down on the couch himself, tucking you into the crook of his arm, against his chest. A summoned hand added a few more logs to the fire, ensuring it would burn well into the night, driving away the chill

dampness of the rain. When you shivered, he tugged the blanket further around you, enclosing your naked body in the soft, dusty fabric. It almost, but not quite, masked the scent of your heat, but for now it was simply a sweet torment, a gentle brush that kept him on the edge without tipping him into ferality.

When you sighed and burrowed into his warm chest, he rumbled with amusement, eyeing your small figure which was dwarfed by how large he was. Despite the male interest that swelled within his body, he needed to rest far more, right now. And you did, as well. He turned slightly to his side, pressing you between himself and the couch. His broad back absorbed the heat from the fire, and the rest of his body radiated it outward, until your cool skin felt pleasantly warm to the touch.

He tucked his lower arm beneath you, wrapping it around your waist to better cuddle you against him. He had lain this way often, with Sun. The journal had left him feeling melancholy, and a small comfort like having you cradled against him was all the sweeter for the pain. His upper arm dropped down to press your back into his chest, his large hand gently stroking your hair.

“I miss you so much,” he whispered to your slumbering form, so softly that he almost didn’t hear the words himself. You didn’t stir, and the pained confession went, perhaps, unheard by anyone. Still, he allowed himself to think that somewhere, she was listening, smiling that bright, sassy smile as she playfully pushed against him. A faint smile touched his lips, and before he knew it, unconsciousness took him. Soothed by the fire, the familiar scents of the cabin, and the warm female body cradled against him, he slept deeply and well.

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He awoke to the soft morning song of wild birds outside the cabin, the faintest light of dawn creeping through the mud-streaked windows. He may not heal quite as fast as Voidster, but already his body had

recovered most of its strength. The fire had died down to glowing embers, and the cool air caressed his skin, making him shiver. And you, you were tucked trustingly against his chest, within his arms, your mouth slightly open as you slept, pink lips glistening and inviting.

The surge of blood to his groin reminded him of your...condition, and he lay his head back down, arms flexing lightly against your pliant body as he subtly rubbed his growing arousal against your rear. Despite the events that had taken place the prior night, at the moment he felt heavy and relaxed, his cock warm and hard, straining against his trousers. Saliva welled within his jaws, and he swallowed, hard. His tongue ran over his fangs as he peered down at you, lifting one hand to rub his thumb over your soft lower lip. Your warm breath caressed his knuckled digit, and he swallowed again, nuzzling his face into your hair as you continued to sleep.

He would take you, soon. Ferality wound through his veins, urging his hips to drive into you, to slide his fingers into those open lips, pressing down on your tongue as you made delicious, muffled sounds against him. He had known such would happen, when he had brought you here. He was not rutting, like his mate, but his passions were stirred easily enough by your heat, and waking up with you pressed so sweetly against him made no question of it.

Still, he abstained for the moment. No pleasure was not enhanced by the postponing of fulfillment. And it would be quite some time before Voidster had calmed down enough to sort things out. It was rather endearing, how deeply you slept in his embrace. Something had changed between you last night. Only a little, a small shift of trust, a declaration of loyalty he hadn't expected, ever. He hadn't necessarily wanted it either, but you had technically saved his life last night.

Then again, it was no more than he'd done for you, a dozen times over. Voidster was careless with his possessions, and if not for the lich's intervention you would be dead in any number of ways. Yet your unexpected loyalty was not something to dismiss. If he forgave that wretch for his transgressions yet again, it would change things

between the three of you. Voidster had a long memory, and he wouldn't easily forgive being assaulted by a mere human, especially one that he claimed possession over. He sighed, the soft huff of breath stirring your hair and making you shift slightly against him.

A smirk passed his lips as you felt the cold air against your naked skin, and pressed back against the heat of the lich, seeking him out as a source of warmth. It edged him further, his arousal growing almost painful in its intensity. Blissful, ignorant of the effect your yielding body had on his, you slept on, even as one of his arms gently unentangled from you to tuck your hips against the bulge at his crotch.

He couldn't help the light pant that brushed past his lips, as he simmered in the sensation of your supple flesh wedged against his throbbing manhood. His groin was aching, his fangs itching, his skin, crawling. Carefully, he took his time marinating on your scent, reading the way you breathed so as not to disturb you. Subconsciously, his hips slid in a gentle, soft, rocking. Grinding his hidden length against your backside, it was nearly too much for him.

Unfortunately, his motions lightly stirred you, a soft groan pulling through your throat as you began to stretch. Your legs shivering, spine elongating, yet mind still draped in darkness as you shifted onto your other side. Facing his chest, arms tucked against your ribs, you were none the wiser to the way the lich was eyeballing you. Slowly, he rolled onto his back, shifting beneath you, coaxing your unconscious form to lay on top of him.

Running his tongue against the backs of his sharp, glistening fangs he forced himself to lay in utter stillness. Keeping an arm hooked around you, his fingertips gently, affectionately, ran down along your spine beneath the blanket. Guiding your muscles to a deeper relaxation while his lips parted further, inhaling your sweetness, tossing his tongue beneath your tantalizing, fertile, flavors.

After a few more moments of peace, and stillness, the soft shifting of his trousers whispered into the room. The lich tried to conceal his deepening breath, the skeletal hands he had summoned to help him free his dark, aching shaft then assisted him further. Gently, with soft reserve, he shifted his hips beneath you, drawing your body more fully onto him.

Your features shifted, a light groan in protest to his movements made him bow his head against your temple, softly shushing you while his hands ran down the length of your back. His fingers, long, and lanky, began to curl around your inner thighs. Softly pulling at your flesh while his thumbs hooked inward to your hips. The heat from your body, beneath his fingers and abdomen, was now too much to resist.

He had to feel you, to have you. You were so soft, and submissive. The lich closed his eyes, tucking his face into your gentle locks of hair, laden in the delicate scent of femininity. With a skillful, delicate arch of his back, he pressed your hips downward. The hot, pulsing, head of his cock wedging between your folds.

The sensation truly began to stir you, grunting and digging your fingertips into his scar ridden chest you groaned. He nudged his chin farther into your hair, his lips brushing across your ear with a warm puff of air leaving his lungs. His patience was shortened, a sense of urgency coiled into his arms as he began to press you down harder. The natural slick of your heat was enough to give him entry, your walls stretching and burning from his size.

“G…?” you moaned, your eyelids fluttering as you opened them, dazed and confused, processing what was happening.

“Shh.. be still..” he murmured against your ear, his teeth gently nipping and nibbling at you while he gave a deep, passionate roll of his hips. Gasping, thrown into reality, his cock wedged further within you. Your walls resisted him so sweetly, tight, and beginning to quiver. A light, soft moan slipped from his chest, rustling your hair as

he held your waist down with one hand, the other trailing up your back to press firmly between your shoulder blades. Keeping you down against him, the massive scar across his chest dug into your warm, slickening skin.

“W-what are you-” you tried, your words being cut with another soft, deep gasp as he gave another sharper, jerk of his hips. His length forced within you, nearing the base of his abdomen, exciting him further. Naturally, your body reacted. Squirming, gasping and trying to speak to him, he gave you no time to adjust.

His words came a bit more demanding, his lips moving against the bell of your ear, “Relax..” your breath caught in your throat as he gave a hard nudge, his cock working deeply within you, nestling against the pit of your stomach while the lich let out a low, groan. He kept you pinned to his lap, his dark shaft throbbing within your tight form as you began to pant and whimper. He hadn’t prepared you, and his size was difficult to take.

Impatiently, he drew you upward, bringing you back down onto his lap with a hard jerk of his hands and hips. He struggled between ferality and the desire to be gentle, not to rip the subtle dreamstate from your mind with his attentions. Your scent enveloped and soothed him, bringing a sharper awareness of the woman he held on his lap as he gazed at your sleep-hazed face. You sheathed him perfectly, your soft thighs and buttocks resting firmly against his sharp hips and muscular abdomen.

Even as you yawned, blinking to clear the sleep from your eyes, a shaft of gentle light crept through the window, illuminating your figure, gilding your skin as he watched. It aroused in him a deep tenderness, an appreciation of the beauty of feminine curves and softness. His cock throbbed within your tight walls, and he exhaled, gently rocking his hips as he watched your slow return to awareness.

“Why-” you yawned again, raising one hand to your lips in a futile

attempt to hide it as you blinked down at the lich. “Why, so early?”

“Do you not find it poetic, coupling like birds on the wing at the first light of dawn?” he purred softly, raising a hand to your cheek to brush stray hair away from your face.

“Too early for...poetry,” you grumbled, batting at his hand as he deftly eased you into a gentle rhythm on his dark manhood. His large hands clasped your hips, guiding you to ride his shaft as you did your best to remain upright, too tempted to collapse and get some much-needed sleep. His lips quirked as your head drooped, and you clearly battled not to fall forward onto his chest. It seemed the previous night had been more taxing on you than he had thought.

Struggling to sit up, he brought you with him, positioning you on his lap as he twisted, placing you below him on the couch instead. He lay partially on his side, lifting your upper leg and hooking it around his waist to give himself better access. You moaned, a combination of arousal, irritation, and exhaustion, as he supported your upper body against his own. His lower leg tangled with yours, pulling it back as he jerked his hips up into your rear, fully hilting himself with a grunt.

You mewled, panting against his chest. The needy sounds went straight to his groin, and he began working into you in earnest, using short, steady thrusts that edged you both nicely, without requiring a great deal of movement. Your return to full consciousness was slow, and you seemed mostly content to lay compliantly in his arms as he moved within you. A soft smile turned his lips, and he bent his head to nuzzle against the side of your face as he tenderly thrust within your quivering walls.

“G…” you breathed suddenly, sounding more alert than you had earlier.

“What is it, my dear?” he inquired softly, lazily moving his hips to gently nudge within you, deeper and deeper.

“What about…what he said…you know.” He did know, although you couldn’t bring yourself to say it. You still feared being bred by the beast, carrying his offspring, possibly even birthing it. The thought disturbed the lich as well, for all that he hid it better than you. But now wasn’t the time for such talk.

“Shhh,” he murmured soothingly, his warm breath caressing the side of your face. “He’s not here.” He drew his hand down your cheek, stroking the soft flesh of your breasts with attentive precision until you began to melt beneath his touch. “I need to think,” he added quietly, more to himself than to you. Such an action was not one to be undertaken lightly. While he could enjoy you now, as a man, it was another thing entirely to contemplate making you pregnant by his own hand.

And yet what choice did he have? He could perform a rushed surgery himself. He had the knowledge and capability, but the thought was almost more abhorrent than getting you with child. Unlike Voidster, he did see you as your own person, despite their shared ownership of you. If what you wanted was for him to father a child on you, what right did he have to instead subject you to a painful, amateur surgical procedure?

He recalled the journal entry that had been haunting him the other night.

“I really think that G should give himself more credit, in that regard. It’s obvious that Frisk and Asriel adore him, and I think he’d be a better father than he realizes. I doubt we’ll ever know, but sometimes I find myself wondering….”

He had failed Sans and Papyrus magnificently in that regard. Indeed, he doubted that anyone could have done a worse job than himself, except for...Voidster. Damn. He didn't know much about that other timeline, but he knew that the other man had also created those clones. Unlike the lich, who had kept an uneasy distance, Voidster had taunted and tormented his creations, fostering such hatred that the elder one had eventually pushed him into his own time machine. It was a sentiment he could sympathize with entirely too well, he thought sourly.

The gentle brush of your nipples against his chest brought him back, his hips having maintained his calm rhythm on their own, as if he weren't miles away in his own head. Just as well, for he could sense that you were nearing climax. It would be a lie to claim that this wasn't a pleasant situation in itself; having you here to himself in this secluded part of the property. But the two of you had only a few days at most before Voidster located the cabin. His mate was nothing if not...determined.

Putting the thought from his mind, he focused instead on the gentle suckling of your body against his manhood, as he drew out and slid back into your wet folds repeatedly. What a difference from the hard rutting that he and the beast usually indulged in, upon waking in each other's bed. All too natural for a male to wake aroused and ready to mate, an unexpected delight to find a soft and heated female in his bed instead of another man. Not that he didn't enjoy the rough play that he and Voidster indulged in, but the soft intimacy of a willing woman was a rare pleasure. It could only have been enhanced by his own rut, but he knew that such a thing would make him far too feral to withhold. Even now, it took considerable willpower not to flip you hard onto your stomach, thrusting into you from behind until you were well and truly plundered.

His world began to narrow to the sound of your unified breathing, the beating of your hearts like drums within your chests as you both neared completion. A faint sheen of sweat built on your skin, and the new light of the morning made you glitter like the statue of a goddess. He kept you both positioned on your sides, enjoying the new angle as he nudged and rolled his hips against you. The head of his cock

brushed your cervix again and again, each gentle push punctuated by a faint gasp from your parted lips.

You squealed and arched against him, trapped in place by the position in which you both lay. Your sex clamped down deliciously against his length as you milked him with your climax. Every flutter of your walls stroked along his pulsing manhood, until finally he groaned and spent himself within you, pelvis pushing up against you for several more thrusts until he stilled. Ropes of his acidic black seed smeared within you, dripping from your folds to coat your entwined thighs.

He dropped one hand to massage your hip, strong fingers kneading at your flesh like a contented cat as he lazily curled the other around your torso. Leaving your legs entwined, he tugged you back against him, possessively cuddling you to his chest while you fitfully tried to get comfortable enough to go back to sleep. The scent of his claim didn't quite extinguish that of your heat, but it made it tolerable, for now.

Stubborn, and proud, he kept himself wedged fully within you. His tongue softly lolled from his lips to caress the side of your neck, as you moaned and tried to shirk away from his affections. A snort left his throat at your rejection, but he let it be. Instead, he tasted his lips and swallowed. Allowing you to peacefully ease back into sleep as he scrutinized the fabric of the cushions behind you, and thought quietly to himself.

This was far from the best situation, he would not be allowed to leave you alone for long, let alone in the same place. Voidster was beyond consolidation, his aggression magnified by primal need. You were in danger. G didn't fear the other man, he didn't fear death.. But he knew you deserved a better fate than being torn to pieces by a demon. He felt betrayed, and he was unsure if he could ever truly trust the monster possibly destroying his home. The lich had a decision to make.. And he wasn't sure if he could make it in time.

Sun's Diary (Part 3)

Chapter Summary

G is triggered, Voidster is terrible, and Spot is distressed.

Chapter Notes

Aloe and I are both undergoing a lot IRL, please forgive us for the slow updates on this and our own stories!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Life in the cabin was peaceful. Although the only clothing here was some underwear and a sundress, you didn't complain. G brought you 'fresh food from the wilds', which was home-cooked 'whatever he found in the forest', mostly rabbit. Surprisingly, it wasn't terrible. He let you meander outside, as well. As long as you stayed within view of the cabin he let you do as you wished, and you settled to lounge on the porch, with a small stack of books left behind by that woman.

It had been two days since your escape, and the lich was growing restless. He seemed to be thinking to himself constantly, staring into space, except when he would coax you into submission. A gentle nuzzling of your neck, a breathy kiss, and soft lovemaking that was easy to enjoy. He was careful, and even though he was more pushy than usual, his poetic verses and tender touches lulled you into the spell of intimacy.

A soft, light ache was affecting your loins as you sat outside, beneath the shade of the roof above. You had your feet kicked up, leaning back into the large outdoor chair. There were two here, made of woven wicker and stained dark. With a few blankets tucked at your back for support, it was fairly comfortable as you leafed through a paperback novel. A classic, following along a quest to deposit a magical ring in the hellfires of a distant mountain. You knew the story well, but it was a pleasure to immerse yourself back into a familiar world, and not this uncertain reality you currently dwelled in.

You heard the door to the cabin open, and softly close with the clanging of wood. For some reason, the lich preferred to be barefoot out here, and you heard his delicate, padded steps linger behind you as he gazed out over the small field of wildflowers into the thick throng of trees. The large trees around the cabin obscured it's location, even from a bird's eye view. He snorted, quite loudly, and you gathered he was tasting the air like a territorial, large cat.

He was growing restless, and uncertain. It was easy to tell he was anxious, but you had let go of your fate long ago. No longer fearing the future, or what was around the corner, you became submissive to the ebb and flow of this new life. Everything was easier that way, instead of being permanently paranoid, always on edge. Life was better, sitting in the soft breeze with the rustle of leaves around you. The scent of pollen was faint, and warming, as your eyes scanned the grey pages.

It was a few moments before he spoke, but when he did, it was a murmur, "I must leave you for a few hours. Time is running out, he has been looking for us and grows nearer still..." You kept your eyes on the page, but stopped reading. "I will have to gauge his mood, and scour the property, to determine if we should return or possibly relocate."

"You think he's still going to be that angry..?" you asked softly.

"Mnn, it is possible. I can survive him, but I would not be strong enough to protect you. And as you are innocent, you do not deserve his wrath." the lich swiped his tongue across his lips, the breeze slipping into his open zip up as he squinted up at the sky. "He is... unpredictable. I hope that I can settle his violence."

"He almost killed you, G," you huffed, placing your finger at the end of a paragraph before tilting your head to look over your shoulder at the lich. "Why do you care so much about him? Isn't it better for us to just...leave him?"

You watched at he drew his hood up over his head, his features shadowed from the bright mid-afternoon sun. “He is...my responsibility. I am the only thing that keeps him here, in the mountains, away from the rest of the world where he surely would destroy, and consume, all the Earth has to offer.”

“That’s a little dramatic, don’t you think?” you snorted. You felt as if it were better to stay here. Life had been so calm without Voidster. Plus, the thought of being trapped back in the house with the rutting, vile male made your skin crawl. “He’s been alone for a long time, he just likes having control of you.”

“Perhaps...” he replied, flicking his white gaze over to you while you sighed, leaning your skull further against the wicker chair while you stared at him incredulously as he went on. “But he is all that I have tying me to this place as well. In an odd, twisted balance...we preserve one another. I cannot abandon him. Anyway, it is not as if we could elude him forever. It is best to work together, and mayhap you will get a betterment of the deal we strike.”

“And what would that be?” you spoke, not really expecting a miracle. You were always the brunt end of their desires, just a simple little distraction, a pet.

“To prevent...the threat of breeding,” you shuddered, frowning at the reminder. “It is possible to list you as ‘off limits’, as you may call it.”

“Yeah, like he would ever follow that rule,” you scoffed, rolling your head back down to stare at your book. The frown stained your lips, Voidster was a bastard, and he did what he wished regardless of consequences.

G knew that was a pathetic idea, but he kept the other, more serious options to himself. Such as sterilizing you, something that would possibly only deepen your fears despite its logic. “We shall see,” he breathed, turning his attention back to the forest and began to descend the small flight of stairs to the overgrown path leading away from the cabin. “Stay here, do not leave under any circumstances.”

Sighing, you didn’t bother to watch him go. Chewing at your bottom lip, your eyes focused in on the page, the text, but you weren’t reading. Too caught up in your thoughts. G would probably be gone all day, but you feared it wouldn’t be him that came back.. If he came back at all. Quickly, you turned to see the lich slip through the trees, dissolving into the shadows.

Well, you could at least try to enjoy the rest of your vacation. Lightly shaking your head, sighing heavily through your parted lips, you forced yourself to ingest the words on the page. Eventually, you fell back into the lull of nature. Birds chirping, leaves and grasses swaying. The fresh air settled your stomach, and allowed you to embrace serenity once more. The lich was more than capable, he was intelligent, and quick. Where Voidster had brawn and sheer, raw violence, G had his more patient, careful cunning disposition.

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The lich kept a blank face as he slid between the trees, a ghost in the gently stirring environment. He probably should have planned ahead, and far sooner. It wasn’t like him to do things from spontaneity, but he knew he couldn’t keep avoiding this for much longer. His mind had been so caught up in the journal, on those delicate words on those old pages, that he hardly thought about his mate besides the obvious anger nestled in his heart for the man. He had a feeling there was jealousy there, now he knew for certain.

Voidster would never find the journal again, and even if he did.. G had memorized every last word, every punctuation and date. Her

lingering scent upon the pages had faded as he leafed through the entries, but on his last hunt he brought a few, small, wild daisies to tuck within the pages. A lasting homage to her memory, as the booklet now laid tucked away, nestled in a secret cache behind a loose stone of the fireplace.

She had been his first love, she had shown him emotional attachment and intimacy of lingering with another person. When her body was given back to the Earth, he had showed after the ceremony, to stand vigil. He never knew she had been cremated.. With her soul gone from this plane of existence, he had never, not once, thought of reviving her. The lich knew she was gone, but the thought, the mere suggestion, that her friends had figured otherwise.. It solidified his beliefs on keeping those ties severed.

The only interactions he had with them now, was the small, parting gifts and offerings they left at her grave. Letters, flowers.. Trinkets. Luckily, her plot was away from the general part of the cemetery, private. Her remains were nestled on a hill, beside an ancient willow who stood guard when the lich could not. He had been seen enough, with his dark cloak, hood drawn.. A stance of the reaper, to keep hoodlums away from her area. There was never the scent of strangers upon that hill, it was a small comfort to him, and one he knew she would have appreciated as well.

While Voidster had taken her memories from him, as much as he could, he never interfered with the lich's silent visitations. He even accompanied him, when the Earth was freshly turned and casket newly delivered. G knew it was to keep an eye on him, his grief had been incomprehensible, and agonizing, but not standing alone on that hill for the first time brought him a final sense of peace. His first vigil was quiet, but only because of the stance of his mate behind him, eyeing and turning away the lingering mourners with his mere presence.

Only few knew of his doppelganger, and they all feared him. It had prevented visitors from 'checking in on him', though the sheer coincidence of seeing detective Briggs on the day his mate was struck

by a car would surely start to stir curiosity within that circle once more. G had enough on his plate, whenever he wasn't drinking, or freely bleeding on a table, he was embracing his own ferality. Drawing that line between who he once was, and what he now had become.

The lich covered ground quickly, sprinting with the faintest shuffle of foliage and debris at his feet. He was a whisper, a shadow, slinking and gliding across the ground in an effortless gait while the air pulled at his jacket and filled his lungs with vitality. His worries were left behind him, falling into his natural instinct. Lips parted, gently panting, he neared the modest estate, and with it came the growing scent of his mate. Heavy, acrid and wild.

Voidster had criss crossed methodically, combing the forest. Luckily, he started in the wrong direction, but he was making his way towards the cabin. G had been correct in his assumption about the male, but was still impressed by the distance his partner had managed to cover in only a few days time. He wasn't sure what to expect, determination.. Or sheer, utter, wrath.

Slowing, the pads of his feet lightly stirred the dirt beneath his claws, trampling the short green grass beneath him. The scent was now particularly strong, and he had to be cautious. Stalking forward, the lich panned his gaze every which way, his jaws hanging further open to continue breathing in the air, tasting the natural musk of his mate. He couldn't get a read on the emotions of his partner through scent. Although, the surroundings were left untouched and that spoke volumes. Perhaps he had finally calmed down. Or perhaps he only wanted G to think that he had.

As if the thought had summoned the man, the beast padded slowly out from between two trees to his side, making no effort at stealth as he approached. His face was uncharacteristically grim, his hands and forearms covered in gashes, scrapes, and bruises that he had likely inflicted upon himself in his murderous rampage of a few nights ago. He was shirtless, barefoot, wearing only his trousers, which were smeared with dirt and stiff with blood. His violet eyes were dull with fatigue.

Halting a few feet away, the larger monster shifted uncomfortably. His skin glistened with the heat of his rut, and it clearly pained him even to hold still for this brief exchange, but his eyes drank in the sight of his mate like cool, sweet water in the desert.

[I was uncertain if you would come back.]

“I preferred not to wait for you to find me,” G replied dryly, carefully observing the reactions of the other male. He glanced away at that. It was obvious that he hadn’t slept since the fight, that he had spent every waking moment searching for the lich, methodically destroying everything in his path. That the trees around them remained untouched was a small miracle, or perhaps a sign that the rut was easing. Not that he would dare bring you within sight or scent of Voidster just yet.

[I find myself at a loss for words,] Voidster said abruptly, perhaps as surprised by the fact as G was. He stepped nearer the lich, who watched warily until his mate was close enough to touch. Raising one massive arm, the beast caressed his face with surprisingly gentleness, lingering on the livid bruises around G’s throat. **[I almost killed you.]**

“Aye,” he responded sardonically, raising an eyebrow. Voidster had come closer to such a feat in the past, but it wasn’t prudent to bring up such things when his mate was still struggling with his heat. “You’ve also destroyed my...her property. The things that you deem not worth saving. Sentimental trinkets. They weren’t yours to burn.”

[Are you…?] Voidster mused, withdrawing his hand with a slight smile. **[I feared that such trinkets, insignificant as they were, would draw you back to the edge of the abyss. Are you truly so heartless that you would abandon me? Or the new human girl you’ve taken under your wing?]**

The words were dangerously close to being insulting, yet his tone remained calm, balancing the harshness with something almost like respect. **[You know that if you ever did…leave, so to speak, I would destroy her. I would have no reason not unleash the full strength of my abilities on this world.]**

"I know." The words were spoken steadily, but it was a terrifying reality. Voidster had the intelligence, the ruthlessness, that if he wasn't kept chained to the world of the living, he would drag them all down in a spectacular spiral of pure destruction. You had thought it was dramatic to say it as such, but they both knew the truth. In a world of predators and prey, Voidster was a force beyond nature. Without G to balance him, very little if anything could stop the destruction that would ensue.

[Lover…] He paused, glancing at the face of the other male. Those purple eyes were sincere, heated with lust and something more. **[Let me make it up to you.]** G snorted softly, having no doubt what his mate meant with those words. Never mind that it was an 'apology' that benefited Voidster more than himself, as the other man desperately needed to blunt the edge of his need. Still, it was better than nothing, and that was usually what he had to accept from the man.

"We still have much to discuss," he reminded the prowling male, holding up a hand as if to forestall his advance, only to lightly drag his clawed fingers down the scarred chest of his mate. **[Later,]** the beast breathed, leaning in to claim a kiss. Their tongues entwined, jaws parted tenderly to allow the first of many small battles for dominance in the dance of their lovemaking. G submitted to the kiss, letting Voidster slide one hand behind his head, the other tucking behind his lower waist.

The sheer heat radiating off of the beast was unsurmountable. Slick with sweat, and blood, the lich was tucked tightly against the male as their tongues twisted and pulled against one another. Voidster was

panting, his heavy breath escaping the edges of their mouths while his fingers gripped onto his mate possessively. G couldn't help but to fall into the scent of this being, allowing his eyes to close as he was led backwards, his spine suddenly hitting the rough bark of a large oak.

For a moment, their passions lingered before parting with a subtle, peck. Violet, glimmering eyes peered down at the lich as his own lids gently lifted, staring back with a distant reserve. Despite his heat, his painful arousal pressed tightly to the lich's abdomen, his hand gently pulled from the back of G's neck. Delicately, he traced his fingertips along the dark grey bruises along the side of his throat.

[Where have you been..?]

The lich gazed upwards at his mate while Voidster's hands began to roam to the front of his chest, dragging his zipper downward to expose his tattered, pale hide. "Nearby.." A light, soft hitching warbled in his mate's throat, shaking his head as he slid his hands across the lich's protruding ribs. Feeling him, Voidster released a steady breath against the male's lips, his hips grinding tightly forward and he noticed his mate's own arousal beginning to stir.

[Ah.. to the East, then.] pushing his hand upwards, he hooked his thumb up against the lich's jawline, tilting his head slowly upward to truly take in the dark welts upon his throat. **[I would not have guessed you to...travel so near that place.]** Tucking his face into the crook of G's neck, slipping his tongue forth, he tasted the tender, salted skin before him. The shiver the lich gave him stirred a moan from deep within the beast's chest, roughly pressing his concealed, throbbing shaft against his mate.

Not wanting to speak of it, G remained silent, eyeing the side of his mate's face as his roaming hands slipped within his trousers, pushing them downwards. The lich gave a deep, shaky huff, placing his hands upon the male's chest before he was suddenly hiked up against the tree. Legs spread, claws biting into the backs of his thighs, the lich

began to growl rather heavily. In a quick, lustful bite, Voidster pinned the man to the tree as fumbling, skeletal hands unzipped his slacks to free his aching manhood.

Without warning, his heat pressed at the lich's entrance, making him twitch and shudder from the surprising amount of slick coating his mate's shaft. He always hated how sullied Voidster could be, but, with how thick his rut was, it was possible the man just could not find true fullfillment. Sharp, slimy fangs dug into the side of G's neck as a thick, shaking snarl tore through the beast's throat. The lich was used to this man's aggression, but he still couldn't hold back a pained groan with the harsh, thrust given to him.

Forced to accept his mate's aching shaft, the lich dug his claws into the beast's hide, tearing downwards across his chest. Tilting his head backwards, baring his fangs, G could not suppress the trailing groan riding on his quickening breath. Voidster gave no subtlety, no tenderness, shoving and rolling his hips upward to work himself deeper. Refusing to accept resistance, the male sneered, gripping tightly to the lich's thighs as he pulled the man down against him with each, vicious, buck.

In a final, quick burst, he hilted himself within his mate's heat. Panting, groaning, he released the lich's neck to give a hearty, possessive lick along side of his neck and shoulder. G shivered, reaching up to try to give himself better leverage but his biceps were snatched up by hard, bony, fingers. Surprise widened his sockets as his arms were jerked back along the sides of the thick, ancient tree.

[Even though you returned to me of your own volition, I can't help but feel as if you are still running from me.] The lich panted, beginning to glare at his mate who slowly brought his face upwards from his neck to hover before his lips. **[I cannot allow that…I must know that you are truly submitting. No games. No… *treason* .]**

"I did not betray you-" G suddenly gasped, his arms being drug back

farther as he was given a particularly hard thrust. Pain seared through his spine, a pressure building in his shoulders as he winced and panted. He was ground against the rough bark of the tree, his mate's pacing was violent and urgent. Thrusting heavily, tearing through his resistant body, Voidster took the pained groans and shudders the lich gave him, yet still craved more.

Tilting his head downwards, Voidster rubbed and nudged his face along his mate's, smearing his scent across him in ownership. He had searched for so long, destroying everything in his path on his hunt for punishment, for vengeance. Though, he couldn't keep up with his aggressive tracking as the hours bled into days, his rage had melted into a deep craving and now that he had his prize he would truly pillage every last inch the lich had to take.

G shut his eyes tightly, breathing through his bared, glistening fangs as he hissed and spat. Being shoved, rocked and speared by the powerful beast trembling and grinding against him. Sweat, and blood, smeared along his tattered chest, completely smothering his own scent with that of the rutting beast. He could feel his jacket being torn at his back, his spine grinding into the thick bark, cutting and scratching into his hide.

Panting, heaving, and with snarls riding on every exhale, Voidster clawed into the lich's thighs. Black, oily blood coating his dirtied fingertips as a winding, needy, pressure built within his gut. Focusing on the pained sounds of his mate, he drove himself steadily, his hip bones erratically digging into the man against him. G was tensing, squirming and writhing against his slick, scalding flesh.

The lich strained to speak, only being able to groan his mate's name which brought a shudder down his spine. Spurred to quicken his pace, his thrusts were sharp, malicious and unrelenting. G struggled against the bonds at his arms, twisting, snarling and heaving all he did was add further, stabbing pressure to his shoulders. "L-love.. *Please* ." he gasped, his toes splaying while a tremble coursed through his haunches.

G's shoulders began to creak, the skeletal hands threatening dislocation. Paired with the vicious, breeding motions of his mate the lich was truly being tested and he wasn't sure how long he could accept, and submit, to this punishment. Voidster closed his eyes, panting into the crook of his struggling mate's neck, nearing completion. **[This is subtle, to what you inflicted on me..]**

He gave a wicked buck, ramming his length through the lich to draw a satisfying, gasping, cry from deep within his lungs. **[Days of relentless uncertainty, scouring the wilds until nightfall and farther still-]** Voidster snarled, his motions falling into a shallow, erratic thrusting, **[-I could not catch even a whiff of you, until early this morning. So faint, so.. *Frustratingly far away from me.*]**

Tilting his head back, the lich coughed, gasping and arching his back against the pull of his arms, the burning pain of his loins. Suddenly, the beast shot forward, snatching onto the lich's shoulder in a wretched bite that spilled forth a gushing of obsidian, inky blood. Twisting and lapping the harsh, chemical, life essence in his jaws Voidster gave heavy, final thrusts. It took only short, shallow edging before a deep, pleasant, groan pressed outward over the tender flesh in his maw.

Spilling his seed, he drove himself forward while simultaneously pulling the lich downward, hilting himself as the lich gave a loud, agonizing cry. The sound reverberated through his entire body, shuddering and milking the pulsing, twitching shaft within him. A soft echo of his mate's outburst filtered through the forest, the breath in his lungs trailing away into a heavy, shaking grunt. G's head lightly rolled against the bark behind him, heaving and shivering against Voidster's slick, heaving chest.

Slowly, the tight grip against the lich's biceps faded, allowing him to shakily draw his arms forward, groaning at the tender ache welling in his joints. Voidster released his neck, lapping the blood from the lich's newly delivered wounds before pressing his lips against them, trailing

up the side of his neck as he panted. Pulling his hands up, keeping his partner up with his hips, he slid his hands along the lich's sides, feeling his body. **[You can't leave me like that..]**

The lich was struggling to breathe, wrapping his arms up around his mate's neck to ease the shivering, painful throbbing of his shoulders. His mate carefully wrapped his arms around him, peeling his back off of the bark to rest against his tattered, hot, forearms instead. Voidster's breath beat against the side of his face, his lips tenderly brushing along his quivering jaw line. **[You, are the only one who can survive me.. Who, inspires me. The times that you had been out of my sight, out of my.. protection, you are a danger to yourself.]**

Wheezing, G panted, his eyes closed and body trembling as a hot, slick, coated him to dribble onto the forest floor beneath them, "You...are a danger..."

[*We* are dangerous. Together, we are unstoppable.]

Slowly, the two of them began to nuzzle along the other, catching their breath, and lingering into an intimate aura. It wasn't long before their lips met again, passion leading their tongues, mixing their flavors and giving each other softly, gentle sounds of pleasure. Despite their arguments, their predatory instincts and dysfunctional dynamic, they were all they had.

***

You had been engulfed in your story when a ravenous, distant, scream pierced through your focus and jostled you into reality. The sound was deep, familiar, as if static carried it through the forest to sit upon the bell of your ears in a ticklish sense of urgency. Pulling your gaze upwards, you let the novel droop down into your lap as a gentle

breeze carried the scent of butterfly wings and flowery pleasantries; caressing your soft, silken face.

Watching the dainty blades of grass bend and sway to the lazy wind, your eyes trailed outward into the line of trees just past the quiet field where the lich had swept himself away. An odd, unsettled vibe nestled in your stomach. Slipping your fingers across the course page, you dog-eared your place without looking and gently closed the cover. You waited, for a moment longer, expecting to hear another outcry.. But you never did. Still, you knew in your heart what had caused that sound, and who it had come from.

Silently, you pulled your feet from their upright position, the sunlight glinting from the black band strapped around your ankle. Setting the book behind you, your toes patted the surface of the faded wooden deck, sitting tall and alert you listened further but only the sound of bugs chittering in the grass answered your curiosity. The light fabric of your borrowed sundress brushed across your legs as you stared into the shadows of the trees just beyond the way, expecting to see violet, glittering eyes at any moment. Unknowingly, your back began to tense, and after a few more minutes of this soiled peace you stood.

“I can’t just wait here like this..” you murmured, dipping your chin to look across the deck and slipped into some faded flats which were also left behind by that woman. It was an odd coincidence how your shoe size was relatively the same, and the fabric was worn in enough to not cause discomfort as you carefully stepped along the railing to the stairs just a few feet away. Resting your hand on the wooden rail, you took in a breath and breathed, “If he hurt G.. then he’s coming to hurt me too..”

Your fingertips dug into the parched wood, your eyes narrowing as you felt a warmth quicken within your chest, brimming with a brilliant aura, “I’m not going to sit here and let him.”

With that, your toes carried you down the small flight of stairs to the

overgrown path but you took a sharp right. Letting your body fall into a natural rhythm you skirted around the deck, off into the woods in hopes that the itchy grass would help cover your tracks, and scent.

Even as you fled, your ears strained to hear any further noises from the distance but still, nothing would come. It left you uneasy, and compelled your feet to fly further into a delicate jog, watching the forest floor as you danced around fallen branches and scratchy weeds. Soon enough, as you turned to look over your shoulder, the cabin was long lost behind the hills and closely knitted trees around you. Letting out a gentle sigh, you turned forward once more and pressed onward.

Getting lost in the woods wasn't really on your mind, you doubted that the monsters would be unable to find you in the end. But if G had gotten hurt, badly enough to cry from it, you truly didn't want to be a sitting duckling just waiting for the fox to gobble you up. Though, it wouldn't be too bad if a cougar or a bear did that for the violet eyed vulpine. Snorting, you walked forward, enjoying the silence and crisp mountain air.

After what felt like a half hour of walking, a blackened, crumbled, building caught your eye. Without fear, you made your way over to it and the closer you got the tighter your stomach became. It had been a cabin, similar to the one you had stayed in with the lich, but this one was twice the size. Shambling up the overgrown, scorched path you trailed your gaze upwards and dryly swallowed. Most of the roof had collapsed inward and the bearing walls seemed to sag with strain, the front door was somehow laid strewn and splintered across the modest patio. An explosion, maybe?

Standing right before the steps, you slowly looked around you, and realized just how silent it was here. Not even the sounds of birds graced your presence, and the wind was oddly still. Your gaze fell back onto the wide open front entry way, taking a deep breath you carefully tested your weight on the stairs that groaned with your weight but held fast. Skirting your toes along the burnt, ashen shards of the front door you made your way carefully inside, drawing your gaze every which way.

The caved in part of the home was focused in the far corner, scaffolding and ashen beams lay in a heap. The floorboards beneath this pile sagged under the weight, but litter and various destroyed furniture lay strewn about hap hazardously. Remnants of a rug lay charred, stringy and chalked across what you presumed was a living room, once upon a time.

“I wonder how this happened.. And how did it not cause a forest fire..?” you murmured to yourself, pausing to notice how the floorboards had shrunk and you could partially see downward through them. A basement? The cabin you stayed in didn't have a basement.. Or one that you knew of, that is. Tentatively, you shuffled forward, the wood beneath you creaking ever so softly as you brought your focus up to the sagging, remnants of the roof.

The blaze that had ravaged this place had been an inferno, the flames had engulfed and gnawed through the large decorative beams along the ceiling hardly left a carcass behind. You were so focused on the damage above you, you didn’t notice the deepening groan of the floorboards until you fully placed your weight down. Suddenly, the floor lurched beneath you, the loud snapping of wood enveloped you as you were tossed downward into the cellar. A breathless cry left your lungs but was soon extinguished as your body hit, and rolled. Dust, debris and the clattering of wood peppered around you as you lay on your side in the dimly lit, cold, basement. Coughing, you managed to wheeze and press yourself up. “Shhit…” you panted.

Clouds of dirt hung around your form, to which you continued to cough and wave away with your hand. The floor beneath you was soft and luckily broke your fall. Squinting upwards, you peered up at the hole you had fallen through and mentally kicked yourself. You were a good fifteen feet down, there’s no way you would be getting back up the way you came. Sighing, you snorted and pulled dusty bits of hair from your face to try looking around the space you had fallen into.

Soft beams of light trailed down from the spaces between the

floorboards, sort of illuminating the room down here. Dark, silky shadows were strewn about the chilled lower level, possible clutter and various rubble. Trying to have your eyes adjust to the darkness you focused across the room and frowned, it was the area just beneath the caved in roof and all sorts of debris lay crumbled into a heap. Heavy beams criss crossed every which way, along with mighty stones. Quickly, you whipped your head around, desperate to find the staircase.. But you soon came to realize it must be beneath all of the rubble, there was no way to get out.

***

The force of Voidster's rut left G staggered. Despite their violent lovemaking, the beast was hardly sated, and the glazed look in his violet eyes didn't bode well for anyone on the receiving end of that gaze. Still, he had been gone for hours, and you were trapped at the cabin, without food or water. He had no choice but to retrieve you, and hope that his mate was sufficiently satisfied not to attack you on sight. He could keep the other man distracted, but only if you did nothing to excite his predatory instincts. It was a gamble, but one he had no choice but to take.

Of course, Voidster had refused to let him leave, however briefly, on his own. So he lead the other man to the cabin, that quiet, secluded place that had been another piece of his life with Sun. He only hoped that his mate would respect his wishes, and not burn this to the ground as well. He knew that Voidster was literally incapable of understanding such sentimental attachment, but he believed that the beast was beginning to understand their significance to the lich, if nothing else.

The day was warm and blissfully peaceful, aside from the earlier violence that had left him both sore and satisfied. The book you had been reading was carefully marked and set aside. You must have retired, perhaps to rest since he had been gone for such a long while. It didn't occur to him that you might have disobeyed his command to stay at the cabin until he opened the door, and a fast visual sweep revealed that it was empty.

[So, the little songbird flew away…] Voidster mused behind him, coldly taking in the quaint little cabin with all its small domestic comforts. **[Shall we go a-hunting, my love?]**

He could sense his mate's excitement at the prospect, and shook his head slightly. "There is no need. Her scent is clear, she likely went to explore. She wouldn't have fled." It was a poor lie, but sufficed to calm the rapidly pacing man before him. The last thing he needed was Voidster prepared to give chase, believing you to have escaped or fled from them. Even though that was likely exactly what had happened. When he had screamed earlier, it must have reached the cabin. Only a fool would have remained, if you had believed Voidster to have slain or terribly wounded him.

"Join me on a walk? The day is clear and beautiful. I can think of nobody I would rather spend it with."

A quick, suspicious glance. Voidster knew when he was being manipulated, but often couldn't resist the flattery regardless. **[Very well,]** he responded slowly, giving G a thoughtful look. **[It has been some time since we spent the day in leisure such as this. Perhaps we will come across our errant human, as well.]**

That they would be following your scent was a given, but if the beast was willing to pretend that it was nothing more than a relaxing walk through the woods, there was hope for you yet.

The two monsters strode side by side, and while their pace was quick, nearly a sprint for a human, it was soft and enjoyable for them. Your scent took them winding through the trees, and while the glistening man beside him was shivering in restrained excitement the lich remained collected. Subconsciously, they matched each other in stride, not letting the other surpass, and not allowing the other to fall behind.

Soon, a decrepit structure came into view and the lich suddenly drove the pads of his toes into the forest floor to halt and slow himself. Voidster continued to pad, looking over his shoulder with a half lidded expression before coming to a stop himself twenty yards ahead. G was staring wide eyed on the burned down cabin, peeling back the layers of the seasons to the blizzard swept scene that now filled his mind. Ice, bitterness, urgency.. All intermingled on his palate.

Voidster gently panted, turning his shoulder more towards his mate. **[Surely, you knew this was here.. Did you not?]**

It didn't seem as if the lich could hear him, at first, but after a few tense moments G flicked his white eyes onto the man before him. He did not speak, but he did slowly begin to move once more to approach the ruins. Voidster turned to fall in step with his mate, lightly panting, the noise somehow reassured the lich as they both climbed the steps and stood before the splintered ruins of the front door. A flash of a memory, G's own body bursting from within to fling into the wilds with a wild, chest and throat tearing screech that nearly split his own skull. Covered in blood, smelling of daisies.

A hand fell upon his shoulder, causing the lich to jolt and jerk his head towards Voidster who murmured, **[I can retrieve the girl, it is clear you aren't ready for this.]**

"I do not remember.. Fire.." he nearly whispered, and Voidster dipped his head in knowledge. The realization clicked, his mate had truly burned any, and every, memory that had to do with this place those months ago in December. G hadn't realized he had begun to slouch, and pant, until his mate slipped past him through the door. He was left to his thoughts, the ones he struggled to suppress as he brought a hand to his face. Bits and pieces came to him; candles, murmurs, a sharp scream-

He quickly brought his head up, the sound of a terrified shriek reverberated through the wood at his feet while he watched the back

of his broad chested mate skillfully step across the groaning floorboards.

***

You were trapped.

Despite this dawning, unsettling, fact, you refused to let it sink in. Slipping your hand outward to better brace yourself to stand up, your fingers caressed something smooth. Curiously, you looked down and scrunched your brow at the oddly round, smooth stone beneath your hand. Carefully, you stretched your fingers around the object, tightened your grip and lightly shook it free from the Earth. Dark sands trickled from the strange item, and your confusion only grew.

“What..?” you whispered, slowly turning the object over. Two large, empty sockets stared up at you with a broken line of teeth resting just beneath the smashed in nasal cavity. You screamed, shoving the skull away from you to have it clatter and roll across the ground while you kicked and hurled yourself backwards. The feeling of that cold, smooth surface was stained on your hand and you tried to suppress the wild sob that threatened to spill from your throat. You touched a skeleton, you touched a REAL, skeleton.

“O-oh my god…” you wheezed, your back pressing up against the stone wall as you stared at the now still skull which was staring off across the room from you. Just then, hard, slow thuds echoed up from above. Flinging your hand to your mouth you shrunk tighter against the wall, a whine pressing into your palm as clouds of dust billowed down into the cellar. You watched in sheer horror as a soft silhouette trailed along the ceiling above you, before a dark, intelligent voice hummed.

[Oh, little songbird.. Come out, come out wherever you are.] he

sounded slightly winded, yet his words echoed with a light chuckle.

Not him, oh God.. *not him.*

Blinking away the tears, resisting your fear, you turned your gaze across the room beside you, into the various rubble. The perfect hiding spot. Swallowing against the forming lump in your throat, you carefully inched your way across the dirt floor, ignoring stones and debris snagging your palms and the edges of your dress. The image of skeletal hands reaching from the Earth, snagging your clothing, made you hasten your approach and before you knew it you dived beneath a heavy beam and pressed back into a clump of jagged wood.

Staring wide eyed across the illuminated room, you saw a secondary shadow join the first, hovering just before the small hole you had made in the floor when the wood had given way. Straining to listen against the soft whistle of air attempting to burst from between your lips, you drew your hands up to your mouth to silence yourself. Soon after, you could really begin to hear what was being said as you sat tucked beneath the rubble.

***

The lich trained his dilated, serious gaze down through the hole in the floor while his mate stood just off to the side with his arms folded and expression curious. **[I do not hear anything further, perhaps she broke from the fall-]**

“Nay, it is not a large drop and the Earth is rather soft below..” his voice was strained, obviously feeling uncomfortable being in the remains of a horrid place. Yet, knowing this horrendous place was baptized in flame brought him a sick sense of peace, allowing him to breathe easy amidst the stirring ash. Slowly, the man knelt, wincing through his sore body while he tilted his head to the side to try

peering further into the darkness.

“My dear..” he began, clearing his voice as a thick settling of static blanketed his syllables. “This is no place for you. Come, let us leave this tomb.”

You stayed still, frozen in place as you struggled to breathe. G sounded, odd. Obviously pained, it was possible Voidster was just manipulating him, using him, like usual. You know what you heard, G had gotten hurt out there and you knew Voidster had something to do with it. The thought of seeing those cruel violet eyes again made your stomach churn. Which truly did not help with the general atmosphere, hidden away with the skeletons.

The silence that replied to the lich nearly made Voidster begin to pace, yet he refrained. G glanced over, taking in how the man’s muscles twitched, nearly shuddering as he held his jaws open to breathe in the dust swirling around them. “I will go in-” lilac eyes trained in on him immediately, seeming disappointed, “-I will be but a moment.”

With that, the lich pressed forward, peering back into the hole as his form slipped between the damaged floorboards to land on all fours with barely a sound. Crouched, and struggling to control his breathing, he drew his head upwards as soft clouds of dust trailed around his knuckles. White, glistening eyes scanned the room, panning over your hiding spot to the center of the room where he froze. He stayed like that, hunched, and stiff, for a few tense beatings of your heart.

Before him, memory faded to reality, he found himself locked into place. Instead of ash, there was the strong scent of sage, rose petals, blood. Crimson tapestries covered the stone walls, dark hand prints staining their surface as candlelight flickered across the heavily woven fabric. There were humans here, once. Cloaked, gazing at him with awe, tears in their eyes; while his were locked onto the soft shimmer

of a coated dagger.

[Love, your 'moment' has bled into quite a few already.]

A soft snort left the lich, shaken from this adverse, distant reality to where only the grey, ashen remains of the cellar remained. His eyes closed, shaking his head as he drew in a shaky breath beneath the stern gaze of the male above him. Slowly, G began to stand up and turned his focus upwards, out of the hole. You lowered your hands, your unease giving into curiosity, as the lich muttered, "I am fine."

The look Voidster gave to his mate was rather serious, but the lich just brought his gaze back to his surroundings. He swept his eyes around a few times before stalking forward, violet eyes glued onto the tattered back of his jacket before he slipped from view. G could only smell, only taste, ash. It was.. Otherworldly. It was completely different than the dungeon it had once been, he hardly recognized the place.. Or so he told himself, a pressure built in his skull while his lips carefully parted.

He could hear the soft beating of a heart, frantic, weak. The lich's spine rolled oddly in place, his shoulders pulling awkwardly from their joints as he tentatively swept his toes across the rolling hills of soot. Soft clouds wrapped and billowed up against his sharp ankles. The new, precise scars lining the edges of his feet were greeting this room for the first time, and how they did itch. G was pulled between dimensions with every careful step forward, his breath becoming laden against his windpipe.

As the lich came closer, you got a better look at him and he seemed genuinely all right. The bright flicking of his eyes, searching, looking for you, was comforting. With G nearby, strong and protective, you felt more secure, even if Voidster was waiting just overhead. A gentle sigh left your lungs. It was enough of a noise for the lich to suddenly jerk his focus towards you. His white gaze radiated a gentle light, illuminating his stoic features as he locked straight onto you. All you

could do was stare at him, wide eyed. He carefully made his approach, his feet shifting on the settled ash before he finally came to a crouch before the pile of broken beams and wood that concealed you.

“What are you doing..?” he murmured, his tone of voice was off, bothered. “Did I not tell you to remain where you were?”

Speechless, all you could do was shiver beneath the beams of wood separating the both of you. The lich gently sighed and leaned forward, dipping his outstretched hand through the bars. His upturned hand hovered a few feet before you, just out of reach. You eyed his hand for a bit, finally shaking enough of your fear to murmur, “I.. I heard a scream..”

“Aye.. that was me, it was nothing serious. It is a common occurrence for my voice to carry. Now, take my hand, let us get out of this rotten, cursed place.”

“C-cursed..?” you stammered, tentatively reaching out for his hand. His fingers delicately wrapped around you, helping support your weight as you slipped back out from the wreckage and stood before him.

He merely hummed, averting his gaze from the rest of the room as he led you with him back to the hole he had dropped down in. When you looked up, biting your lip, you glared at the violet eyes twinkling down to the both of you. He looked disgusting, glistening with sweat and slathered in dirt with that smug look on his face. God, how you hated him. **[My, my.. What a pleasantly wrapped little treat..]**

Gathering he was mentioning your dress, your glare only hardened all the more. Not dignifying him with any sort of response besides your undisguisable disdain. Suddenly, G grabbed your waist and hoisted you upwards. Gasping, you gripped onto his wrists and turned your

glare down onto the lich as he lifted you up from the floor above him. Hissing, you lightly wiggled, “oh no, I don’t think so-”

“How else do you suppose we do this, then?” he mused, blank faced. Yet, his sockets were twitching.

“I don’t know-!” you spat, staring directly into those white eyes below you, “throw me through the fucking floor who cares, I don’t trust that creep with anything-”

[How rude.] His voice was closer, a soft smile riding on his words. Looking upwards again you would have recoiled if it weren’t for the lich’s hold on you. Voidster had laid down on the floor, his arm reaching down towards you with a smirk tugging at his lips, **[are you daring to look a gift horse in the mouth?]** Beads of sweat were slipping down over Voidster’s arm, your expression scrunching into that of disgust while the floorboards beneath the monster above groaned and shifted.

G stared upwards, but not at anything in particular. He could feel the ghosts grabbing onto his calves, clawing up his legs as the past groaned and clung to him. Forgotten souls, damned souls. Their corpses were everywhere. Stuck in a place where the sun had dissolved, only dark, bitterness remained and it was screaming at him, deep within the recesses of his soul. He muttered, a dark tone warbling in his voice, “if that is what you wish.”

Before you could even question him, the lich tossed you upwards. You felt his fingers slip from your waist just as the rough, slick arm of the beast above snaked around your torso and with a deep grunt Voidster hauled you from the cellar. Crumbles of wood sloughed beneath the jostling form of the monster, pattering down onto the lich who snorted and stared through the rain of silt washing down over his body. Once above ground, you rolled from Voidster’s grasp, shuffling away from him as quickly as possible. After pushing back halfway across the room, out of reach, you sighed, sitting on the blackened floor near the

wall and watched as he reached back into the hole without even hesitating.

You found his action odd, having fully expected to be molested in some way but not even your dress was damaged in the exchange. Blinking, you tucked your legs beneath you and shivered as the wood beneath you seemed to shift ever so slightly. Voidster huffed, he was doing a good job of displacing his weight, but the floor would only support him for so long. Though, for some reason, he just laid there.. Motionless.

Violet eyes narrowed down on the image beneath him, swirls of dust and ash spiraled in the beam of light piercing the cellar, washing the side of the lich's damaged features as he gazed into nothingness. Inky shadows were crawling up his body, he could feel their fingertips, pulling at his flesh as they moaned. The living had seen him as a savior, as a God. Now, the dead found him as their judge and he had sentenced them all to an eternity.

The lich could nearly see their beady, black eyes pleading upwards for his cracked soul as they desperately tried to commune. But, he refused. The light ray kept them at bay, yet he remained still as stone, bathing in the despair he was so familiar with. Unblinking, he stood, his jacket hanging torn and bloodied from his jagged back. The pressure welled higher in his skull, in his sockets, until a harsh, quiet voice snapped him from his foreboding meditation.

[G, it has been long enough. Let us leave, come.]

The monster blinked wildly through the glittery shaft of light spilling upon him, squinting through the misty illumination he gazed up at the man above him who had his hand outstretched. Swallowing dryly, his voice came as nearly a whisper, "I am not sure the wood will hold-"

[It won't if you continue to take further moments down there. Now, grab on before I lose my patience and come down there myself.] G found his focus trailing downwards, his expression growing heavy, his body itself, was heavy. Suddenly, a high pitched whistle instantly snagged his attention. The lich jolted, staring back up towards Voidster with his eyes dilated while the man growled. **[Don't you dare look around down there, don't you dare think on it for a second. Leave the shadows, join the living. Come to me, Immediately.]**

The lich then furrowed his brows, a breath leaving his jaws as further dust dislodged from the wooden panels above. He wasn't given further time to think as a quick snapping of Voidster's fingers drew his attention down to the glistening claws waiting for him just a few feet overhead. G felt an urge to remain here, to have the carcase of ruin bury him for good, but as he glanced back up into those violet eyes he saw a true emotion reflecting back. Wariness, worry.

[Out with you-]

"Yes, yes-" he spoke with a soft whisper, suppressing the weight of the world while he eyeballed the offered hand as he took a step back and wound his haunches, "-I heard you the first three times."

With ease the lich leapt from the floor, hurtling himself to the ceiling and flung his hand outward. A loud clasping reverberated through the shifting, hardly standing building as the monsters grabbed onto each other's forearms. Voidster began to smirk as he began to pull the lich upwards, grunting through the strain given to his form to remain balanced and yet strong. **[Did you now? This is the first I've heard of it.]**

The wet flesh beneath the lich's grasp was difficult to cling to, yet he held on while his body gently swung beneath the floorboards as Voidster drew him closer. A heaviness was peeled from his lower back, dripping down his calves as the shadows gave way beneath his

knuckled toes. G did not attempt to ignore the pained, distant moans beneath him, he even noted how weighed the air was as he was lifted. But, their punishment brought him a form of clarity. A soft warble worked through his voice, a semblance of laughter while he addressed his mate, shimmering in a halo of white, “paying mind to subtleties is not in your strong suit.”

You sat dumbfounded as you watched Voidster carefully edge backwards, lifting the lich from the abyss with sheer strength, and did not let go even as G crawled forward. You could better see the monster now, and the possible reason for his pain earlier as the back of his jacket was torn, stained in black smudges. They continued to banter, which only added to your confusion, you could have sworn the lich was angry, hurt, and even fearful of his mate but now they seemed perfectly fine. You then began to realize that even if you saw the reason for their bond with your own two eyes, you still wouldn’t understand it. They were far from healthy, or normal but somehow found strength in the oddest of moments.

[My dear, it is a good thing you do not fully understand how skilled I am in observation, the epitome of subtlety.] the boards groaned and cracked beneath them, yet they just calmly continued their retreat together. Voidster had to slip backwards while the lich remained crouched, stretching himself along the floor. G had a slight, barely noticable grin tug at his lips, even as a piece of wood beneath his foot suddenly snapped and hurtled down into the cellar while he skillfully placed his weight onto another board.

“Says the man who was struck by a vehicle just a few weeks ago,” he murmured, a chuckle hitching in his throat. You felt the floor shift beneath you again, and this time you decided to follow along and carefully rose to your feet to tip toe across the room to the doorway. Stopping out on the deck, you leaned in and watched as the helped each other both stand.

[Love, bringing up my accomplishments is no way to tease, or taunt, me.] he mused, his violet eyes locked onto the stiff, obviously sore, body of his mate. The lich attempted to glance around, again,

but Voidster quickly caught his chin with the edge of a knuckled finger. Forcing him to meet his gaze, he held him in place with a gentle stare. **[When we return Home, I will have to show you how to properly jape. That silver tongue of yours can do so much better than that..]**

Slowly, he brought his thumb upwards, swiping across the lich's bottom lip as a gentle pant left his open jaws to brush across G's face. **[I should know..]**

G blinked up at his mate, finding himself caught in another moment of time though the floor began to groan and waver beneath them. Voidster let his hand fall from the lich's maw as he took a few steps back, displacing their weight to allow the both of them to walk towards the door. Violet eyes trained on the lich's back before glancing one last time over the rubble left behind them, stepping in line behind G as they crossed the threshold where the front entrance had been.

The lich reached out, grabbing onto your arm with a firm, yet careful grasp as he led you down the steps, "Come.. it will be getting dark soon."

"W-wait, what is this place-?" you tried, but were cut off as a strong, slick hand grabbed onto your opposing shoulder.

[Rubble, nothing more.]

His fingers dug into your skin, causing you to halt and wince as the lich glanced over and met the features of his mate which were directed onto you. G noticed how Voidster began to encroach upon you, drawing his free hand to try to pick you up into his arms but the lich intervened. With a light tug, you were pulled away from the beast towards the lich who swiftly swept you up into his arms as you

gasped, squeaking, “Do you both have to be so goddamn handsy!?”

G kept his focus on his mate, noticing how his glistening hide shuddered in the waning evening sunlight, “apologies, my dear. It is merely to hasten our pace.”

Folding your arms across your chest you sighed, murmuring, “Vacation’s over..?”

“Indeed,” he replied, turning forward once more as he strode forward and leaned into a gliding gait. You didn’t miss the dark look that the beast gave his mate as he continued walking, glancing often at the two of you with what you’d like to pretend wasn’t overt speculation. You also noticed Voidster’s jaws parting, after which his predatory gaze would seek you out, or the way that G’s arms would tighten slightly around you when this occurred.

If Voidster really was in rut, you definitely preferred that the lich be the one who carried you, but it didn’t settle the feeling of unease in the pit of your stomach as the three of you made your way back to the house.

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When you reached the house with G still carrying you, you felt the lich stiffen in shock as Voidster opened the front door ahead of him. A moment later, you saw the source of his surprise, and felt your mouth fall open in dismay. It was utterly destroyed. Everything, was destroyed. The leather couch had deep gouges that revealed stuffing and springs. The priceless paintings had been torn from the walls and smashed into kindling. The sculptures that G had collected from around the world had met a similar fate, shattered on the floor along with most of the large window in the living room.

The rest of the house was in similar disarray, although the guest bedroom you had been staying in had gotten the worst of it. The dresser that you had found Sun's diary in was now a pile of shattered wood. The mattress was overturned and had chunks torn from it. The books you had been reading were torn to shreds and scattered about the room like so many dead moths.

G was still carrying you, and you were beginning to get irritated. "G, could you put me down now? We're home." The slow way he tilted his head to meet your gaze, and the distant look in his eyes concerned you. Whatever he had experienced at the old, burned down cabin was clearly still affecting him. "Uh, earth to G?" At that, his eyes snapped into focus, burning into your own with an intensity that scared you.

"Please...do not use that phrase," he said softly, sounding pained. You couldn't understand why such simple words could prompt such a strong reaction from the lich, but you could respect that they had clearly triggered a painful memory. "Sorry, G. I'm just worried, you seem really out of it. Are you...are you sure Voidster didn't hurt you, back there?"

The man in question was prowling around in the kitchen, presumably looking for something to eat after spending so many days focused on finding his mate. You felt safe enough speaking freely with him distracted. The lich shifted you in his arms, seeming to see you for the first time since returning to the house.

"Make your way to my study. There is a hidden catch behind the bookshelf that will grant you access to the room I had prepared for...her...protection during Voidster's rut. He was deterred in part by my claim to her, but you have no such protection, being equally his. And he will seek you out, make no mistake. I'd be a flattered fool to assume that I could prevent him from using you far more harshly than anything you've experienced before. Go to that room. Stay there, the bookshelf will realign when you close the door. I will come for you in a day or two, no more than that. If you attempt to leave before

then…” He grimaced. “I cannot assure your safety.”

“Jesus christ. How am I supposed to get past Voidster to even get to your study, G?”

“Do not worry on that account. I shall distract him. In a way, I need him as much as he needs me, if not more right now. My...sins weigh heavily on me, and I am in need of penitence. I will not have your safety on my conscience as well. Now, come.”

Setting you down carefully, he waited for you to gain your bearings, still a little shaky from the day’s events. You noticed him eyeing the soft blue sundress you wore. “Was this...hers?” you asked hesitantly, gesturing to fabric.

“It was, yes. But my thoughts were more that it is unfortunate that everything in your room has been destroyed. The dress looks well on you, and will tempt him all the more since you rarely wear such...feminine attire.” He raised a hand to his forehead and sighed. “It is of no consequence. Come, let’s get this over with.”

Feeling nervous, you followed him out of the room. Voidster was leaning against one of the kitchen counters, drinking some of G’s expensive scotch straight from the bottle. It made you want to gag, but this was the man who also chewed up prescription pills as though they were candy. The way his violet eyes glazed didn’t bode well for either you or G, but you tried to remain unobtrusive as the lich made his way to his mate, leaning up against his broad chest and resting his lips against the side of Voidster’s face.

You barely heard the whispered words, trying to focus on casually walking out of the room.

“My love, the cabin earlier...it has awoken my demons. I could feel the souls of those humans clinging to me, screaming for release. I...wanted to join them. Still, I feel the inexorable tug of the abyss. Buried in ash, punished for my ultimate sin. This urge, I would like you to silence it. ”

[Hmm...I see.] Purple eyes followed your progress across the kitchen, his eyes seeming to devour you as swept them slowly down from your shoulders to your bare legs and feet. **[And yet, you are coherent enough to make such requests of me, which you are usually not. Surely, my dear, this can wait? Until I have had my use of the human pet, I fear that you may find my attentions a shade too...intense for your liking. What occurred in the forest was but the briefest taste of the violence that courses through my veins.]**

He skillfully evaded the body of the lich pressed against him, approaching you with slow, stalking movements. **[Perhaps we could share her, my love. Perhaps she could be part of your ‘punishment’ tonight. What better to bleed your guilt than the defilement of yet another innocent, human girl. A *sacrificial lamb* to draw out the demon.]**

You saw G shudder, stumbling back to brace himself against the counter as the beast stalked ever nearer, reaching one large, clawed hand out to caress your cheek. **[What say you, pet? Do you love him well enough to sacrifice yourself for him, knowing that your pain might buy him reprieve from the tender mercy of my blades?]**

You turned your face away, saying nothing, which for some reason seemed to amuse Voidster. **[No, I didn’t think so. You are not worthy of such a bond with a deity like him.]** Snaking his other arm around your waist, he pulled you hard against his body. No mistaking his arousal when it was pressed against your stomach, and you tried to squirm away. He chuckled, bending to drag his tongue up your throat, tasting your skin as one of his clawed hands slid up beneath your dress to feel you more intimately.

Lifting your dress to caress the curve of your hips, he placed a delicate kiss on the corner of your mouth. **[And we do have a promise to consider, do we not, pet? A female not fit for bonding may still be fit for *breeding.*]** At that, you jolted, and even G glanced up, white lights shrinking to pinpricks in his eyes as he stared at his mate. The beast lowered his free hand to your other hip, tugging you harder against his clothed erection as he leered down at you.

Then he paused, gazing consideringly at the lich, seeming to reach a decision. His breath commingled with yours, lips brushing your mouth as he spoke with cold disdain. **[Leave now, little songbird. The delicacy of roses doesn't suit my mood, but I will crush you beneath me if you remain.]**

With that, he shoved you from him hard, knocking the breath from you when you hit the opposite counter. You glanced at G, but he was staring through you, lost in memories long past, frozen by his own internal anguish. There was nothing he could do for you, and nothing you could do for him. You had no choice but to leave him here, with the sweat-slick, predatory monster that stalked toward the lich now.

Tears blurring your vision, you fled, somehow finding G's study and the hidden room behind it, despite your distress. It took you but a moment to find the cleverly hidden switch, passing your fingers across the device which allowed the heavy shelf to swing open. You slipped inside, the latch clicking softly behind you. With a sigh, you blinked and passed your gaze over the small, familiar room.

Silence then fell upon you, and you could only imagine the poisoned honey that Voidster was whispering into the ear of the man he claimed to love. And yet, perhaps it would help. G seemed to find catharsis in whatever it was they did during these times. You hoped that you wouldn't hear him screaming tonight. It disturbed you enough, seeing the aftermath the next morning. Bandaged cuts, bruises, and the almost languid calm of the lich...it was beyond your understanding.

Shaking with exhaustion, you tore the cap from a bottle of water, gulping it down in long drafts, before curling up on the small bed in the room. There was a tiny adjoining bathroom with a toilet and sink, but no shower. It would have been nice to wash the dust and grime from your body, but you were too tired to care, now. If you were lucky, you would fall asleep quickly. It had been a long day, and G wasn't the only one unsettled by everything that had happened.

Chapter End Notes

SOUR PATCH CANDIES

G's Rut (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

> Without the medication that G had developed to help him stay in control during his rut, he rapidly devolves into a feral beast. How will Voidster and Spot handle this new side of the lich- if they survive him?

Chapter Notes

> G's jizz is black like his soul.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A soft, melodic piano wove through the air of the basement. The gentle ebb and flow of tempo, of crescendo and waver, was a beautiful pairing to the wild, frantic screaming of test subject zero-sixteen. Voidster merely grinned, a tender expression, as he sat cross legged on a large leather chair. He watched with an amused, intrigued appreciation while classical music notes intermingled with sudden hot, gushing noises against the concrete. Those human wails turned into something purely, beautifully, natural. The nearing of death, of the last futile attempts of survival.

In his one hand he rolled and twiddled with a few, small white capsules. In his off hand, he held a prescription bottle. Drawing his fingers upwards he flicked the tablets into his maw, lowering his arm once more to the chair as he chewed methodically. Sugar burst between his sharp teeth, dusting his gums. Pleasure only spread further through the beast while these delicate flavors courted that with the scent of blood, of fear, of unholy power.

‘Be sure..you make me take these, every few hours-’ his mate had panted, visibly shaking and losing himself to ferality. A purple hue had began to draw beneath his eyes. Voidster had nodded, replying with certainty, taking the bottle from the man to place it within his pocket. A few hours later he withdrew the same bottle but with different, meaningless contents. Even as he hand fed these capsules to his

heaving, glistening mate, he grinned.

As he was grinning now. The chase had been exquisite, just as he had trained him to do so over the past few days. Not too vile, not too heavy handed.. But just enough gumption to be instinctive, and cruel. Voidster sucked the sugar through his teeth, rolling his tongue in his maw before a sharp whistle cut across his lips. This halted the rabid, shambled silhouette against the whitewashed wall just long enough for pin sized, white eyes of the lich to hone in on his master.

The human subject beneath the bent, contorted being dripping in sweat, in blood, began to plead and beg once more. Odd behavior, from a Brave soul. Voidster held the lich's gaze, lifting his chin slightly and gauged the waning patience of his new experimental pet before commanding, **[Feast, my beloved.]**

Immediately, the jagged shadow against the wall dove downwards, vicious snarls and wet tearing intermingled with the shrill, agonized cries of desperation from his prey were cut. A loud, sharp, snapping reverberated through the room and sent chills through Voidster. His eyes quivered, breathing in a deep, shaky gulp of air. He could taste it all on his palate, intricate and worthwhile.

Music continued on, watching the feral lich tear into his meal. Blood coursing down the lich's prominent jawline, between each bite, he heaved a snarl. Wicked, demonic even. He knew G always had it in him, but now it was a proven fact. An endearing, entertaining piece of art that he could shape and influence.

For now, Voidster allowed the lich to eat. It had been days, afterall. The lich's obedience was hard bought, and on unsteady ground, but deserved proper reward. He would need to take precautions, of course, for G was rabid and not of his own mind. There was a high possibility of his mate not even remembering all of this after his rut had ended, but he would rather not think on it. His heat would last a few days more, the apex had now drawn upon the lich and no matter

how strenuous the ‘training,’ his mate did not rest.

This would surely cause the lich to crash, eventually. He needed to eat, to sleep, to take pleasure like any other living being despite his undead characteristics and abilities. When the time came, he would allow the monster to rest, but that wouldn’t be anytime soon. Voidster had plans in mind, to fully study the lich’s prowess and behavior for sheer knowledge sake. So far, the results had been quite revealing. G was rather hard to catalogue from the complex body contortions and short temper, but it was a thrill never-the-less.

After allowing his mate to have his fill, Voidster tossed the pill bottle as he stood, grabbing the attention of the crouched, seething monster across the room. Coated, dripping and reeking in the scent of his heat, and foreign blood, G stared upwards and panted. A deep, guttural growl rumbled forth from the lich as Voidster strode by the counter, snagging a rusted, metal, muzzle.

As he approached with the contraption, the lich merely remained still while his hide and spine shuddered in aggression. The monster should have been familiar with the device, but his glossy, wild gaze told Voidster otherwise. **[Remain still, my pet..]** G shuddered, his spine rolling in place in an eerie, grotesque wave, a signal of excitement as he was neared, **[It is time you were rewarded. But you must be properly outfitted, your treat is rather fragile and I do not want you to grow greedy with the consumption of flesh.]**

Loud, vicious snarls shook through the basement as the beast’s wrestled one another. It was a quick battle, one the lich quickly lost. He had his claws clipped, splintered and cracked, G’s tendency to swipe and gouge was taken from him. But perhaps, his other needs could be fulfilled for being such an entertaining, beautiful, experiment. The lich was thrown and locked within one of the holding cells, the thick door sealing the powerful being inside. Voidster smirked beneath the raucous sounds beating through the metal door behind him as he ascended the stairs.

This next test would be very, very interesting.

***

It had been a few days since you've seen either G or Voidster, and while you were okay with the latter it was odd to not see the lich around. Though, he had started to become irritable, even shoving you aside in the kitchen. Perhaps they were just having more troubles with their project in the basement, whatever that was.. You didn't really want to know.

Instead, you enjoyed your quiet time with a book, lounging on the couch with the windows cracked open to listen to the outdoors while you indulged in a new world. There were plenty of novels tucked away, and around, inside of the house. It had been fun finding new tomes to browse and digest, a sort of hobby for yourself to pass the time and keep your spirits lifted. After having a few peaceful days alone, in quiet bliss, you started to feel more like yourself again. Unmolested by the monsters, their obnoxious antics, or demanding sexual needs, you were unconsciously smiling as you read. None the wiser to violet, glistening eyes taking in your relaxed state from across the room.

It wasn't until the sound of heavy footsteps encroached within a few feet of you that you were pulled from your story. Lightly startled, you glanced upwards and took in the monster before you in black slacks and his red turtleneck, per usual. "Where have you guys been..?"

[A new project has kept the both of us.. Rather, distracted.]

You raised a brow, lowering your book into your lap, "Where's G, then..?"

He gestured with his hand lightly, his stance relaxed and..normal, **[He is still working, he has requested that I 'check' on your current status but he seems reluctant to believe my word alone.]**

"I wonder why that is," you murmured under your breath, releasing a gentle sigh, "I guess he wants me to go downstairs, then?"

Without waiting for a reply, you shut the book and drew your legs over the edge of the couch into a seated position. As you lightly tossed the novel onto the cushions, an outstretched, white hand was held out for you to take. Looking upwards you found the monster had a rather neutral expression, but the act in of itself was.. Unsettling. You ignored his offer and stood on your own, he lightly chuckled and motioned for you to step in front of him.

"You first.." you said, eyeing the massive monster before you.

[Ah, you insult me, little songbird. I am to escort you, it would reflect negatively on my word if you were to arrive...hassled.] you still didn't fully believe, or trust him, but you gave in anyways and with a sigh you strode by. Voidster flicked his tongue across his lips, taking in the gentle sway of your hips as you walked. His footsteps were rhythmic, and strong, as he shadowed and directed you where to go.

Interestingly enough, the basement door was located in the hall closet, cleverly disguised. It explained why you never actually saw either of them descend, and hadn't found the staircase yourself. You didn't mind the sound of the door closing behind you, and the footsteps trailing right behind yours as the stairwell took you about two stories down. The concrete shaft was tight, and spiralling, but you didn't mind all that much beneath the curiosity bubbling to the surface.

Soon enough, you reached the bottom and didn't even think twice

about reaching for the handle. With a simple dip against the metal from your hand, you pushed inside and instantly your gaze went from the polished, subtle grey floor to some blood splatters peppering the concrete. The sight led upwards into heavier marks, sloppy and wet. A rock dropped into your gut, gasping at the sea of crimson laid across the room, there was too much to take in.

Overwhelmed, and frightened, you felt your lungs fill with air as you recognized chunks of dark, crimson to be that of slick, mangled bits of meat. Shards of white lingered within these masses focused in one particular area of the room. You stepped back, shaking, and tried to scream but a sharp, heavy blow to the back of your head sent the world spinning. The last thing you remembered was the sound your body made as you collapsed onto the floor, and the bloodstained, black shoes of the monster who had led you here approached.

Then, the world was black, the taste of copper coating the inside of your mouth. A gentle whine slipped through your throat as your body went limp.

***

A cold, hard shiver wound through your body. You felt.. Exposed. With a whimper, your eyelids fluttered open, squinting at the synthetic lights of the room. You saw a shadow, slowly moving through your peripheral vision. Turning your head, a soft sigh left your lips, another chill coursing across your form while your vision came into focus.

You saw crimson, and white, with violet eyes trailing across the surface you were lying upon. As you came to, you heard him humming, you recognized it as some type of classical music but couldn't pin a name to it. The sound made your skin crawl more than it was, as you then realized you were lying on metal, explaining the frigid sensation along your back.

“W-what..are..” you tried, but were still a tad fuzzy. Attempting to pull at your arms resulted in nothing, besides the soft bite of worn in leather grasping at your wrists. Sudden, real, panic broke your through the surface of your confused state of mind. Quickly, you looked side to side, finding both of your hands braced down into the massive table you were tied to. The straps were thick, and wide, creased heavily with dark, black, stains tainting the surface.

Stress made your breathing pick up, frantically turning to look back at Voidster who just continued to hum and was inspecting the table, especially beneath it. “You, lying bastard-!” you seethed, lashing out with your legs to find that they were not bound, whatsoever. But all you did was scramble against the shimmering metal beneath you. “What are you doing-?! Where’s G?!”

[Oh, he will be here shortly.] he mused, rounding the end of the table, lifting a hand to drag his claws against the metal. A grating, high pitched sound ground into your skull and you reflectively cringed, wincing and closing your eyes. With a swipe forward, his claws raked off of the table, leaving silvery trenches in his wake as he stepped towards the door. **[In fact, let me fetch him for you.]**

“You know he hates when you do stupid shit like this, Voidster!” you shouted, angrily pulling at your arms and twisting your body against the table. Not willing to take this lying down, literally, you turned and craned your neck to try seeing where you were, and what kind of table you were strapped to. When you looked up, you were not expecting to see a heavy, sturdy, metal bar just behind, and above, your head. It hovered above the surface, with just a few inches between the bar and table.

Biting your bottom lip, you followed the line of the bar to the side of the table and found this odd decoration on a track. It ran the length of the entire platform, and seemed to be optional, adjustable. You could hear your heart beating in your ears, pounding in your throat as you began to pant and whine. It was rare Voidster was tight lipped, and

you had never seen such a device, and had no idea what it was for.

A slow, heavy, creaking spilled into the corridor and immediately your attention snapped to the door. Panting, your naked skin began to swelter, straining to control yourself and to listen. You heard shuffling, a deep, reverberating growl. It sounded like the lich.. But something was wrong, the noise was wet, nearly gurgled and ended with a livid hissing.

For what seemed like a long, drug out, few minutes Voidster finally stepped back into the room and you could not mistake the look he had on his face for anything besides a deep seated sense of amusement. It terrified you. He stepped closer towards you, then glanced over his shoulder back into the hallway. You expected to see the lich, but saw nothing. Even as Voidster continued to turn, as if following something walking by, but you had no clear view of the full entry way from your current position.

[Tsk, tsk.. Falling into cognitive dissonance so quickly with the main lobby. Hmn.] He turned back towards you, taking in your wide eyes, and how your ribs heaved beneath your stress. Voidster closed the distance, running his fingertips up your sensitive stomach. Jolting, you sneered and struck out with your legs but he was much too far up for you to reach. The sounds of hissing, spitting and warbled, unnatural, groans from the hall were not lost on you.

“W-what is happening- What are you doing!?” you shouted, the noises suddenly cut off from the corridor as Voidster continued to trail his fingertips up along your sternum. He glanced over his shoulder once more, back towards the doorway, and paused his fingers just between your breasts. The odd, disjointed noises came back, but seemed farther away.

[While your protests are intriguing, they are not enough to draw his curiosity. No matter, I must simply replicate what he has been trained to respond to. So interesting how such an intelligent

creature can devolve into a wild beast.]

“What did you do to G?” you spat, too busy glaring up at the monster as his hand trailed to the side, towards your breast, “I tried to tell him you were a sick fuck-!”

Suddenly, a hot, electric spark shot through your nipple, down into your spine. A scream left your lungs, bending and twisting away from the sensation. Too caught up in your own pain, you didn’t notice Voidster stepping backwards, out of your field of vision as the rapid, heavy, scrambling of claws against hard cement bolted into the room.

Gasping, you looked to the doorway, to find nothing. Until a large, bloodied, porcelain mass jumped up onto the table from the floor. Another scream left your lungs, shaking and shuddering as the table was jostled beneath you, creaking and groaning with strain. Your eyes were transfixed onto the wild, foreign face of the lich who had a vile, rusted muzzle strapped to his face. Caging his wicked, wide open snarling that oozed black spittle through the bars onto your bare chest.

Deep purple shadowed beneath the lich’s eye sockets, and within them, only white pin pricks remained of his pupils and they pulsed as he loomed above you. He was naked, but slathered in stains both black and crimson. G struck outward with his hands, slamming his claws into the table beside your head while his shoulders rolled and heaved beneath his thick hide.

You didn’t realize that you were still screaming until the monster above you roared, his features contorting and pulling in an odd way as a blast of steaming, acrid air hit your face and neck. Coughing, and jerking your head to the side you shook beneath the crouched, dominating presence above you. You were barely able to understand what Voidster was saying as he took in the scene, slowly circling around the back end of the table.

[Ah, interesting... It seems as if he is still in the mode of hunting. It could be from explicit training in such an area, or perhaps bloodlust-] the lich suddenly surged forward, attempting to bite at your neck and face, but all he could do was smear the slick bars across your skin. His teeth audibly clacked behind the muzzle as you began to scream again, shuddering and shaking, petrified. Voidster raised his voice, nearly drowned out by the snarls of the lich and your desperate cries. **[Either way, it is fascinating to see that he doesn't know who you are. Don't you agree, little songbird?]**

Sobbing, unable to look at the horrifying monster above you, you yelled, "What have you done-!?"

The lich suddenly jerked above you, tearing his muzzle from your skin and instead tried to bite at the knuckled hands strapping his blood soaked wrists to the metal bar above your head. Forcing the monster onto his forearms, he fell hard and heavily, shaking the table as a loud thud rang out from his fall. You managed to keep your legs closed, tucked to the side in a spinal twist as G pressed into you from above.

[I haven't done anything. I merely allowed him to be his true, feral self during his rut. Exercising such fluid prowess, ability and intelligence all while in a primitive state. I find him...fascinating, this way.] he eyed the lich as the male attempted to bite onto his hand and fingers, instead only smearing a thick coating of drool along his knuckled digits. **[He is so trained in on violence, on blood, he has forgotten the very reason for his rut to begin with. So destructive, and incredible.]**

With that, he left the side of the table, wandering down to stand at the lich's hip, eyeing his misshapen, feral form. Voidster slathered the saliva along his fingers, and into his palm as he admired the male honing back in on you. G was staring at your softness as drool slipped from the muzzle and pattered along your exposed neck. If you could even call him by name anymore...the man you knew was far lost in the sea of his own instinct.

You were too scared to speak, to even try to move. You didn't want to feel those hot bars press against your skin again, forceful, as the lich tried to sink his fangs within your throat. A soft, gentle patting of flesh rang out across the room as Voidster pressed his unsoiled hand into the lower back of the lich. The monster jolted and roared in anger, twisting his head back to snarl and heave at the man beginning to duck his other hand beneath his stomach.

Then G shuddered, his vicious growling cut short by deep, shaky, hissing. Slowly, Voidster gripped onto the throbbing, dark manhood of his mate, slathering him. He was observant, keeping an eye on how the lich's hips and spine jolted and quivered. The vertebrae just beneath his hide rolled oddly, starting from the base of his neck and downward to his hips, which gave an instinctive thrust into the hand at his shaft.

[That's it, my love. You have yet to enjoy this pleasure yourself. It will be well earned, and deserved.] You didn't have to look to know what he was doing. A whimper strained through your throat as the lich above you dipped his chin downward and inhaled deeply. The sound was raspy, loud and rattled through the man's chest as he tasted your flavors.

"N-no-" you sobbed, choking against the forming lump in your throat. G released his exhale with a reverberating, thunderous growl that shook the surface of his hide in a deep vibration.

[Oh, yes. You wouldn't dare deny him his right, would you? Don't worry, he is not of conscious mind to know how to breed a human. Most likely.] he chuckled, a breathy noise as he removed his hand and flicked his gaze across the grotesque, shivering form of his mate. Of his new, wondrous pet.

You felt the table shift as the lich eased downward, straining against

his bonds as his feet hit the ground, standing upon his toes. Firm hands grabbed at your leg, jerking you downwards along the table as a sharp cry left your throat. Trying to kick and lash out only allowed the lich to settle between your thighs, his tattered, slick flesh grinding instinctively against your belly. He was too low to reach you, and let the room know his disdain with a low, threatening snarl.

Voidster gave another hard yank of your leg, stretching you across the table until you were barely upon the edge, your hands stretched high above your head. Gasping, you squirmed and writhed beneath the lich as he ground and rocked his slick, scalding shaft against your folds. The lich gave a threatening, malicious snarl as he dipped his spine and attempted to catch at your entrance. You squeaked, keeping yourself at that odd angle to prevent him from mounting you. He was so rabid, you weren't sure if you could handle this.

"G- please, don't you remember me?" you sobbed, peering up at the hovering monster from the corner of your eyes. He was staring straight through you, the metal bars covering his maw were dripping in effervescent spittle, but it could not conceal the glistening fangs of the lich. The monster continued to rock into you, slathering his slick along your folds and inner thighs without restraint. Raising your voice, you tried to sound stern, "G!"

[He cannot hear you- well, I should say that he cannot *understand* you. Even if he could, he wouldn't care. You are an offering to him, to use as he sees fit, and he is a rather...ravenous deity.]

While the two of you struggled, Voidster methodically stepped alongside of the table to the metal bar. He smirked as he watched his hands, listening to the sounds of his vicious mate growing frustrated and confused. The lich's throbbing, hardened shaft struck and ground against you, as if his hips moved on their own accord. There was no thought, or strategy, behind his motions.

“This is so *fucked-* ” you wheezed, squirming beneath the massive monster above you who had begun to snarl and snap at you again. His jaws, and muzzle, were hovering right against the side of your face. The wicked heat of his breath beat across your exposed, wetted skin while his teeth clicked and chattered loudly. Gasping, you turned your face away from him as far as possible, shutting your eyes tightly as you barked, “This is cruel-! Torture!”

[Mayhap, for you it is…] Voidster hummed, continuing to loosen the bar that the lich’s wrists were tied to. A wicked grin tugged at his lips, the metal beneath his hands was groaning, creaking, as if the lich was trying to pull the entire table towards him. **[As for him, well… let’s see how he responds with less… strain.]**

The bar gave way, easily slipping down half a foot, resting right above your wrists before slamming and locking into place. A hard, loud, shudder wracked through the table beneath you as the lich’s muscles wound and tensed. It was enough give to allow G to fully arch his back, no longer forced into a long, lithe stretch. With a fluid, aggressive roll of his hips, he suddenly drove within you.

A cry left your lungs, tilting your head back as his burning, acidic saliva added to the sting of your walls being forced to give way. The lich reverberated once again, his hide crawling in pleasure as he rocked his hips forward at a merciless, sloppy pace to work himself within you. This was far from the tender, poetic monster you thought you knew. Now, he was just a beast with two things on his mind; and right now you were one of them.

Voidster’s eyes slowly caressed down the lich’s heavy bodily rolls, you weren’t able to witness how his bones churned beneath his skin. Such an odd, wild display, as if his muscles were tearing so heavily against his foundations it disheveled each joint. Lazily, he lifted a hand to place his fingertips along the male’s wavering spine, feeling each vertebra tremble and rock, even tilting side to side as he thrusted. **[Such an intriguing display… I wonder what purpose it serves…]**

While the scientist tried to discover a pattern beneath his fingers, the sounds of your muffled, desperate cries married with the coarse, livid panting of the lich. Effortlessly, G bucked and ground his sharp hip bones into your inner thighs, budding dark red marks upon your skin. His intensity made it impossible to think through, it was hard enough trying to breathe while he rammed into the pit of your stomach with fluid consistency.

The lich pulled at his arms, the muscles in his limbs flexed and shuddered, trying to tuck the entire platform beneath him. Luckily, the bar held. There was hardly any pleasure to be had from his motions, which were violent and erratic. He forced his way through your resistance, possibly bruising your walls while the head of his blunt shaft nudged against your cervix. It built a gentle ache in not only your loins, but your stomach. Your cries devolved into a mixture of breathy sobs, cut with an occasional groan of pain.

Violet eyes trained down on the both of you as Voidster swiped his tongue across his lips, letting his fingertips glide with the trembling roll of bone beneath his fingertips. A tension was winding in the lich's haunches, and he eased further down above you. If it wasn't for the way his wrists were bound, he would have crushed you against the table. With each rock forward, his slick, tattered hide slid and ground down against you, smearing your skin with stale blood.

He thrust and bucked into you furiously, his girthy cock violently forcing itself past your resisting walls. It was barely any time at all before his biting, acidic seed flooded your sore body, making you gasp and cry out as he snarled, barely slowing his pace. The added lubrication helped some, but nothing could alleviate the force with which he rammed into your walls, powerful and utterly without mercy. Every time he hilted, your vision blurred, your body writhing helplessly on the table.

Thick, scalding black sludge slipped from your folds, dribbling down across the glistening edge of the cold metal table, yet the lich continued to thrust and shove. His face was hovering just above your neck, nearly wheezing as he growled and spat, leaning into the table

with all of his weight while a tremor ran through his outer thighs. His biting, burning essence eased the pain, but not the force with which he continued to lash you with.

Heavy footsteps trailed alongside the table, stopping just behind the lich as Voidster lifted his hands and pressed his palms into your quivering knees. **[Instinct seems to precede pleasure, but he deserves finality. You will not withhold from him, he will take every last inch you have to offer, and then some.]** Along with the acrid breath of the lich and his translucent spittle coating your shoulder, the hands on your legs gripped you harshly and slowly began to push them upwards. You shuddered, gasping and writhing wildly beneath the lich as you were angled better for his reach. He rammed into the back of you with vicious exhilaration, his breath turning shaky and graveled.

Another, lower growl mixed in with the greedy, indulgent noises of the lich as his abdomen began to tense. Voidster leaned further forward, forcing your knees to hike up against the monster's ribs to allow him to fully pillage your form. Perfectly angled, helpless and struggling, you cried out just as the lich snarled and lashed forward to try biting onto you again. The hot metal bars pressed into the crook of your neck, coating your skin with searing spittle as his jaws gnashed and sneered just barely out of reach.

G then shuddered, heavy, and powerful. A deep, raspy moan left his throat, reverberating through his entire form as his hips eased into a shallow, harsh nudging. Muscle spasms enveloped the lich, along with the subtle rolling of both his shoulders and hips, tucking and protruding from his glistening hide. Tears had stained your cheeks, heaving and choking out your ragged panting as you felt those large hands slide down your shins to curl and grip around the lich's hips.

He was still rhythmically nudging and bucking into your form, even as he relaxed and heaved above you. His tongue rode on the harsh puffs of air beating past his coated jaws, washing over your neck and shoulder while you whimpered and shook. Voidster pressed his fingertips into the lich's hipbones, rolling his wrists with the rocking

pattern of the lich, but adding resistance, slowly bring him to stillness. **[That's it, love. Bask in your victory.]**

Voidster's tone of voice was odd and breathy, clearly aroused himself as he eyed the lich. He watched, a soft pant brushing past his own lips, as G lifted his skull and tucked his jaws forward. You felt a steaming, hot, slippery appendage press against the bars to taste your skin in an attempt to lick the salt from your neck. Even though he couldn't truly show his affection, he continued to try, aggressively pressing the metal cage of his muzzle against the side of your jaw.

You could feel the metal imprinting your flesh, digging into your mandible while you whined and lay trembling against the now slick, hot table. **[Ah, it seems as if he is capable of tenderness, even while consumed in his ferality.]** A dark chuckle warbled into the room. Voidster slowly brought his hands upward, feeling the underbelly of his mate as the lich twitched and growled. **[Or perhaps he is trying to lick the flesh from your bones. His saliva is rather acidic, isn't it? A beautiful way for him to partially digest his prey before consumption, magnificent.]**

Fearful, and hurting, you whimpered, "M-make him stop...p-please..." A soft hiccup caught in your throat as the lich shoved his muzzle into the side of your face, growling once again. G did not appreciate the touches his mate was giving him. Feeling encroached upon, he shivered and tried to loom further above you possessively.

[Why would I do that...? Hmn, it seems as if he is enjoying his reward, how cruel it would be to deny him his pleasure,] he chuckled, running his hands further upward, feeling the lich's ribs and contorted skeletal structure. While he still was unsure why G's body bent and disfigured itself, it was still a burning fascination that intrigued and inspired him.

You didn't respond, too caught up in trying to avoid the forceful nudges of the lich against your face, as a low sound, nearly like a

growl emanated from him. “Why is he like this?” you gasped, as he roughly pressed his temple against your own, his hips beginning to pick up a slight rhythm again.

[As I said, this is his…natural state, during his rut. He placed me in charge of dosing him with that dreadful medication he developed, this time. I elected not to give it to him.] Voidster shrugged elegantly, trailing one hand down G’s spine before removing his touch. The monster couldn’t seem to control the rough nudging of his pelvis anymore than he could control the way he bumped his face against yours, becoming increasingly distressed at being denied contact.

“What is *wrong* with you?” you sputtered, meeting the amused violet gaze of the man standing before you with a glare. “Give him his medication, he’s insane!”

Voidster ignored you, instead reaching one hand up to fondle the leather straps of the muzzle that G wore. **[I know. Fascinating, is it not? To see such a refined man revert to such primal behavior. Truly a form of beauty I had never witnessed before, in my long, long life.]** He undid one strap, ignoring the sharp snarl that accompanied the sensation of the leather giving way.

[I have a theory,] the man continued, undoing another strap. **[Now that his…needs have been met, for the time being, I’m interested to see how he’ll respond to your presence. Besides the obvious,]** he added with a sharp smile. **[He’s no longer in the mindset to hunt, and having just had a meal, I’d hazard you’ll be safe enough.]**

“No,” you said, beginning to panic. “Oh no, you can’t let him go. He’ll kill me!” You began to struggle anew, blind fear seizing your body as the monster above you peered down at your face and gave another reverberating growl.

[I wouldn't struggle overmuch, my dear. It will only excite his predatory instincts, and at that point I can make no guarantee as to your safety. Imagine how distraught he would be, upon awakening from this feral haze, only to find that he had devoured you without knowing.]

"He would know it was your fault," you spat out bitterly, forcing yourself to remain still as the muzzle was fully removed. You had expected a rushed flurry of licking, but instead, G bent his face tenderly to yours, nuzzling it with a gentleness that belied his earlier terrifying behavior. He was making strange, low sounds, deep in his chest, almost inaudible. Voidster hummed cheerfully as he began releasing both of you from the table, keeping his movements slow and deliberate.

[Would he? He likely won't remember any of this, once all is said and done. Either way, you'll be dead.]

"You know, that's almost a comforting thought." You rolled your eyes at him, wincing as your wrists were released from the tight restraints. "At least then I wouldn't have to be a part of your sick fucking games." G was still sheathed within you, and remained as such when he was released, hovering over you possessively as he glanced around the barren room.

[Ah, but this isn't a game, pet. The information I have gathered…the experiments I have yet to perform…this is uncharted territory in the scientific field. Nobody has ever witnessed such behavior and lived to tell about it. He is such a magnificent creature, it would truly be a crime not to take advantage of the opportunity. There.]

He stood back, allowing the lich a few moments to take stock of his new situation. Hesitantly, G withdrew from your abused body, spilling more of his essence down the side of the table. He used his hands to tug you down off of the table, where you promptly collapsed, unable

to stand. Trying to support yourself, you shivered and couldn't help the soft whimpers that spilled forth, you managed to push yourself up from the floor but remained resting on the side of your hip.

The lich crouched anxiously near you, opening his jaws and brushing the back of your neck with them, then hesitating, and withdrawing. You drew in a breath, freezing as you felt those sharp points caress your skin. After he had done this a few times, Voidster chuckled. **[I believe he wants to carry you, my dear. Like a wild animal with a cub, although I daresay the result wouldn't be quite as productive. I clipped his claws, but his fangs remain untouched. Let's see what he does now.]**

Dropping to all fours, the monster hovered uncertainly, before nudging you with his face. His sharp features were disgustingly wet, possibly from all of his drooling mixing with the rust-like crimson blood stains upon his maw. The second nudge was more forceful than the first, and almost knocked you over. He huffed at you, jaws parted as he pressed his face against your shoulder. It was clear now that he wanted you to move, and despite the aching pain, you did your best to obey. You really didn't want to see what would happen if he tried to grab you by the scruff of the neck, as Voidster had implied he might.

"This is so fucked," you muttered again, ignoring the mocking smirk on the man's face as he watched his mate herd you over to the corner of the room. It was impossible to stand, from the tremble in your legs to the force with which the lich nudged you from behind. You had no choice but to crawl and scoot, passing a slight glare over your shoulder at the sloppy, panting expression of the lich before he gave you another sharp shove forward.

It didn't take very long to reach your destination and once there, you braced yourself against the corner, watching with exhaustion as G stalked out of the room on all fours. You desperately wanted to get up, to get out of here, but your legs wouldn't obey you, and your body shook with fatigue. The wet smears the lich had graced you with on your face and shoulder drew your attention, scrunching your face as you wiped your cheek with the back of your hand, gathering

translucent dark spittle, and bits of dusty red on your skin.

Before you could have summoned the strength to stand, the lich had returned, carrying an assortment of fabric bundled into his jaws. This, he proceeded to place on top of and around you, creating a strange sort of nest out of what appeared to be discarded hospital gowns, an old blanket, and some ratty old towels. You did your best to ignore the bloodstains on many of these objects, and attempted to smile reassuringly at G, who was clearly waiting for some sort of response on your part. Satisfied, he pressed you further into the corner, and lay down in front of you, effectively trapping you between the cold concrete and his body, which was like a furnace.

A deep, pleasant grunt pushed through his lungs as he settled on the floor before you. Braced up on his forearms, knees tucked and twisted to the side, his lower back was poised towards you while he lazily browsed the room with his glossy, feral gaze. His jaws remained open, the tip of his tongue lightly flicking in his maw as he panted, continuing to taste the air as he allowed himself the moment to rest and guard his prize.

You managed to peek over the edge of one massive, tattered shoulder, catching a glimpse of Voidster standing some distance away with a small frown on his face. **[I did not expect him to be so...protective. How disappointing. We shall see if his feral nature resumes after he has had time to rest, and develop his...appetites.]**

Was he seriously jealous? You resisted the deep urge to smack yourself in the forehead over the stupidity of it all. These men would be the death of you, if not literally, then from the ridiculousness of some of your interactions. The sweltering heat of the lich was almost stifling from how close he was, and brought to your attention another issue. Drawing your gaze across his skin, you realized he was covered in dark red stains, dirt and slathers of black mainly around his throat and chest. Bits of debris intermingled with his scars, which were various and seemed to be catching most of the filth coating his body.

“Jesus, Voidster. Are you going to let him shower? He’s filthy, how long has he been like this?”

The man shrugged, retreating to a chair in the opposite corner, folding his legs and continuing to ponder the two of you. **[He doesn’t care, why should I?]** You sighed, beyond aggravated at his casual tone. This was all just some grand experiment to him, an interesting way to torture you and manipulate G, who he claimed to love. You feared the day you understood how exactly Voidster’s mind worked, and hoped it would never come.

“Can I at least have some water? I’m thirsty, and he has...something on his face.” Something you strongly suspected was spatters of raw meat, blood, and bone. Something you were trying very hard not to think about too much. Surely it had already been dead when he’d eaten it, right? Maybe a deer or something. You knew that Voidster ate raw meat, and obviously G would need food. The sight and smell was making you slightly ill, though.

The monster heaved a dramatic sigh, standing and wiping his hands on his trousers. **[Very well. If you cooperate with the experiment, I will grant your request.]** It was a good deal, coming from him. It wasn’t as if you had a choice either way, but if it made Voidster more agreeable, you would pretend like you did. “Fine,” you said shortly, agreeing to his terms.

He left the room, and you felt G’s eyes following him, body tense as he observed the behavior of what must surely seem like a rival male to him now. When he returned with a large bucket of water, you sighed, but didn’t complain. You hadn’t specified that you wanted something to actually drink from, and if you asked, he might just take the water away entirely. He set the bucket down a few feet away from the lich, who had begun growling at his approach.

This next part was going to be tricky, if you were reading G’s behavior right. Struggling into a higher seated position, you began to lean over

the lich's broad torso. When he felt your naked body pressing against his back, he glanced sharply down at you from over his shoulder, a snarl forming on his lips. Shaking, you did your best to ignore the menacing sound, and bent to scoop up a handful of water to drink. The liquid was clear, and cool, fresh.

When he realized what you were doing, G relaxed again, watching as you drank your fill. Feeling slightly better, you then picked up a small, ragged towel, leaning back over the lich to dip it in the water. This was the most dangerous part. Biting your lip, you slowly raised the towel to G's face, forcing yourself not to flinch as he bared his teeth at you. When the cool towel touched his cheek, he blinked, and relaxed his lips, watching warily as you began to sponge the blood and grime from his skin. After the first few strokes, you dipped a clean corner of the towel back in the water, and began to work again, more confidently. The lich's eyes began to close, and he gazed at you with a half-lidded expression similar to that of a contented cat. The similarity only increased when a low rumbling began emanating from his chest. He was...purring?

A more genuine smile touched your lips. This was possibly the strangest thing you had ever experienced, and yet, it was somehow endearing. Despite your pain and exhaustion, despite the remorseless, calculating man that G had taken as a mate, you decided you would do your best to get both of you through this. Enough that G wouldn't have regrets when he was sane, even if he didn't remember what happened after. The lich then turned more towards you, gently shifting as he braced with one arm against the concrete, his shoulder pulling back to expose more of his neck and chest to you. You weren't used to the extreme way his body could stretch and contort, but pushed it out of your mind as you shifted closer, nestling right before his large scar as you raised the damp rag again.

You gently bathed the rest of his face, and grew confident enough to wash off his throat, hands, and forearms as well, all of which were splattered with gore. Voidster watched with disinterest, occasionally standing to leave the room and attend to something else. It was clear that this hadn't been what he had in mind when he had removed G's restraints, but you were grateful it had turned out this way. You were

so focused on your work, that the rough scrape of the lich's hole-punched tongue against your cheek startled you, and you dropped the rag.

You realized then that he had been grooming you for some time, returning the favor shortly after you had begun. You didn't really prefer being covered in saliva to being covered with sweat and secondhand blood, but you didn't complain. The tension in his body was evident, and already he was beginning to pant with either exertion or excitement; you couldn't tell which. When he rose to his knees with a lithe twist of his body, shoving your body beneath his, you understood.

You did your best to remain submissive and compliant, letting him drag your rear upward while your upper back remained bent low to the ground. He braced over you on his forearms, his fangs sinking into the back of your neck as he mounted you. It was gentler than the first time, but no less frenzied. His strong hips drove mercilessly against your rear, spearing you on his length with animalistic precision. The purring transformed into heated growling, his hold on your neck almost enough to break the skin. You held as still as you could, not wanting the scent of blood to further excite him.

His body shuddered and twitched above you, his spine rolling beneath the skin in a grotesque display as he shoved you into the floor with hard, shallow thrusts. You didn't know that Voidster had entered the room again until you saw his polished black shoes standing a few feet away from your face. Your cheeks heated in humiliation, but he had put you in this situation, and you had promised to cooperate if he brought you the water, which he had. At least your raw throat had been soothed, and G was relatively less filthy.

[Interesting how quickly his need rises again. Although if I hadn't stopped him the first time, who knows how long he would have continued,] Voidster's deep voice mused. G was so intent on his task that he didn't even notice his mate's presence, too focused on dominating the female beneath him. The lich tucked and rammed his hips against you, lost in how he struck through your small form and

drew soft, satisfying whimpers from your throat.

[Perhaps I won't, this time.] You could almost hear the cruel smirk in his tone, his feet turning to pace a few steps away. **[Since he's clearly so…attached, I'm interested to see if he stops of his own volition. It's entirely possible you could die beneath him, and still he would continue using you.]** He sounded entirely too pleased with that prospect, making you shudder beneath the lich that bucked single-mindedly into your compliant form.

Closing your eyes, you struggled to remain calm. With each strike through your walls came a shiver that coursed through your spine, and after a few long, heavy thrusts he hit a tender spot. Your walls reacted, quivering around him while a soft moan slipped from your lips. This caused him to growl, his skin crawling in a deep vibration as he began to lower further on top of you, grinding his wicked scar into your slick back.

The lich moved easily through you, and the numbing effects of his seed relaxed your body enough to begin marinating on pleasure, instead of being clouded with pain. His breath beat across the back of your neck as he continued to lowly reverberate, filled with pleasure and pride at how you were responding to him. Subconsciously, your legs spread further apart for him, a deep arch bending your spine as you panted and accepted his dominance.

Lost in his movements, you had forgotten completely about the other party in the room who studied the both of you with glimmering, lilac eyes. G was becoming more forceful, shoving and grinding into the pit of your stomach, sparking a wave of pleasure to course through your limbs. A soft cry ending in a breathy pant left your throat, and the lich responded with a livid snarl, his jaws holding you firmly beneath him. His throbbing shaft continued forth relentlessly, coaxing your body to wind and tighten around him as your breathing became short, and sharp.

G could feel you edging closer. It caused his sockets to twitch, the pinpricks of his white eyes rolling back into his skull as he suddenly shoved his weight down onto your upper back. You wheezed, struggling to breathe beneath his urgent need and the pressure compressing your ribcage. Despite the struggle to fill your lungs with air, soft squeaks managed to spill from your throat with each aggressive drive of his hips. His flesh was scalding, slick, and trembled with power as he built that heat in your stomach with each erratic hilting of his shaft.

Tipping closer, and closer to the edge, it didn't matter if you gasped and moaned beneath the strain of your lungs. The lich was spurred by your elegant noises, his own passionate sounds radiated from his chest, driving into your back, as his hips began to shallowly buck and thrust within you. His movements were tight, and precise, nudging against your cervix while your walls constricted around him and with a few more urgent tucks against your backside a breathless cry left you.

Hard shudders pulled across your back, gasping and panting as he speared through your fluttering walls trying to resist him. He rode you well, pressing you tightly to the concrete, your vision started to blur from lack of oxygen as he released your neck and hissed. He clenched his jaws together tightly, bowing his head while his feathered claws tried to grip into the concrete, his arms pulling his entire body into the lusting drive of his hips. Your body milked along his shaft, adding just enough stimulation to throw him into bliss.

A cough tried to leave your lungs as he pressed you down tighter, nearly crushing you beneath his weight as your chest was ground into the floor. Your vision continued to spin and blur, black tendrils creeping into the peripherals of your vision, your eyelids fluttering wildly. The deep, vicious roar that left the lich blasted a wave of heat from his jaws above you. As if someone had opened an oven right above your neck and head, and with his outcry came another gushing wave of his seed.

His hips continued to rhythmically nudge against your backside as he

filled you once more, his essence was like fire, and your body instinctively reacted by writhing beneath him. White, glittering spots peppered your vision as you wheezed, feeling yourself fade away even as a choked cry burst from your throat. Hot, thick strings of drool slipped from the lich's open jaws to land on your shoulder and the concrete beside your head. He was heaving, his motions slowly beginning to still while an equally scalding fluid slipped from your folds to course down your thighs.

The world spun around you. Breathless, your vision went fully dark, and as you faded, a low, breathy voice spilled into your mind. **[Now…]** He was close, and possibly panting, yet also so far away while your body fell limp. **[That is…good enough. Let us move forward, shall we?]**

A vicious, livid snarl broke through the room, a lasting echo that paired with the hard yank the lich used to pull himself from you. Your body fully collapsed beneath him, and you lost consciousness.

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Voidster gently tsked down to the lich, stepping a tad closer and crouched to his level. G just snarled, hovering above your limp form on the balls of his feet and hands, his joints were protruding in odd angles, another intimidating display, **[I told you that your treat was fragile, hopefully you did not apply too much pressure to her spine. It would be a shame if such a brief coupling left her damaged.]**

The man simply observed the monster before him whom was drooling profusely, hissing and rolling his shoulder blades beneath his thick, tattered hide. He had trained the lich to refer to him as Master, and even though G was snarling and daring to display so aggressively at him, he felt no fear, only excitement and admiration. **[Stand down,]** he commanded, slowly reaching a hand outward towards your unconscious face covered with damp locks of hair. **[I am the one who gave you your prize, I would not deny you your right.]**

Keeping eye contact with the feral, furious lich, Voidster noted how the monster began to tremble, trying to upscale his threat with grotesque twitching and guttural growls. This did not slow the gentle, precise approach of his outstretched hand, delving downward to the floor below his quivering form. G was clearly upset about his territory, and space, being invaded as he clicked and snapped his jaws audibly yet remained relatively still.

He kept his voice low, riding on a soft, aroused exhale. **[That's it, my love. How magnificently vile you are, that muzzle is so endearing, yet I prefer you like this…raw, dangerous, barely able to hold restraint for even your giving Master.]** Brushing the tips of his fingers across your slick cheek sent a livid, horrible snarl to push from the lich, his rage echoing out into the corridor. Voidster basked in the tension, resting his thumb against your bottom lip to feel the light stirring of your lungs across his finger.

The difficult training he had given the lich had paid off, the memory of harsh beatings, of going hungry, remained seared on this monster but he only had so much patience. This was already pushing the limits, a bite from the lich would surely break bone and could possibly sever his fingers. Carefully, he withdrew his hand, scrutinizing the behavior of the creature before him as it seemed he was only growing more and more agitated.

Even with his hand nearly fully taken back G suddenly lashed out, his spine jagged and broken as his fangs lunged for Voidster's wrist. A smirk tugged at his lips, quickly balling his hand into a fist and struck outward, throwing a twist into his movement to slam his knuckles into the side of the lich's jaw. He gave a wild, angry, spitting noise as he was jerked to the side, barely being able to catch himself.

Voidster remained crouched, eyeing the lich as he panted and hissed, glaring upwards directly into his eyes with a feral tenacity. **[Trying to bite the hand that feeds you…?]** he chuckled darkly, raising his off hand, snapping his fingers as a bony apparition brought him the

rusted muzzle. **[Not to worry, my dear... You will learn.]**

G was still a tad startled from being struck so heavily, a soft grey welt rising onto the side of his face as the man fixed the device over his maw and drew the leather straps tightly. The smirk remained stained on his lips as he gave a hard yank of the final strap, causing the lich to shake his head and jerk away, spitting and sneering. He watched, remaining crouched as you began to stir, a soft groan pressing from your lips.

Mostly, you heard the furious lich as he panted and snarled, he was jolting about above you. Carefully, you flicked your eyelids open and sighed, turning to look upwards at the blurry figure crouched over you. Your vision came to you slowly, and your eyes widened as you witnessed the lich trying to rub and loosen that heavy, rusted, muzzle against the side of his arm and shoulder. **[Interesting, is it not? He has the use of his hands, but after his initial training with the contraption he hasn't dared raise a finger to his face since.]**

You rolled more onto your side, a gentle ache forming in your stomach and thighs, focusing in on the edges of the metal which were digging into his hardened flesh bitterly. Already, soft grey imprints began to rise beneath the outer structure, and behind the bars his teeth gnashed in frustration. Clearing your throat, you felt a sadness draw into your voice as you watched the lich desperately try to alleviate the pressure against his face by nudging the metal into his arm, "how.. How can you do this to him..? He doesn't know what's going on, or what he's doing-"

[All he knows, and cares about, is his need to breed, and to hunt. He will benefit from these experiments, as will I.. his behavior is fascinating, so regal and primitive. Teaching him proper manners, and obedience, is not only a challenge but an experience to share with such a powerful creature. It's intimate, don't you agree?] he cooed.

G seemed to give up on trying to pry the metal from his face, turning his attention towards you as he rumbled deeply within his chest and lowered his jaws towards you. He drew in heavy breaths, tickling through his throat and exhaled with a burdened snort. You flinched away from the hot burst of air, feeling your heart beating in your chest as you turned your gaze towards the crouched scientist beside the both of you. “I think that’s disgusting.. You just like having control, in a sick way to have fun. He’d never do something like this to you..”

Voidster flicked his violet eyes across your features, you didn’t even notice the gentle tear rolling down your cheek, even as the lich dipped his muzzle forward to try licking the salt between the metal bars. The rough nudging of G’s movements made you whimper, your flesh being kneaded against the warming metal at your cheek. **[Such sweet sentiments, a shame you have yet to accept the dark tendencies he has. For this, this is him in his true, uncensored, state. If I would have brought you here yesterday, it is a possibility he would have broken you. Don’t try to sell me morality, he is wild, savage.. And must be treated as such, unless you want injury or death.]**

With that said, he then stood, a gentle throbbing gracing his knuckles from the hard blow he had corrected the lich with. G lifted his head, watching Voidster as he turned and stepped across the room back to his chair. You kept your mouth shut, glaring into his back before pressing yourself off of the cold, hard floor. Wincing, a shiver ran through your skin, exposed, dirty, sticky and aching, you looked back towards the bucket of water and sighed.

The lich prefered to stay hovered above you, crouched and making a plethora of odd grunting noises as he tasted the air and vocalized his disdain for the device digging into his face. Having no other choice, you carefully made your way to the bucket, G stayed crouched above you at every inch. He watched at you dipped a hand in the cool water, and drew your cupped hand over your face, sighing as the cool liquid washed away your sweat.

Looking back up over your hand, you found Voidster casually watching you, legs crossed, elbows on the armrests with his jaw propped up on a fist. “You aren’t going to give me my clothes back.. Are you?”

He chuckled. **[Why would I do that..?]**

Snorting, you rolled your eyes and splashed another wave of water over your face, groaning. The sound of the running water drew the lich to hover over your shoulder, pressing his muzzle to your jaw in an attempt to lap the drips of water through the bars. At first, you had no idea what he was doing, and lifted a hand to push into his chest, “G.. stop that-” he gave a hard snort, and pulled away slightly, watching you dip your hand back into the bucket and rinsed your features off again.

He dove forward, pressing his tongue against the bars as a growl pulled forth from his throat. You gasped, nearly being knocked over, but as you glared at him you noticed how his small eyes were focused on your skin, following the trails of water dripping down your face. The metal cage was digging into your cheek, but you could still feel the light brushing of his coarse tongue attempting to lap at your skin. His thirst finally clicked with you, pressing your hand tighter to his scalding chest you tried to push him back, “H-hey, no no.. that’s not going to work, here-” you used your other hand to pat the water in the bucket, drawing his attention as he loomed further above you, “-in here, big guy..”

Curiously, Voidster observed the lich, studying how his back slowly rolled to elongate his spine and stretch over you. He found it odd that the monster would want to keep you trapped beneath him, but he likened it to his insatiable dominance. G craned his head downward towards the bucket, his jaws wide open as he hissed and huffed, smelling and tasting the contents. It was as if the lich couldn’t really see what was inside, the clear liquid seemed to perplex him, trying to gauge where the surface was.

You inched to the side a bit letting him gently crawl forward as his jaws lowered to the bucket, your fingers continued to lightly pat the surface, sending ripples and waves to slosh against the sides of the plastic. He hovered, for a moment, before dipping his chin down. The water parted for his metal muzzle, but when it hit his bottom lip he jolted back out, growling and swiping his tongue across his wetted chin.

Lifting a brow, you tried to coerce him with a soft voice, “it’s okay.. Try again.”

Voidster leaned forward, training in on the lich as he huffed heavily, his hide vibrating with irritance. G gave another attempt, but as the water flooded into his muzzle, pooling against his face, he jerked from the water and gave a wicked, frustrated snarl that was nearly a roar. You flinched, staring at him as he shook his head and spat. Water poured from the metal, splashing across the ground as he lapped across his chin and shuddered.

[Hydrophobic tendencies.. Fascinating..] you snorted, turning away from the lich who had begun to hover and tilt his head above the bucket, glaring inwards at the water that teased him. You then stared directly at Voidster, comforted by the heat radiating from the lich above you.

“He can’t drink normally because you put that thing on him again, it would be hard for anybody-”

[No, no.. G enjoys the water, there is no reason for him to be affected by the muzzle. This is another hidden behavioral tendency. See, witness all the things we now are learning about this man.. Things we would have never discovered otherwise. An innate fear of drowning, perhaps? Or it is possible the act of submerging triggers an instinctive fight or flight response.]

The man across the room ignored you, focused in on the monster who slowly twisted himself to the side of the bucket, keeping his belly poised above your back. Tentatively, he dipped his muzzle back inside, flinching as the water brushed his skin. You were disgusted by Voidster's intrigue, turning back to the lich you watched his facial expression which was angry and strained. The ripples of water gently rolled through the metal bars of his muzzle before he would pull back an inch, licking the droplets from the bars. That would never work.

You sighed, feeling a tad defeated. It wasn't as if you could just cup your hand for him, the bars were too tightly woven, and too far away from his lips to be of any use. Maybe, if you were patient, you could keep him motivated. He couldn't go without water, you weren't even sure the last time he really had a drink.. Unless that is what the bucket was for, and explained why it was so pristine.

Despite being watched by unblinking, unwavering eyes, you continued to lightly ripple the water. Watching the lich flinch away from the surface time and time again, you knew he was growing increasingly frustrated. You had to show him it was okay to drink like that.. An idea sprung into your head. Carefully, you leaned further over the bucket, dipping your head down beside his and he immediately began to growl and snarl. You felt his arm wrap around your torso as your eyes met, "It's okay.. Watch me.."

He didn't seem to like this idea, his shoulder oddly contorting, stretching himself to remain poised above you, yet loomed his features beside your own. The lich continued to growl, wary, protective. The bucket was filled relatively well, and while it was awkward, you managed well enough. Allowing your chin to submerge you kept eye contact, and took a slow, gentle drink. Closing your mouth you remained sitting in the water, having encouraged the lich to approach the surface himself.

The side of his face was nearly pressed against yours, his jaws opening in a gentle, unnerving snarl. It took him a moment, but surely enough he dipped down below the surface. He flinched, casting larger ripples across the surface that tickled your nose and caused you to lift from

the water. He didn't seem to mind, as water pressed past his lips his chin went under further. Instead of sucking down the liquid, his tongue curled and lapped the water back into his jaws, only the points of his canines were above the water.

Relieved, you sighed, drawing a hand up to wipe the water from your face. The lich was a rather noisy drinker, and he was greedy about it. Sloppy sloshing covered the sound of footsteps drawing towards the both of you, and you were too interested in watching how G gathered his share within his jaws before swallowing. Inches of water were soon taken, consumed by the heated, lightly growling, lich.

When he withdrew, muzzle dripping, you were both startled by loud *clang* of the bucket being kicked forcefully against the wall, water sloshing over both yourself and the lich. G let out a screech of rage and fear, snapping his jaws at the spray a moment too late. His vocal chords rang through the solid room, startling you further as the beast above you shuddered and rolled his hips in their sockets threateningly.

"What the *fuck,* Voidster?!" You shouted, absolutely drenched. A shiver coursed through your body, holding your arms out in disdain as you sighed in clear aggravation, taking in the sad state of your dripping wet skin. This situation was less than ideal to begin with but now you were trapped between the wall, and a monster who was clearly feeling threatened, which was a dangerous thing when said monster was seven and a half feet of trembling muscle and sharp teeth.

[Does this confirm my theory of hydrophobia, or was it merely the noise that startled him?] the beast mused, ignoring your outraged ranting. **[No, he seems disturbed at being wet, and what of his chosen mate?]** As if on cue, G turned toward you, a low keening sound escaping him as he pushed his face at your soaked skin.

"I'm fine," you muttered, forgetting that he didn't seem capable of

understanding what you said. Grunting softly, he lifted one massive hand, pressing you down against the floor as he began to lap the water from your skin between the bars of his muzzle. “G, could you not?” Again, that lack of understanding, although Voidster seemed to gain amusement from your irritation.

“I am so telling G about this once he’s sane again,” you snarled up at the smirking beast, gaining the momentary satisfaction of seeing the sneer wiped from his face. Then it returned, crueler and more vindictive. **[You will not…]** he purred menacingly, taking a step toward you. **[If you do, I will subject you to such intimacy that will make the attentions of the lich seem a tender mercy. He’ll have no use of you for *weeks* afterward.]** The feral glint in his violet eyes told you that he wasn’t lying.

Sensing your fear, G growled low in his chest, pushing at you until you knelt, uncertainly. Then he nudged you, herding you to a new corner as he followed. The sodden blankets and towels were abandoned. When you reached the corner, he halted, hesitantly pulling you against his chest and caging you within his arms. The water steamed against his hide, evaporating quickly as he nuzzled and tucked you against him. Another sigh of irritation escaped your lips, wriggling in his grasp from just how tightly he held you. This was all beginning to be overwhelming, but the lich didn’t care for your opinion on the matter and continued to emit his low, reverberating growls while driving his jawline against your temple.

Voidster watched in bemusement, noting how aggressively the lich’s eyes glittered when he attempted to approach, a low snarl building within his chest. Shrugging, the demon retreated once more. G’s attachment to you was most irritating, but knowing that it was due almost entirely to the intensity of his rut was no small comfort. To him, you were nothing more than a female he had taken possession of. Being familiar beforehand had helped ensure your safety, that was all.

He had tried offering another female subject to the lich before deciding to use you. All that was left of that particular subject was the maimed head and torso, face slashed into ribbons with bloody clumps

of blonde hair still attached to the scalp. The rib cage was hollow of organs and most of its meat, and her limbs no longer attached. G had attempted a cursory mating with the female, but her cries had agitated him to the point of violence, and she had ended up nothing more than an early meal for the lich.

Fortunately for you, he had developed a customized muzzle for training, preventing the lich from being distracted by consuming flesh. Suffice to say, it worked. The prospect of witnessing the monster tear apart another subject was intriguing, but not a part of the exercise he had devised. His behavior was certainly.. Interesting, though perhaps too 'nurturing' in aspects. Voidster's brow furrowed, a gentle puff of air pressing from his lips as he caught the lich staring directly at him with a low growl bubbling in his throat.

Slowly, his expression dropped into a neutral one, holding the feral monster's livid gaze with his own calm, dominating aura. It didn't seem to phase the lich one bit, and he continued to stare unblinkingly, a silent questioning to his authority. G did this often and the solution for it was rather simple, wait until he submitted his attentions away. Even as you struggled against the monster's scalding chest, steam billowing up between your bodies as he used his own body heat to dry you, it wasn't enough of a distraction to pull his focus away.

"Ugh, G...ease up, you're crushing me-" you muttered, but he merely huffed in response, refusing to look at you. Sighing loudly, you turned your eyes onto Voidster who was standing tall and staring at the lich. You figured it was some sort of mind game, per usual, but growled out anyways, "how long is he going to be like this?"

[A few more days, possibly. But the strength of his primal desire is strong, powerful enough to erase his sanity and render him to a mere beast. Because of that fact, it could be another week, but I cannot say for sure...yet, anyway.]

"You seriously don't expect to keep me down here for another *week* ,

do you? You can't just lock me down here, naked, with no food-!" G did not appreciate your tone and flicked his gaze down to you, a snarl welling in his throat which you ignored.

With the battle of wills having been broken, Voidster gently smirked, turning his gaze to you now as he took simple steps across the room towards the door. **[I can't, you say?]**

You leaned forward, your ribs pressing into the lich's tattered forearms, he tried to bite at the back of your neck in an attempt to hold you still but all he accomplished was rubbing the metal bars of his muzzle against your skin. With a snarl of your own you retorted, "Exactly. You can't just leave me here with him like this, like i'm some kind of stuffed animal or something!"

[You don't give yourself enough credit, songbird,] he mused, pausing at the door as he dipped his shoulder towards you and chuckled. **[You are his prize. Let's see how he behaves when you're no longer new, and interesting. A few days time should be plenty... if not only a few hours, at most, before his next training session.]**

"You're insane." The lich continued to rub his face against you, though now he was beginning to huff and pant, tasting your scent. This behavior did not go unnoticed to Voidster, whose glittering, lilac eyes sparked with amusement and intrigue.

[Quite.] Without another word he slipped through the doorway, but not either of you were expecting the metal door to slam shut behind him. The noise startled the lich into another fit of growls, jerking his body to angle you away from the doorway, yet continued to press his muzzle against your shoulder to breathe in your delicate flavor. Your heart began to pick up, craning your head to stare wide eyed at the door as you heard the lock click into place.

Trapped in this room, partially soaking wet, and being ground into by a feral lich made you swallow dryly. Without clothing, you had no option but to settle in and accept the heat radiating from G. You bit onto your bottom lip, flicking your gaze across the room. You strained to listen, to try hearing whatever Voidster was planning outside, but all you received was the ragged, excited breathing of the lich. Realization then begun to set in, there was nothing you could do at the moment, you had no choice but to relax and sigh as warm metal pushed and rubbed against the crook of your neck.

“This is so fucked up, G...” you murmured. He replied with a soft growl, pressing his tongue against the bars to try licking at your soft, flushing skin.

Chapter End Notes

> This has been by far the most graphic, fucked up, amazing, favorite thing we have both written. We loved every depraved moment of it, and we hope you did too. Tune in next time for Part 2!

G's Rut (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

Voidster pushes the lich to his limits.

Chapter Notes

When you've got a hornets nest, jab at it with a stick and take its woman- Voidster 2016

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In time, G fell asleep, his chest pressed to your back. You found it impossible to sleep on the cold concrete floor, despite the lich's body heat warming you. Lying still, you tried to count the hours as they passed. Was Voidster really going to return today, or would he leave you locked up in here for another day, or even longer? He was certainly spiteful enough for it, you thought bitterly.

The click of the lock being undone startled you, but didn't wake the peacefully slumbering beast at your back. It was no surprise that he was so deeply unconscious, with all that Voidster had subjected him to. You weren't sure if you preferred G's unrelenting attention, or being alone with the hateful man whose violet eyes glittered queerly down at you.

[I believe you had requested food, pet. Perhaps a hot shower wouldn't go amiss, either? You'll want to hurry if you wish to have time for either before he wakes.] His voice was soft, so as not to disturb G. Suppressing a groan, you slid out from the possessive arms of the lich. He stirred in his sleep, a light growl pressing from his lips as the absence of your soft body was noted by his unconscious mind. Wincing, you crawled forward, then stood shakily, making your way toward the doorway. You were exhausted, and starving. You had been down here for what felt like nearly a day, with only water to drink. Your stomach audibly growled as Voidster solicitously extended a hand to steady your arm.

You wanted to shrug away his touch, but you needed the support, unfortunately. Allowing him to grip your upper arm, you let him lead you from the room, closing and locking the door behind you both. Leading you to a smaller, open room, he gestured to a leather couch with a blanket draped on it. Suspiciously, you picked up the fabric, wrapping it around your naked body as he left. When he returned, it was with a steaming bowl of rich broth, delicious and savory. The heat soothed your throat and filled your belly, although you had hoped for something more substantial.

As if reading your thoughts, he interjected wryly, **[You didn't think we were done, did you my dear? You'd likely vomit up any solid food, if G were to become too…exuberant. This will sustain you without causing sickness. It would be a shame if you were to lose consciousness before the experiment is concluded.]**

You finished the broth, accepting the cool cup of water he proffered after. The silence had almost become uncomfortable, when it was interrupted by a loud *BANG,* immediately followed the sound of claws scrabbling on metal, and a piercing howl that could only be the lich. The howl rose and fell, transforming into an anguished warble that eventually faded out.

"I. Uh. Maybe I should go back to him…" you muttered, watching as Voidster turned partially toward the sound, an irritable expression on his face. At your words, his attention snapped back to you, his slight grimace turning into a full scowl as he eyed you. **[We're not finished yet. It will hardly kill him to be separated from you for such a short time.]**

It didn't sound as if G agreed with this statement, a new series of wails rising eerily in the silence that followed. The sound was inhuman and heartbreaking. There was palpable loneliness and fear in the sound, a keening call for you to return. It hadn't even occurred to you how upsetting it must have been for him to wake up alone, having gone to sleep with you cuddled against him. You felt obscurely guilty, despite not having done it purposely or maliciously. The scrabbling sound resumed, as well as heavy thuds that could only be G throwing himself

against the strong metal door, attempting to break it down.

[And he accuses me of being dramatic,] Voidster muttered sourly, rolling his eyes. **[Are you quite finished with the food and drink you demanded? We have further business to attend to.]**

"What 'business'?" you asked suspiciously, wrapping the blanket further around yourself. The sharp smile he gave you did nothing to allay your fears, as he bent at the waist, offering you one elegant hand. **[Come and see, my dear.]**

"I'd rather not," you muttered, leaning away from his hand suspiciously. When his expression hardened, your fears were only confirmed.

[I did not say that participation was optional, pet. You did promise to cooperate, after all. Come on your own two feet or over my shoulder, it matters not to me.] He shrugged, stepping closer and leaning further down as if to pick you up. Slapping his hands away, you stood quickly, arms wrapped around your blanket-clad body.

"I can walk," you said, eyeing him as he dropped his arms and stepped back.

[Very well.] He smirked, inclining his head. **[This way.]**

You followed him down the hallway, ignoring the streaks of blood and scattered objects in the way. It appeared that G had torn through the entire facility when he'd gone in search of bedding for the "nest" he had created for you. You could still hear his sad warbling, beginning to grow fainter as Voidster led you deeper into the underground facility.

Abruptly, he turned to the right, guiding you through another reinforced metal door. It seemed that all of the doors were secured in this way, as though to keep something out...or in. Unlike the other rooms, this one had walls draped in velvet, the floor of dark polished mahogany wood. Against the wall was a wall hung with various instruments of...not exactly torture, you realized, eyeing the toys and instruments suspiciously.

In the center of the small room was a padded, leather-wrapped device. It consisted of multiple bars in a box shape, with one more heavily padded, wide bar raised above the others. The thick leather restrains on each corner of the box soon made its purpose apparent, and you began backing away, slowly shaking your head, only to run directly into Voidster's broad heat at your back. His large, knuckled hands came to rest on your shoulders, holding you firmly in place as you tried to pull away from him.

"No. I am not getting onto this weird...fetish furniture in your secret bondage dungeon." You gave a short laugh, pulling harder against his restraining grip. "Think again Voidster, this is not happening."

[I disagree,] he murmured, leaning over to drag his long tongue up the side of your bare shoulder and neck. Through the blanket, you could feel a familiar bulge pressing hard against your lower back, and shuddered. "I don't exist for you to live out your weird fantasies," you snapped angrily, shoving an elbow back into his stomach. He grunted lightly, chuckling.

[Do you truly still believe such nonsense, pet? That is precisely the reason you exist. Have I not told you as much before? You let the lich mount you like an animal, with hardly a complaint, I might add.] He rolled his hips against you, deftly catching your wrists in one hand, and tucking the fingers of his other beneath the blanket that you desperately clutched to your naked body. He easily loosened it, letting the rich fabric fall to the floor with a sibilant whisper. Naked, you felt even more vulnerable, his free hand

caressing the side of your body, as the one that held your wrists tightened warningly.

[You do not belong to him. I brought you from *my* timeline, a fact that the both of you seem to forget with disturbing regularity. He cannot help the feral possessiveness that is a natural part of his rut. But you cannot yield so easily to him and then deny me. I won't permit it. Now lie down.]

You swallowed hard, glancing back at the disturbing contraption in the middle of the room. "No. I don't *belong* to either of you, Voidster. You can force me, you can make me do whatever you want, but I won't pretend to want or enjoy it. At least G has an excuse for acting like an animal. What's yours?"

Breathy laughter was his only response, before you felt him reach downward to fiddle at his groin, unfastening his trousers while deftly maintaining his grip on your wrists. Uncovered, he pressed his naked phallus against your bare skin, rubbing it lewdly against your buttocks as he panted against your face. **[Mmm pet, so warm and soft. I don't need an excuse to take you like the bitch that you are. You should know by now that forcing you is half the fun. Seduction is the lich's game, not mine. Now, come.]**

He adjusted his hold on your arms to lead you by your tethered wrists, dragging you over to the leather padded device. He pushed you expertly across the broad bar at the top, your hips resting on it as he fastened first the wrist, and then the ankle cuffs around your limbs. You felt yourself flushing, hanging your head to let your hair hide your face. You were suspended in midair on your forearms and knees, with your legs spread and rear raised up, easily accessible by anyone who wanted to use you.

A cruel hand twined in your hair, dragging your face up to meet the amused smile of the man who stood before you. **[How enticing you look, my dear. So prettily displayed, ripe for the taking.]**

Releasing you, he trailed one hand down your spine, claws dragging lightly over your buttocks and down your thighs. Then he removed his touch, and you shuddered at its absence. You couldn't tell what he was doing, unable to turn far enough to look behind you.

He returned shortly, however, bringing with him a length of silken fabric. He displayed it to you, briefly, before tying it around your eyes, blinding you. **[I find that blindfolds are useful in enhancing…anticipation,]** he murmured, stroking your hair in a parody of tenderness. **[Anticipation…and fear. But do not worry overmuch, my dear. It is not my intention to cause permanent harm. You are still instrumental in my experimentation with G, after all. But that doesn't mean that you can't provide your true master with some relief before our work continues.]**

You heard his heavy footsteps pace away again, and a long moment passed before he spoke again. **[I often use this room for my more…inventive pleasures. I find that music often inspires me in the art of torture. However, I find the melody of your anguish to be far sweeter than even my favorite classical operas…]**

He approached again, and you felt the kiss of leather against your skin, as he quoted;

[***Fate is against you,***
in health
and virtue,
driven on
and weighted down,
always enslaved.
So at this hour
without delay
I shall pluck your vibrating strings

And play upon you rare music;

such as would make deities weep to hear it. **]**

The crack of the whip was delayed, as was the pain you felt after the first blow. It took your breath away. A burning line of fire smoldered against your flesh, interrupted by a second lash, and then a third. Your lip was bloody before you let loose the first cry of pain, to which he paused, gently stroking your inflamed and tender back.

Then he began again, crossing the newly formed weals with the sharp crack of the whip, crisscrossing your back in stripes that itched and burned fiercely. Soft whimpers and moans left your lips, consumed in the pain. You didn't realize it at first when he stopped; too distracted by the extremity of your agony. You heard him set the whip aside, the leather creaking slightly as he coiled it and put it away.

[Do not be mistaken, pet. For all that I do this for my own pleasure, it serves a purpose in our experiment, as well. How will the lich react, when he finds you wounded, smeared with the scent of another male? Tell me, do you think he will be driven still to soothe and protect you, or will he be overcome by the need to claim you as his own, despite the pain it causes you?]

You said nothing, panting slightly as endorphins rushed through your body to dull the pain, and he continued, likely not having expected you to reply. **[I will be interested to see which is stronger in him; the need to protect or the need to possess. Shall we proceed with the second part of your…preparation?]**

"Why act like I have a choice?" you muttered bitterly, tears of pain tracking down your cheeks as you swallowed, hard. You sensed, rather than saw him shrug.

[It amuses me. Now be quiet.] You heard him kick off his shoes, followed by the whisper of his trousers sliding to the floor, his claws snagging the crimson turtleneck he wore and discarding that as well. Then his enormous hands were on you, stroking your fiery welts just to make you whimper in pain, before drifting to cup your perked buttocks. **[What a shame that my mate is in no frame of mind to**

enjoy how nicely displayed you are,] he murmured, running his tongue over his fangs as he caressed your spread thighs.

When his claws dipped into the heat between your legs, you flinched, gasping softly as he stroked your folds with consummate skill, drawing moisture against your will as he expertly aroused you. Still, it wasn't quite enough to ease the transition when the blunt head of his erection pushed against your entrance. You squirmed uncomfortably, trying to draw away as he forced himself into you, bracing his hands on your hips. For every inch he withdrew, he thrust another two in, until he was fully hilted within your tight body.

A hard pant left him, and he leaned forward over you, his broad chest braced over your bent spine, hands pressed on either side of your shoulders as he withdrew and rocked his hips back to fully sheath within you again. He groaned in satisfaction, hot breath hitting the back of your neck as you shuddered and arched beneath him.

He took you with shallow thrusts, nudging your cervix with his length over and over again, the silence punctuated by the rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh as he struck into your core with fierce repetition, building and edging himself with brutal efficiency. Truly, he was using you as an object of gratification, paying no heed to your comfort or desire as your walls tugged sweetly at his pulsing cock, resisting him with every roll of his hips.

Shoving one hand back into your hair, he yanked your head up painfully, gripping onto it as he worked and thrust into you in longer, sloppy strokes. His other felt at your breasts, cupping them and cruelly pinching your nipples to make you shudder and squirm beneath him. His rough tongue dragged upward between your shoulder blades, tasting the salt of your skin as he rolled and tucked his hips against yours, slamming into the pit of your stomach. You moaned in discomfort, futilely attempting to wrench your head from his grasp, only to have him slide his hand from your hair to the front of your throat, gripping tightly enough to bruise.

With his new handhold, he held you in place as he struck against your buttocks harder, working himself mercilessly until he shuddered, thick ropes of hot seed spilling into your body, slipping from your folds as he continued to rhythmically nudge his hips against you, his cock sliding easily against your newly lubricated walls. A sound like a moan and a snarl tore from his jaws as he pressed down against you, nearly crushing you against the device that held you helplessly in place for his pleasure. He pinned himself against you, hilting one last time, pressing his pelvis hard to your heaving form, panting.

[Ah pet, if I had known, I would not have put this off until now. What a truly marvelous device. How perfectly it angles you for a male. G should enjoy himself enough that he forgets all about that irritating desire to nest with you. Truly this has been worthy experiment, if only for the behaviors I had no way of predicting in his feral state.]

Painstakingly, he withdrew from your small, heaving body, his thick cock popping free with a lewd, wet sound. You shuddered in humiliation, balling your hands into fists against the tight restraints binding your wrists to the padded leather beneath you. There was no point in saying anything, not to him. A growing soreness was drawing between your thighs, at least the lich's effects soothed your discomfort and made the experience tolerable but that never was the case with Voidster.

He kept you blindfolded as you shivered and flushed in embarrassment along with rising anger. For a moment, you couldn't hear him, probably studying his work with a sick sense of accomplishment that made your stomach churn. It wasn't long after that you then heard him step around, a gentle chuckle thrumming through his chest as he had a pair of summoned hands gather up his clothing. **[Don't get too comfortable now, my dear. After I rid myself of your scent, it will be time for the next test to begin. I'm sure the blindfold will be of some small comfort to you, not having to see the absolute wrath of a furious feral beast. Though, it won't do much to suppress the feedback you will receive from his…excitement.]**

You ground your teeth together tightly, shoving your emotions deep down in your heart. You refused to give him any sort of amusement from a reaction, of any kind. Inwardly, you wished for the man to drown. Waiting, you listened as the monster stepped around before the metal door swung shut, leaving you alone, naked and shivering. Tentatively, you bit your bottom lip and tried to twist and pull your wrists free of your bonds, even as the leather bit angrily at your flesh.

Voidster pleasantly strolled down the halls, listening to the feral spitting and hissing of the lich trapped within his room. At least for now he had given up on trying to break down the door. Despite the annoyance of his attachment, he couldn't help but feel awed by the sheer strength and unrelenting aggression his mate was displaying. It had been worth losing the test subjects for training purposes, and it had definitely been worth the long battles he held against the beast for dominance and control. For now, G obeyed and responded to him. The tables had turned, and he fully planned on testing the limits of this man's true, primitive nature.

He knew the lich had endearing qualities and impulses, the many times after they had spent themselves with deep passions amidst the sheets, G usually ended up slipping his flat tongue in gentle, caring laps that swept the salt and blood from his skin. For a time, he thought it was just a way for the monster to clean him in a meager way, but now he knew for a fact it was a natural behavior, one strong enough that not even while sane he could suppress it. It was all very intriguing, he couldn't help the thoughtful grin that tugged at his lips as he slipped upstairs to shower. Losing himself in his thoughts, predictions and budding anticipation.

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The lich was back in the corner with the still-damp blankets, shuffling them around and smelling them, when Voidster returned. He appeared to responding to your scent on the fabric, perhaps searching for you or simply giving in to an instinctual urge to nest where he had last kept

you. Not that he could leave the room unless Voidster allowed it. The soft whisper of the hissing that rode on his deep, heavy inhales paired with the sharp, grunting exhales as the feral creature tasted the lingering scents on the fabric. Interestingly enough, it was the exact same pattern in which G used when tracking or when he was growing further excited.

Voidster stood in the doorway for a moment, observing this behavior beneath a neutral stare. Freshly showered, not only was your scent removed, but his own was muted as well. He had even taken the liberty of borrowing a few of G's clothes, to further confuse his scent. It would be strong on you, and he didn't want the lich making the connection and potentially attacking him, amusing as that could be. No, he wanted the pure, visceral response of G finding the female he had claimed, smelling like another, absent male. If G connected the scent with him, the experiment would be ruined.

Tucking the edge of his tongue against his curved, slick row of bottom teeth he gave a sharp whistle. The lich instantly reacted, a jolt shivering down his spine as he twisted in an odd crouch, fangs bared behind the rusted muzzle he wore. Drips and strings of black spittle slipped down the metal covering his jaws, hanging down to the floor while his haunches flexed and broken claws dug into the cement. His eyes, bright and piercing, locked onto Voidster before flicking past him with the realization the door was now open. The man stood still and authoritative as G began to slowly raise off of his hands, his shoulders were oddly bent, his form appearing broken. Standing in a hunched, tense stance, he began to approach; snorting and hissing with the shivering of his porcelain hide.

G was trying to smell him as he drew nearer, but the nullified taste was difficult to pick up which caused him to tilt his head forward, rapidly drawing in choppy bursts of air across his flat, slick tongue. Satisfied with the lich's response he waited, and watched, as the creature before him rolled his joints beneath his tattered skin, a disturbing creaking filling the solid room. When G came within striking distance he halted, standing in his contorted hunch while heaving, light warbling growls riding on each exhale. Voidster kept eye contact with the lich, unwavering, until G finally relented and

glanced away, over his shoulder to the hall.

Voidster was growing proud of his new pet, it had taken many hard battles to get the lich to comply and submit. Manners were not something he knew, and teaching him was difficult but the reward was so utterly satisfying. To have such a powerful, unstable being give in to his will with proper instruction and body language was new, exciting. Ever so slowly, he raised a taloned, white hand and lazily stretched it outward towards the lich's maw. In response, G snarled, a quake trailing down through his body to shiver in his wound haunches. The man waited patiently, gazing at the creature as he began to put two and two together. Carefully, he leaned closer, having to take a small step forward with his arms flexed and claws twitching, fighting his natural instinct to lash out as he pressed the metal cage against the man's fingers.

[You learn quickly, my love. Most impressive,] he murmured, a smirk tugging at his lips as his fingertips were slathered in acidic, biting saliva. He walked his fingers up along the side of the lich's face, studying the flinching of his eye sockets and the way his hole punched tongue curled at the back of his throat in a silent snarl. With an agile, practiced hand, he pulled the buckles of the muzzle, the cage finally being loosened against G's sore face. During this, the lich remained motionless yet continued to be vocal, the sudden ease against his skin was painful. Finally, with the last belt undone, Voidster caught the edge of the mask and allowed it to fall away from his face, gazing at the dark, near black, indentations left from the tightness of the device.

Immediately, the lich huffed, a deep, rolling sound as he turned his head and rubbed the side of his face against his oddly protruding shoulder. The lesson of not touching his face with his hands had stuck after all, it caused Voidster to smirk all the wider. What a beautiful, fascinating beast he had made of the lich. It was perhaps for the better that G wouldn't remember this when his rut had ended, but oh, when the next cycle came around, who knew what training and instinct would make of this magnificent creature. The thought aroused and excited him. Inspired him.

But now was not the time to ruminate on what the distant future might hold, when a far more interesting situation was beginning to unfold, for the lich had caught your scent, his body tensing as a distant look entered his white eyes, his jaws parting like a bloodhound finding the trail of his prey. And would you be prey, or would his mating instinct take hold again, that strange behavior where he mounted and defended you, guarding you from other males with those stunning displays of body contortion?

Voidster understood the sexual drive all too well, although the lich's need for violence far exceeded his own when in rut. He had never devoured a human as G had, although he had killed them for provoking him, or for fun. The scent of a female was a sweet torment during those times, and while the need to dominate G was just as strong, the desire to breed with a woman could not be ignored. He studied the lich as he lifted his head from his shoulder, tasting the air and shifting his feet against the cold, smooth floor. A curious warble rode through his throat as he leaned further forward, unwilling to unglue his stance, but pushy enough to try gathering more of this sweet flavor having escaped him.

He couldn't ignore the small seed of jealousy within himself, that G seemed to feel such a deep attachment to you during these times, but he supposed it was an inevitable side effect of the training he had enacted early on in the rut. He had sacrificed what might have been deeply satisfying, violent sex, for the sake of science. Instead of forming an animalistic bond, he had conditioned the lich to think of him as his Master. Training him to submit and fear him, which was, in itself, a satisfaction similar to the languor of a skillfully executed session of fucking.

The results of his efforts showed now in the way that G warily eyed him, clearly wanting to bolt from the room in pursuit of your scent, just as clearly reluctant to pass by the larger man without given permission. Pain was such a beautifully effective training tool; so elegant and well-suited to a primitive beast like the lich. A cold, cruel smile touched his lips, his violet eyes lazy and half-lidded as he made a casual gesture with one white hand. **[Go, my love. I know how eager you are to find the female you had claimed. She is waiting**

for you.]

G may not have understood the words, but he understood the hand gesture and tonal qualities of his voice well enough. Without further hesitation, he dropped to all fours, bounding from the room with a lithe grace that belied his bestial appearance. It was a thing of beauty to witness those rippling muscles working beneath the lich's scarred hide as he tracked your scent, maw open and panting as he effortlessly followed your trail, which Voidster had made certain would be easy to follow. The feral creature seemed to glide side to side down the corridor, judging and predicting your trail which led him a few doors down.

Interestingly enough, as the lich nearly barreled into the room Voidster had first taken you into, he halted. Slamming his palm against the trim of the door a deep, reverberating hiss trickled through his throat while he pressed upwards from the floor. Tilting his head to the side, he marinated on the flavors touching upon his palate.Since the room was obviously empty, you weren't in this location but the freshness of your scent turned him away from the room with an aggravated huffing that shook his ribcage. Close, yet still so far. Voidster's gaze lingered on the blunt gouges the lich left in his wake against the wood, even with his broken down, feathered claws, he still was capable of using them.

With a smirk tugging at his lips he shadowed the lich, remaining at a distance to prevent contaminating his tracking. It didn't surprise him whatsoever when G finally met the large door, your scent trickling from just beyond it. He spat with contempt for the barrier, striking outward with a frustrated sneer, his claws scraping downward along the surface before catching the handle and springing the bolt free from its place. The loud, clattering noise from the bounce of the spring caught the lich off guard, startling him enough that his spine rolled beneath his hide and he lashed out once more with an angry, near bark. His broken claws met the door once more but this time threw it open beneath his violent, ill tempered action.

What lay in wait for him just beyond the flash of metal counter-

attacked him full force, the interior was nothing like he had seen before, having been used to cold metal, white walls, and blood. He stood there, and remained still for some time, his chin slowly tilting to the side while his white pupils flicked every which way before fixating solely on a particular subject. The lich's breaths were hitching, sharply drawing in breaths only to snort and spit them out with a growing aggression that finally compelled him to stalk forth. Voidster strolled up through the hall, standing just outside of the doorway as he eyed the lich whom was drawing warily closer to your frozen form.

You had been trying to pry the blindfold off against the side of your arm when the door was suddenly struck. It startled you nearly half to death and as you heard the laborious, angry grunting of the lich's breathing your heart began to sink. He was so loud, his very being reverberating with his threatening snarls that shook him to the core and strained at his joints in a grotesque groaning of bone on bone. Suddenly, you felt sharp teeth press up against the side of your thigh, his jaws parting further as he inhaled and digested your anxious, stressed, scent. An involuntary whimper left your throat, biting onto your lip with your heart racing in your chest.

You couldn't see, but you knew the lich was truly, absolutely, livid. His hand came down upon the bars of the device, shuddering the rig as he drew upwards along your propped hip where he paused and let out a few hard bursts of air. He was leaning his entire weight down onto the contraption beneath you, and the metal creaked with strain. The slick slipping of his fangs up along your hip paired well with the strong heat that stung your skin, caressing over your back where your swelling welts shivered in an attempt to recoil from the painful sensation. He had his focus on the sweet arch of your spine, absorbing the wounds you had sustained, but a heavy, earthy tone was settling in the back of his throat. A rival. One that was fresh, able and just as strong as he was.

The lich drew in a shaky, hissing breath. He then pressed his jaws forward across your back as he began to crouch further over you from the side before a bellowing, abhorrent roar tore from his lungs out across your spine. His ribcage tremored beneath the sheer power and wrath coursing through his veins, it nearly deafened you as flecks of

scalding spittle landed upon your stinging wounds. You didn't even realize you were panting, whimpering, until his horrid call ebbed. He wasn't wearing a muzzle, the only saving grace you had to being able to deal with what was to come. Surely, he would break you.

Voidster couldn't help himself, he folded his arms but raised a hand to cover his chin and mouth, disguising his growing excitement as mere casual observation. He noted the heavy rolling of the lich's joints, the trembling in his jagged, oddly disjointed spine while the creature twisted and slowly began to lean to the side. Jaws parted, tongue riding on his hard outbursts of breath, he began to smell and taste once more, the edge of his sharp cheek gliding across your outer thigh once more. The metal cage holding you was irksome, it muddled your flavors, making them sterile. Your budding wounds piled that irritation, the coppery tinge of blood and pain pecking at his guts instinctively. But it was the earthy, musky tone coating your flushed figure that truly drove a wedge into his chest. It was unacceptable, heresy, and called for the punishment of death.

G sharply drew his head upwards, his tongue curling against his bottom palate as he looked across the room but found no other male to challenge. Even as he bent his body to sneer at the doorway, nothing was there. With no sign of the other monster, his malice welled within his form and he roughly shoved his body against the perch your hips rested on as he skirted around to the back of you.

His head was still lifted, body crouched and poised for a fight, but all you felt was the shifting of the device beneath you and the heat from the lich drawing behind you instead. Slowly, that sweltering heat then pressed above you. You choked down a terrified heave, catching the near sob in your throat as you tried, and failed, to stay calm. He was continuing to smell, grunting harshly through the infuriating flavors feeding a growing pressure in his skull. While you whimpered and shuffled beneath him, desperately trying to pull at your wrists in vain, he leered his parted jaws down to the back of your neck. The sound of him drawing in a wet breath sent a shiver down your sore spine, you dryly swallowed, daring to whisper, "G...I know you're in there... *please ...*"

The tone and unstable inflections of your voice pushed a heavy snarl from his throat, sensing your upset he drew his arms up, gripping into the plush leather of the arm rests just above your hands. He tucked his hips forward, pressing his girthy, hard shaft against your backside. He shuddered, his sounds of disdain only amplified as he was coated in the slick of whatever male dared to have stolen you away. G shook the device beneath you as he jolted and shoved downward, nearly roaring again in bitter anger. You flinched, pulling against your bonds while the heavy heat of the lich pressed down from above, a rolling, thunderous growl building within his chest. Deftly, he rocked his hips upwards, snagging at your entrance easily with your assisted position and slipped within you.

A yelp left your lips, shifting and wriggling beneath the monster above as he easily hilted in you, nudging into the pit of your stomach where a deep ache already burdened you. Your walls were sore, battered and tender. The added lubrication was helpful, but not enough to stifle your pained groans and mewling, while the lich wasted no time repetitively slamming his flushed abdomen against your backside. Whoever had dared cover his mark was not a lich, his shaft pulsed and throbbed with no biting qualities to this seed attempting to hinder him, but it did not ease his mind. He angrily bucked against you, your hips digging into the prop keeping your ass perked just right for a being of his size.

There was no point in speaking, in begging or reasoning with G. He was long gone. You should never have left the lich to begin with. Even though he was dangerous, powerful and unpredictable it did not rival the pure, calculated evils that a clever man could assemble. You knew the lich's essence was a pain reliever, once it settled, but that promise did little to soothe your rapid heartbeat and pained cries, while he drove into you with an instinctual, erratic pounding. He speared expertly through you, continuing to snarl and pant against the back of your slick neck. The lich remained in a half crouch, bracing himself on the balls of his feet, broken, shattered claws attempting to dig into the floor beneath him as he thrusted.

How dare a coward manage to make off with *his* prize, mating with her, wounding her, holding her captive with a metal machine like the one that was regularly bitten into his face. It forced a true violence from the lich, a kind of passion that a human was not ever meant to handle. He parted you like a blade, sliding within your depths only to stab at your core with an unrelenting contempt against the loud, pained cries trickling from your throat. It was not enough to simply have you beneath him, the slick coating between the both of you was giving him a new goal.. To destroy this other male's musk that nearly choked him. To erase this claim permanently. This prize beneath him was his, and his alone.

From behind a two way mirror, Voidster stood with a manic expression, unable to help the small chuckle warbling through his chest as the lich's sheer rage. He took in how you writhed beneath him, being drawn to sharp cries and hearty sobs from the pain of the creature hilting within your small, worn form. He had expected G to react in such a way, although it was still a brilliant test, seeing the true nature of his partner in uncensored brilliance. What would he do after he had reclaimed you? That is to say, if he didn't break you during the process.

He dropped one hand to the growing bulge in his trousers, rubbing hard at the ache that had settled in his loins as he watched. G was so focused, so furious...it would be insane to go into that room, to interfere in any way. Then he smiled, one corner of his mouth twitching upward as his eyelids drooped. **[No great genius was without a mixture of insanity…]** he mused. Slipping his hand into his trousers to better adjust his growing erection, he stepped away from the glass, and unlocked the door to the adjoining room.

The lich hardly registered his presence, which was surprising, given the rage and possession that spurred him onward even now. Despite his earlier, nurturing behavior, the pained sounds you made beneath him seemed not to affect him at all. Indeed, Voidster doubted that he even heard the soft gasps of agony, the shrill moans of tender pain. Nothing mattered to G right now but erasing the claim of the other, unknown male. It was a beautiful, and erotic sight to behold, one he committed to memory. Already, he was inspired as to what he would

try the next time the lich went into heat, what experiments he might perform and what information he might gather. Truly there was nothing more satisfying than the marriage of scientific advancement and pain.

The soft sound of his zipper being undone was lost in the wet thrusting of the monster above you, and the soft mewling cries you made with every strike. Stepping gracefully around to the front of you, Voidster withdrew his throbbing manhood, sliding one elegant hand beneath your chin to tilt your face upward. His thumb tucked up beneath the blindfold, slipping the silken fabric upwards to your forehead to unveil your eyes. When you saw him, your cries increased in intensity, which only spurred the lich to work harder into you, tucking his hips against your rear with force and precision as he snarled in unthinking response.

The beast smirked, raising one brow and inclining his head down to the head of his shaft, which he held against your lips. You shook your head, baring your teeth at him. Without a single change of expression, Voidster slid his hand from your chin to your hair, grasping it and yanking your head back hard enough to bring tears to your eyes. This time when you met his gaze, he bared his own, much more impressive fangs, running his twisting purple tongue against them. The blunt head of his cock pushed against your soft lips, forcing itself into your mouth as he raised his other hand to your hair. Gripping your head in both massive, clawed hands, he thrust lightly against the wet heat of your mouth, rubbing his length against your face when it became clear that it wouldn't fit very far past your lips.

A disgusted grunt pressed against the thick shaft pushing through your airway, his taste coated your squirming tongue while the blunt end of him ground against the soft palate of the back of your throat. His amusement only grew as you coughed, the uncomfortable sound being muffled against his flesh. Tears pecked at your eyes, quickly shutting them to avoid seeing the bastard's pleased expression any further. He held you firmly, marinating on your struggles while whimpers tightened the fit of him within your mouth, to which he only responded with curt nudges. A simple, satisfying shiver caressed down his spine amidst the lust of the lich using you equally for his own gain.

He continued his movements as G struck behind you, pushing you hard so that with each thrust, your mouth was pressed to the cock against your face. It slid against your parted lips, salty beads of precum slathering over your tongue as you gagged and tried to turn away. The hands in your hair only tightened in warning while Voidster continued to rub himself against your face, letting the motions of the lich thrust you against his cock. Then he untangled one hand from your silken strands, gripping his shaft and pumping it hard while continuing to nudge and press it against your lips.

You could feel G becoming more agitated behind you; more aware of the male that was encroaching on his territory as he built and edged himself within you; preparing to fill you to the brim with his burning essence and erase Voidster's previous claim. Your mind went blank, your world narrowed to the feeling of the girthy cock stretching and tugging at your walls while the other pressed against your mouth; assaulted from both sides. Struggling against your bonds, you moaned and went limp, your body held propped up by the device that Voidster had strapped you to. Their exuberance was too much. Overwhelmed, you had no choice but to yield.

The lich felt you going soft and submissive beneath him, and let out a triumphant snarl, hunching further over your form as his hips picked up a faster, furious rhythm, pounding into you with primitive energy. You shook and mewled beneath him, white starbursts of pain flashing before your eyes with each thrust. He had never used you so hard before, had never rammed into you so violently. His full strength was terrifying and agonizing, and your consciousness began to slip away even as he reached his peak, flooding you with burning ropes of his seed, that washed through your walls, purifying and reclaiming you as his. It slipped from your folds, coating his shaft as well, erasing the scent of the invading male, except for…

His fangs bared, suddenly noticing the presence of the man in front of you both, his deep violet essence having recently spilled over your mouth and onto the floor. That scent...it was the scent of the male that had taken you from him. How foolish of him to return. It was also the

scent of his Master...the man who had beaten him mercilessly, had strapped the cruel metal to his face and given you to him to start with. The lich rolled his spine heavily in his back as he loomed above your limp form, gagging on that earthly scent that dared pervade his own. He locked his tightened, white eyes upwards onto the male before him and drew in a heavy, thrumming hiss. Slowly, he pulled from your tight body, as did Voidster. A soft groan slipped past your throat as you turned your face away and spat down onto the floor, an acrid aftertaste staining your gums. The black, sludge like seed of the lich nipped and bit at your inner thighs while ebbing the hard, swelling ache in the pit of your stomach.

Voidster lifted his chin, his lilac eyes glimmering beneath his half lidded expression with a satisfied smirk tugging at his lips. Adjusting himself back within his slacks he observed the lich hover further down above you, his haunches tensing as he braced himself against the floor and bowed. Interested, the man lowered his guard, not expecting this kind of behavior but then G released his held breath in a terrifying near shriek. The sound echoed, warbled and sung in the metal bars braced beneath your propped, submissive form. He was so loud, you reflectively flinched, scrunching your features as the device beneath you suddenly jolted and shifted. Luckily, the mechanism was bolted to the floor as the lich leapt clear over top of you and came crashing into Voidster. Fangs bared, claws tearing at the borrowed turtleneck he wore, the lich's sheer aggression sent them both tumbling backwards.

You heard them both tussling, snarling and struggling but it wasn't until you looked up that you saw G had managed to stretch his body outward, keeping Voidster pinned beneath him as he struggled to hold the lich's snapping fangs at a distance. The man braced his forearm against the lich's strained, flexed neck as G pressed downward above him, his teeth clacking with an attempt to sink his vicious, slick razor points into his master's flesh. This was not the first time they had fought, nor would it be the last, the excitement of it all kept an obscene grin on Voidster's lips as he grunted and slowly pressed himself up into a sitting position. Shoving the lich upwards, G rested on the tips of his splayed finger tips. He was hunched in a deep, back bending crouch while those dilated, piercing white eyes glared daggers at the man beneath him.

Voidster gazed up at his wicked, insane, mate. His grin growing all the deeper as he took in those dark indentation marks upon his flesh from the muzzle, apparently that lesson had not sunk in and he would have to be graced with a new one. He pushed G to this, testing and teasing him to lash out purposefully and the danger of it all sparked not only his innate curiosity, but arousal as well. Flicking his purple, twisting tongue across his lips he brought his free fist upwards, catching the lich directly in his lanky, narrow side just beneath his protruding ribs. The creature let out a low grunt, a burst of air leaving his throat to scald across Voidster's face. Caustic, humid and bitter he focused on how G's tongue curled against his bottom palate. Driving his fist in the same spot over and over again, beating him down, weakening his advancement to where he could push the lich up off of his hands above him by his throat.

Still, he grew impressed by the ferality of the lich, he was not submitting this time. The pain must not have been enough. Voidster drew his hand back by his side, unfurling his fingers into a wretched, clawed hand as G tried to dig his back claws into the smooth floor, unable to gain much traction in an effort to shove against the arm that held him upwards, choking the flow of oxygen to his lungs. Angrily, the lich hissed, his jaws beginning to close into a horrendous, dripping sneer. The man snickered deeply, warbling and hitching in his chest while the lich's limp claws twitched in the air, having been trained to never use them against him as their blunt edges did nothing but glance off of the thick hide beneath them. **[That's right, I fucked that slut you've taken to. The one I allowed you to have. I am your Master, I control what goes on here and I own you. Anything that belongs to you, belongs to me as well. You will submit to me yet...I assure you.]**

With that said Voidster threw his clenched hand upwards, the soft, reverberating thud of his talons sinking through the lich's hide into his soft underbelly sent a vicious cry through his body. He could feel how the creature's form twisted and shuddered against his claws, hilted to his fingertips as black, acidic blood spilled downward across his hand. Suddenly, without warning, G lashed outward with his feathered claws, his fingers wrapping into Voidster's back and crook of his neck as he lurched forward. Jumping off of his toes he drove the man back against the floor, his body hitting the hardwood with a bang and gave the lich enough leverage to shove through the forearm against his

throat. With a wicked snarl the lich sunk his teeth into the man's shoulder, his jaws gnawing and digging deep, severing through the thick meat in his mouth.

Your eyes widened, a breath catching in your throat as crimson blood gushed upwards along the lich's features and Voidster gave a roar. It shook his whole body, the pain hot enough to send his head tilting backwards, shoving up against the lich with all of his strength but all that came of it was the wet, tearing sound of his own muscle. G was literally trying to take a chunk of his own body away, and if he were a mortal man, the beast's bite could have truly snapped away bone. In an instant, Voidster's awe was replaced with a searing anger. Left writhing and struggling beneath the lich who absolutely refused to let his prey go, snarling and spitting in an attempt to keep the man pinned against the floor even as those wretched claws churned and drug gouges through his soft stomach along his sides. With a hearty jerk Voidster tore his claws free, flaying the lich's hide as a spray of black blood splattered across the floor, hot and steaming.

The sensation was enough to send a sharp, shrill cry through the lich's throat, static and an echoed filter drifting through the room while Voidster shifted roughly below. It wasn't until his heels settled up against G's protruding hips that the lich could process what was happening, before he could drive his bite deeper the male beneath him kicked with all his might. He was thrown off of him with ease, his teeth tearing through Voidster's deltoid as he was tossed across the room. You couldn't turn your head enough to see where the lich had landed, but you certainly heard it, the hard, reverberating thud thundered through the floor before a sharp scrambling against the wood paired with a livid hissing. Voidster quickly picked himself up, his features scrunching as he flung a hand to his exposed, meaty shoulder. A hiss of his own pulled in through his teeth, the feeling beneath his fingers was almost like ground meat, uneven, displaced and bloody.

G stayed crouched across the room, his spine rolling and pivoting with grotesque creaking. Bits of snagged flesh remained wedged between his teeth, slowly standing in a broken, hunched position while a deep, reverberating growl shuddered through his form. It was as if he wasn't

feeling the slashes against his exposed stomach, even as they dribbled with thick, oily blood down along his hip and thigh. For some time they stood and stared at each other but eventually Voidster was the one to move, carefully stepping through the room with his eyes glued onto the lich who was continuing to display aggressively at him. He wasn't like the lich, his blood was not thick, it would not stop on it's own accord. The searing, molten pain dripping over his shoulder was impressive. Perhaps he had pushed too far this time.

Voidster easily reached the door, and the lich remained frozen in place, only turning his head to follow his trail. It was a sign of a draw. It was good enough, for now. Without a word, he stepped through the threshold and slammed the metal door behind him, the sound clattering through the room and before you knew it the lich was at your side again. You hadn't even realized you were trembling until the huffing breath of the beast brushed hot air across your exposed outer thigh, he was smelling you again. Biting your bottom lip, you stayed limp and submissive, hoping it was enough and thankfully, with a harsh exhale, he slipped his jaws forward and bit onto the metal beneath your waist.

You heard him growling, the hard tugging at the device beneath you was in vain and you released a sigh. Still trying to gather your thoughts all you wanted was to be out of here, off of this perverse device. You pulled at your arms, and the lich instantly caught on. When his breath caressed your bare hand you pulled your attention over, blinking as you saw him open his jaws and catch his fangs onto the leather binding your wrist. The tanned leather groaned and released an odd tearing noise as his fangs sliced through the bond with ease, you couldn't help the shiver that trailed over you at feeling his sharp teeth brush over your skin. But, he was careful and did not break the surface. He worked quickly, huffing and growling as the leather binding you was slashed away and when you pushed yourself up, still resting on your knees, you didn't expect to feel a thick, tattered arm slip up around you to pull you up.

Too tired to argue, or struggle, you let the lich keep you tucked against his chest with one arm, pressing up against your ribs as he shuffled, smelling the air and grunting. He seemed to not enjoy this

room and went to the door after briefly looking around. Lashing his hand outward, he caught the door handle and pulled, the heavy metal creaking open just wide enough for G to slip through the threshold. You were shocked to discover the door was not locked, but that amazement was replaced with the pain of how tightly the lich held you as he whisked you down the hall. You expected him to take you back into that first room you had woken up to, but he seemed to have something else in mind.

“G...you’re hurting me,” you whimpered, wincing through the tightness in your chest as you gripped onto his arm being dug into your ribs. He didn’t seem to hear you as he tasted the air with quick puffs of air, trudging through the hall, tense and poised as if ready for another fight at any moment. Your body was aching, from your jaw down to your legs, all you wanted was a hot bath and to sleep for eternity.. Knowing G, in such an unstable state of mind, you would be lucky to get an uncomfortable nap on the concrete somewhere; sticky with his scent.

After several more minutes of tense silence and restless pacing, G reached a small, out-of-the-way room that was really almost more of a cupboard than an actual room. Huffing softly, he tucked you into the closet-like room, following you inside and nearly crushing you as he arranged himself around your small body. Shivering, you strained upward enough to reach over the lich, grabbing the handle of the door, closing it carefully as G grunted his approval. The monster then slid to the floor with heavy, burdened grunt that pressed from his lungs in a slow drawl.

A brief, blind search revealed a light switch, and soon the room was flooded with the illumination of a single bulb hanging from a long wire above your heads. G was panting, you realized, heaving with exertion, and also bleeding freely from the wounds Voidster had dealt him. You could smell it, and while you glanced over at him the inky, free bleeding coursed down his pelt to soak against his skin. The wounds were deep, wretched. It brought a pain to your chest, even while the lich was not of sound mind he still had better qualities than Voidster. That bastard.

Despite your own exhaustion, you quickly realized that the lich was laying on a pile of discarded sheets, their white sheen drawing your attention. With a sigh, you eased down onto the floor yourself, the linen protecting your soft skin from the harsh cold floor. You tugged one from beneath his large body as he eyed you curiously, sprawled on his side between you and the door. It was possible he had just pulled an entire pile from a nearby shelf, but you were too exhausted to care. All you knew it that you were aching, trying to not shiver, and watched your hands as you worked beneath the gaze of the huffing, pained creature before you.

You tore the fabric into long strips, using it to bind his wounds as efficiently as possible in such a small space. His oily black blood burned your hands as you worked, but you gritted your teeth, applying more pressure and bandages until the bleeding seemed to have mostly stopped. It wasn't pretty, but he had let you do this without fuss. For extra measure you pulled free another sheet, it's crisp freshness inviting, and draped it up over the monster who eyed the fabric suspiciously while licking the blood from his jaws. Your work done, you collapsed before the lich, so exhausted you almost didn't register the concerned warble that he emitted at your behavior. Raising his body, he huffed at your hands, gently licking the burning blood from them. As the pain began to fade, you remembered that his saliva had healing properties, and were thankful for small mercies.

Tentatively, he reared, the sheet giving a soft whisper as it fell from him and over the top of you. Half conscious, you adjusted the fabric as he and rubbed his cheek against the light switch, until he succeeded in turning off the bright light. Then with a sigh, he lay down again, pulling your small body against his own and trapping you there with his massive forearms. Still, you tried to share this sheet with him once more, flicking the edge of it up over his form though he hardly noticed. Fatigue took hold, tucking your arms back against your chest you allowed the lich to settle in next to you. His hot breath wove through your hair as he sighed; a deep, faint purr beginning to build deep in his chest. It didn't take long before you succumbed to the soothing rumble of the lich you were tucked against.

***

You slept hard and heavily, not even having moved in the slightest before the lich awoke after a quick hour of rest. His movements could not stir you from sleep, at first. A simple, deep yawn that stretched his jaws apart as a burst of hot air caressed across your cheek. The rumble of satisfaction seating within his chest while he squinted across the small, dark space, rolling his black tongue across his fangs before swallowing. In the end, it was the shifting of his body as he rolled onto his elbows, hovering above you and shifting your slumber. A soft groan pressed from your throat, disgruntled.

The lich huffed, his breath warbling in his throat while he dipped his chin and breathed in your softness. His raspy inhales further prodded at you, that is, until his tongue began to do that itself. The black, warm tendril lapped curiously at the edge of your jawline. He marinated on your taste, expertly mixed with his own scent that settled his urges. Hardly conscious you lifted a hand, pushing at him meekly while groggily muttering, “G, stop that..”

A harsh snort left his jaws, your hand slipping back down to tuck your arm back against your chest. He peered at you for a few moments, as if not understanding your lack of movement. Eventually, his second natural instinct crawled to mind. To hunt. It had been over a day since his last meal and his hide was crawling with the impulse to stalk. The lich then shifted over onto his knees, crouching above you as the bloodied, dried sheet you had draped over the both of you sloughed off of him. He hovered for a minute or two, slowly stretching his arms forth as he pushed his cracked, broken claws out against the floor and flexed. Another yawn left him as he then pressed forward, rolling his spine and hips in an arch before a heavy shudder took hold of his form.

His hide shivered, deeply. The noise it produced was that of feathers rustling as he gathered himself, swept his tongue across his lips and then stood into a slow, hunched, crouch. The absence of his heat, of his warmth, was not lost on you and a soft whimper left your throat as your fingers reached downward, gripping onto the sheet to pull the

hot linen over your exposed shoulder. While you tucked yourself in and fell still once more he lifted himself into a more upright position, smelling around the small closet he had hidden you within. There was nothing of interest in this place, the most pervasive scent was that of your mixed flavors.

You had fallen back to sleep quickly, not even hearing how the lich managed to open the door and slip back out into the hall, closing the door behind him with a rather solid click. Back in the brightness of the corridor G stood, tense and squinting as his eyes adjusted to the light. He didn't hear anything, nor smell anything as he stood and mulled over where to start his search for food. He hadn't been left to freely roam like this before, but he knew prey came from somewhere and he fully planned on not returning empty handed. The lich let out a harsh snort, drawing in a soft hiss as he chose a direction and stepped down the sterile hallway.

After a few minutes had passed Voidster heard him stalking around, a mere whisper in the background, but one he knew instantly. The man was sitting up on the counter of the main lobby, shirtless, craning his neck to see what he was doing as his hand wove and duck a needle through his chewed up shoulder, pulling the meat back together with thick twine. He had used magic to clean away the old blood from the lich's last meal from the room, masking the scent of flesh with that of bleach but it must not have been enough to hide the smell of his own blood. He knew what the lich was looking for and bitterness drew a scowl into his features as he ignored the hallway and worked on finishing his patchwork.

It had taken quite a while to clean this wound, it was deep and complicated, mangled. The searing hot iron pain made his entire arm throb and as he sewed, the thought of prying out the lich's fangs with pliers was tempting, his sockets twitching with the effort to remain composed. But in the end, he knew he could not be angry with a beast that knew no better. G was not of sound mind, he acted primitively, impulsively. There was no such thing as sharing, the monster only wanted to conquer and that was something the man could find beauty in. It gave him another idea, one that he tossed around in his head while the quiet, shuffling noises of the lich grew louder.

Voidster did not care to immediately look across the room as the monster stepped through the threshold, he could feel those piercing white eyes trained on him pairing well with the low, reverberating growl that tremored through the room. The man glanced his violet eyes over, taking in the crouched, bloodied stance of the lich. He could tell the creature was sore, pained, but masked it behind agression. A puff of air brushed through the man's lips, turning his attention back to the needle betwixt his fingers as he then expertly tied the twine against his inflamed skin. **[You are not deserving of being fed as of yet, be gone with you.]**

The lich cautiously, hesitantly, pressed forward into the room, hugging along the opposite wall while he glanced around. His prey had always been brought here and despite the resentful tone of his master he planned of finding the source of his meals, he did have an aching female to care for afterall. Voidster pressed his chin forward against his shoulder, using his sharp fangs to cut the excess string before lifting his focus back up to witness the lich having suddenly made it across the large room. He was impressed, and it left him disgruntled as he flicked the bloodied needle across the counter to clatter into the sunken metal sink.

The noise drew the creature's attention as he stood by the door, having just been smelling at it but now was poised towards his master once more, tense and with twitching lips. Voidster released a snort, slipping from the counter to stand tall and authoritative. With a snap of his fingers he gestured back from where G had came, his voice nearly a growl. **[No, back off from that door. Off with you, there is nothing here for you to claim.]**

In response, the lich growled, realizing quickly that his master was hurting and not planning on approaching him. Snorting, he shrugged him off and turned his attention back to the door, it smelled lightly of his female, clarifying where she came from. There must be further treasures beyond this metal slab but as he pressed his palm into the handle he soon found it was locked. He showed his disdain with a growl, trembling through his pelt. A sharp whistle drew his attention

again, but this time Voidster was indeed approaching him with heavy, solid steps. Reflexively G shied away, baring his fangs in a silent snarl while he stepped back from the door. His side was still stinging and stunk with oil, he didn't want another brawl.

The closer Voidster drew the farther the lich retreated, keeping his unwavering glare locked in on his master. Despite losing most the creature's trust, he still feared him which was good. Perhaps he did deserve meat, but not that of fresh kill, just enough to tide the creature over, to gain loyalty. G kept a respectful distance away, yet rolled his shoulders awkwardly, threateningly. The man held the lich's gaze as they observed each other but it was the lich that finally looked away, albeit briefly, subtly, to glance at the door once more. This didn't go unnoticed to Voidster, who reached out a hand, resting it on the handle while his magic activated the tumblers within to unlock the bolt. He remained silent, studying the lich, keeping him pinned beneath his hardened stare as he opened the door.

Immediately G tensed, as if ready to bolt through the threshold and up the steps, curiosity and impulse left his haunches twitching but he remained glued to his place. His jaws opened to breathe in the cold, filtered air brushing through the doorway into the room. As if to show off his right, and privilege, Voidster let the lich tilt his head, watching as he tried to see further in the stairwell. Luckily, he remained still, even as the man then stepped through the door and shut it behind him with a resounding click. The bolt slid back into place as he stood on the opposite side of the metal door and waited. It wasn't long before he heard the lich grunt and smell the door, his broken claws testing the surface.

Intrigue got the better of Voidster, and he soon folded his arms, scrutinizing the door as he listened to the lich shuffle around on the other side. But he had never expected the wary, almost worried warble that he produced after a few minutes had passed. It was almost like a whine, interrupted only by the heavy hitching of his breath as he tasted the air and paced tightly in front of the door. It was possible he was merely upset he could not follow, or was denied authority to wander as he truly pleased but when the call came again it was longer, deeper, a near groan wavering with a twinge of anxiety. For

whatever reason, the lich felt an impulse with him, one strong enough to make him sound worried from beyond the door. Voidster could not help the slight twitch of his lips as he listened to this strange, burdened sound.

[Fine,] he murmured, turning to ascend the staircase. **[A small morsel should be enough, for now.]**

The noises ceased, the lich having heard him on the other side of the door, but when Voidster reached the top of the stairs he heard a loud, warbling whine as the creature's claws attempted to tear at the metal far below. A smirk lay stained upon his lips as he entered the main home and begun to gather a few things. He snagged two packets of raw steak from the fridge, along with some fruit and a water bottle that he tossed into a draw string bag he found tucked in a kitchen drawer. He didn't particularly feel like feeding the human girl, the thought of having her forced to consume raw meat was intriguing but he knew she would not last with such treatment. Instead, he had another idea in mind. He made a quick pit stop into his own study, the scent of old blood lingered in the air as he rummaged through a drawer in his desk, rattling old razors and sets of knives before he found the right drug.

Quickly, he set the items down on the table top and twisted the cap off of the bottle of water. He flicked his tongue across his lips as he then unscrewed the glass vial in his hand, an interesting pheromone he had been wanting to try out for some time. He placed a couple drops within the clear, cold liquid before sealing the drug back up and tossing it within his desk once more. He shut the drawer with his hip, capping the bottle once more before giving it a good, absentminded shake. After he felt confident the mixture was well enough he tossed it back within the draw string bag, holding the sack in his off hand while he gathered the packs of chilled meat with his thumb and forefingers. He avoided using his damaged shoulder, refusing to even really lift that hand as he made his way back and descended the step.

As he reached the door he could still hear oddly toned, near whimpering. In order to dislodge the lich he shifted the contents in his

hand before giving the metal a hard, heavy, pound with his fist. The vibrations and strong banging against the surface startled the lich, the creature spitting as he scrambled away from the door instinctively. He used this time to unlock the door, slip through the threshold and shut it firmly behind him with the creature crouched in the middle of the room, glaring at him. The loud noise must have severely stunned the lich as his spine and shoulders were rolling beneath his hide in an eerie, threatening display that was slow to ebb.

Voidster tossed the draw string bag towards the lich, letting it hit the floor with a pathetic thwump. G blinked at the fabric before him, his features scrunching oddly yet he remained still. It wasn't until he heard the tearing of plastic that he looked back up and found himself fixating on the crimson flashes of meat being tucked against black, brittle foam boards. The man took his time to unveil the hunks of meat, holding two slabs within his one hand while the other let the refuse fall to the floor unceremoniously. He took a step forward, handing one piece to his off hand while the other readied in front of him. The lich tensed, his eyes dilating as his Master's words caressed his senses, **[hungry, my pet? I would not have realized that even cold flesh would draw your attentions, your appetite rivals that of my own. How interesting.. Here.]**

He casually tossed the piece clear into the air, watching with a subtle smirk as G lithely moved, slipping his stance back across the solid floor to give a slight jump, catching the hunk within his jaws and slowly eased into a full crouch. A deep, angry growl welled in his throat at the cold, bloodless flesh in his jaws, yet he chewed anyways. His teeth easily ground and sliced through the meat, his acidic saliva causing the morsel in his mouth to steam and sizzle. The treat was quickly devoured, not a drop leaving his lips to his the floor and with a final, hearty swallow he found himself staring back at his Master. Slowly, his flat, hole punched tongue swept across his jaws, lingering on the taste of beef. He knew Voidster had a second piece, and as the man held out his hand lazily he was expecting another toss.. but it never came.

Disgruntled, G let out a wavering huff. Not nearly satisfied with the experience of consuming this meal, it was cold, limp, and not at all a

challenge of a hunt. Voidster stood there patiently, holding the last slab of raw steak in his hand and watched as the lich impatiently rose from his crouch to tentatively step forward. The sharp grunts and pants running through his chest as he tasted the air soon were hot waves of air caressing over the man's fingers while the lich drew ever closer. He lingered a ways away still, unsure, untrusting of the white, taloned hand that had been imbedded in his belly. **[This is all you shall recieve, I suggest you take it.]**

Even though his tone was relaxed, it did not ease the lich and he seemed to refuse to draw any closer than half a foot. Still, glistening spittle pooled in his mouth, being able to taste the meat offered to him as he shifted uncomfortably on the balls of his feet. Stubborn, and patient, Voidster waited, and he waited for quite a few minutes before the lich finally eased forward and opened his jaws wider. The creature flicked his wary gaze into that of his Master's, a soft growl building in his throat as his teeth carefully gathered the raw meat into his jaws, as if bundling a small cub. He was soft mouthed, his fangs merely resting against the plush steak he thoughtfully gathered up before shirking backwards with a quick, anxious snarl that shook his ribcage.

Proudly Voidster stood, folding his arms then to watch as the lich retreated back to the draw string bag on the floor, he seemed to be thinking as he side eyed him from halfway across the room. The man took the time to gaze over the swollen wounds in his side, peering out from beneath the horrible patch job you had done. They would have to be professionally treated but for now he allowed the lich to gather himself and studied him with amusement. G reached outward to the floor, his fingers slowly curling up around the soft strings of the bag and lifted it from the concrete. He stood there for a moment, crouched, growling and flicking his attention over the room before he suddenly bolted. The lich was quick, and before Voidster could fully blink he was gone, tearing down the hallway with smooth efficiency as he retreated to bring his new collection back.

Slyly, he then decided to follow, curious as to where he decided to keep you this time. He wasn't entirely expecting the hall closet, but he stood casually outside as he listened to the stillness and waited for the lich to next leave so as he could then treat him as well.

Inside, you sighed in your sleep, being nudged heavily as the lich dropped something to the ground in front of you. When you refused to respond he lightly growled, settling back down onto the floor behind you as you heard him noisily gnaw on something soft. Crackling your eyes open you murred, bringing a hand up to rub at your face and as you lowered your hand you focused in on a lumpy, small bag. Confused, you scrunched your brow and turned to look up at the lich hovering above you as he lay propped up on his elbow. Blinking you watched as he slowly worked through a slab of raw meat, a shudder working down your spine while he swallowed about half of the portion.

You were not expecting him to bow his head, pushing the raw, wet mangled piece of beef before your face. Disgusted you raised a hand from beneath the soft sheet draped across your body and pushed against the large scar against his breast, “ew, G.. I don’t think so, you can have it.”

With a snort he pushed through your denial, a soft snarl tumbling through his tense throat. He continued to offer you the morsel, jutting his chin outward while the bits of red flesh sizzled from his acidic, hot saliva. The steam wafted across your face, burnt and yet also still raw. His display didn’t phase you, having grown used to his vocalizations and the scent of the dripping, cold meat was rather off putting. You pressed your palm tighter to his chest, feeling his raised, black scar dig into your skin. Lowering your voice, you spoke firmly, “G, I said *no* .”

For a split second, he paused, as if finally catching his nickname. But whatever flash of clarity he had was instantly erased as he growled once more, the vibrations tickling against your hand. The lich pulled away, his jaws gnashing and snapping into the remaining chunk while he hovered above you. Sighing, you were grateful he had given in, even if he did continue to eat right above you. Hoping to not feel any drips of meat against your skin you turned your attention back to the bag lying in the darkness before you. It was hard to make out at first, your fingers leaving the lich’s broad chest to stretching forth, feeling across the soft fabric and pulled it towards you. Too tired to sit up,

you just propped up on an elbow while the heat from the occupied monster at your back kept you relatively comfortable despite the circumstance.

Fumbling in the dark wasn't too bad, the slight glow emanating from G's eyes helped your focus and you soon figured out it was a draw string backpack. Small, with soft cloth rope chords for the strings. If you weren't so exhausted you may have even found the item endearing, though truly there was no positive mood left in your sore body. A gentle yawn pulled through your lips as you jostled the opening of the bag and reached inside, your fingertips grazing against cool plastic and.. Something smooth? Curiously, you gripped onto the round object and pulled it free. Squinting at the item in your hand, it wasn't until the lich lowered his face down beside your shoulder to huff over your skin that you realized you were holding an apple.

You pulled the corner of your mouth into your cheek. Voidster must have put together this bag, there was no way G could coordinate enough thought to think of doing such a thing; he offered you half chewed, raw beef afterall. With the help of the soft light of the lich's eyes you carefully felt over the surface of the apple, feeling for punctures or strange attributes. Luckily, it seemed clean and without much further thought you bit into the surface, holding the fruit in your mouth as you felt back around inside of the bag. Supple, sweet juice slipped down over your lips, gracing your tongue with a fresh taste that cleansed your palate. Quickly, you grabbed onto the next thing you found, a bottle of water. Pulling that from the bag you used one hand to hold onto the fruit, tearing a chunk of cool flesh into your jaws.

Chewing thoughtfully, you heard and felt the lich huffing and smelling at the side of your face. Tentatively, his tongue lapped forward, gingerly tasting the wetness of your mouth. You reflexively sighed, ducking your face away from him with a disgruntled noise. He took your behavior for that of a growl, the lich didn't seem to appreciate being rejected such a sweet treat, having only gathered a small, teasing amount of apple. G decided to remain hovered in the same place, his breath brushing over your neck and cheek as he waited patiently, studying you as you ate around the core of the apple

greedily. It had been the only solid food you've had in what.. Days? Had it been that long? It didn't matter.

When you had finished, you let out a soft breath, feeling sticky all over again you absentmindedly held the remaining core out to the side while your other hand adventured for the water bottle you had freed recently. The lich took this gesture as an offering and snapped outward, his jaws crackling through the core of the apple as he swiped it from your fingers with dangerous grace. Gasping, a bit startled, you turned your head to stare at him with wide eyes as he chewed methodically, seeming to enjoy the treat. A bad feeling sunk into the pit of your stomach, it was too late to act on it though.. Apple seeds were poisonous. It was possible he'd be fine, if he ate raw meat like this. Right?

"Damnit.." you heaved, letting your head roll backwards in exasperation.

He seemed confused by your reaction, swiping his tongue across his lips as he eyed you warily. A few seeds couldn't hurt him, you decided, bringing your head back up and uncapped the water bottle; not even realizing how it missed the crackling of the seal. If it became a problem, you'd probably tell Voidster- even if he really was an enormous, egotistical asshole. You wouldn't let G suffer for the sake of a grudge. The lich seemed fine though, even curious and pushy for more as he nuzzled your shoulder graciously with a growl while you took long, deep drinks of water. It was so cool, refreshing.. Revitalizing, you nearly downed the whole bottle right then and there but refrained. Sighing, you wiped your lips with the back of your hand and cleared your throat, feeling the water settle in your belly.

An odd, tingling aftertaste tickled the back of your throat but you paid it no mind as you reached back in the bag and pulled out an orange this time. Easily identifiable by its scent and texture. Peeling it was easy enough, and you had to smack the lich away to keep him from eating the hide of the fruit but you still shared with him. Taking a wedge for yourself before carefully holding up a piece for him with he took with gentle, careful bites with his front teeth. He never even

touched your fingertips as you took turns, laying in the dark hall closet with the smell of oranges filling the small space. For just a moment, it was peaceful.

Chapter End Notes

Now you've got a hamburger meat shoulder Voidster, I hope it was worth it ya prick.

G's Rut (Part 3)

Chapter Summary

The third and final part of G's rut. Credit for all 37 PAGES of this magnificent chapter goes solely to the talented AllocateAloe, I just did some very light editing and cheered her on.

Chapter Notes

Find us on tumblr at:

allocatealoe.tumblr.com

&

dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Try as you might, you couldn't prevent the lich from chewing up the husk of the orange, much to your displeasure. You were well-tucked beneath the lich's chest on your side, who had stretched over the top of you to lap up the thick peels of the fruit. Lying between him and the thin sheets bunched up against the concrete floor was far from comfortable, but at least it was warm. You held an irritated expression, arms folded across your chest while you listened to him huff and growl, the vibrations trickling through his ribcage. At first, simple nudges and coercive grunts tried to sway you from your firm stance on the matter that he not consume garbage. Though, in his mind, you still had food; fragrant, teasing... And you withheld it from him with no clear rhyme or reason as to why. It wasn't long before he eventually just forced himself over the top of you, pushing you beneath him with his sheer weight.

There was no point in arguing, and you were fairly sure that orange peels had some kind of nutritional value, even though they were bitter. The flavor didn't seem to bother him, it was as if he ran purely on scent alone, for he gnawed through the peels with idle, conservative grinding. He rolled his tongue against his molars as he chewed, the fresh, bountiful scent of the fruit spurring him to

contentment against the harsh stinging of his wounded belly and hip. The slashes from Voidster's claws had coagulated, binding the thin strips of fabric around his waist to his skin. Still, even with his thick life's essence, these gashes would not be able to truly heal on their own and with every movement of his body the scabs pulled and oozed fresh, oily trails. His slight, soft growling from pain intermixed with his regular vocalizations as he chewed, his gaze flicking around the small space of the hall closet.

His constant huffing and puffing wasn't all that bothersome, it was comforting to have him hunched over the top of you, protective and alert. Deep down, you knew that you should be resting, gathering your strength back whenever you could take the chance. There was no telling what Voidster was planning, the lengths he would go were immeasurable, inhumane. He left you no choice but to stay paired with the lich, you couldn't let him separate you again. And you had to be strong for G, who would normally be mortified at his primal appearance and behavior. You could hear him snapping up the final peel of the orange's dense rind; a deep, satisfied purr working well within his chest above you.

With a gentle sigh, you had tried to fall back to sleep, or at least catch a light doze, but now that you were awake it just wasn't going to happen. G was relatively quiet now for his feral state, he usually breathed rather audibly and would huff at the air, or grunt, but the orange peels kept him busy with only the rumbling of his chest disturbing the silence. Riding on each deep inhale he drew, there was an equal pushing of air that trembled within his very being. You had always heard the slightest semblance of this noise before, far across the room on a particularly sunny afternoon. But it was odd being so close to him now, and despite the circumstances he seemed...content. At least that made one of you. You'd be content when this was over, G his normal, stoic self and sleeping in a bed, with clothes on.

The lich was quick about his stolen 'treat', and soon was driving his oily tongue along the grooves of his sharp teeth in satisfaction. Soft rushes of air rustled through his throat as he breathed, snorting and tasting the air for further hidden treasures. It was pitch black in this room, but you could see the outline of his strong neck embroidered

with that wretched scar dip and sway along the floor as he sampled the smells on the drawstring bag you were given. Unfortunately, you hadn't been given much else. Two pieces of fruit and a water bottle, which you quickly finished right before G decided to take the remnants of your snack. It was ill-suited to be a meal, you were still hungry, and the filth of the past few days was wearing thin on your sense of humanity. The lich seemed fine to be relatively dirty, naked, and primal...but you were not.

It really went to show what Voidster thought of you, which was much less than an individual, or a person. You were a thing, an animal… Like the lich in his feral state, but even then, he held G in a higher regard than you. A frown crossed your lips, and absentmindedly you reached outward, lifting your fingers to caress along the mountainous black tissue that was the lich's wildest adornment. He couldn't feel this touch, too busy to notice your movement and investigating the bag with deep breaths. You even heard the soft, gentle lapping of his tongue against the canvas, for whatever reason. He was probably also still hungry, and that made you frown all the deeper. G was no more than an animal, he didn't process thought. He was like a dog, relying on his Master to feed him at whim. Except, he was no eighty pound labrador. He was possibly over five hundred pounds of raw power, and standing at seven and a half feet, he was a beast that demanded respect.

The thought of having such an elite creature guarding you, protecting you, would have been endearing except for the fact that he only saw you as a fertile female. His possession, intended for one thing. You wondered if this was just...how he truly was. If this was really the reason behind his distance with you. Did he see you as this monster saw you now? Just a small, fragile, little soft thing laying beneath him in the dark? Or was this all just his primitive brain speaking? It was hard to tell.. And honestly, as you watched him draw in a deep, frustrated hiss over the bag before you, you weren't sure which G was the real G. The feral, animal hovering above you.. Or the quiet, calculated man with a broken heart and stoic disposition.

While you were left to your thoughts, the lich kept catching a subtle, sweet spice from the drawstring bag. No matter how much he pressed

his flat, hole punched tongue against the fabric, he could not determine where this flavor originated from. It was not an ordinary scent, it pecked at his nerves and beckoned him to find more, to discover what it was, but he just could not gather a large enough sample. It was possible it was on the soft, sticky flesh he had been given, hidden by the fragrance of the fruit. Though, his instinct told him otherwise. This twinge against his palate, it was Earthly and it called to him. Frustration began to well inside of his breast, and he gave a hard snort. Stirring the canvas inches from his parted jaws, he inhaled with a shaky hiss, marinating on the cool air caressing over his flat tongue.

Neither of you were given much of a chance to ruminate further, for the door then begun to swing open. Bright, artificial light poured inward with the soft creaking of metal hinges. The lich immediately tensed, poising his body above you in a defensive brace while his spine jutted in a bristled display. Fangs bared, eyes dilated, he jerked his attention to the pale light filtering into his den. The door continued to pull open, yet the only thing he saw was glistening white. It took him a few moments of spitting with raspy inhales, before he quieted down. His eyes adjusted before yours could, you were left squinting against the floor as the monster above you then slowly rose. It was as if he were plucked from the ground, his movements were elegant and without effort.

Hunched, a growl building in his throat, he then stalked to the door with heavy footfalls, burdened by the hot pain in his crusted, oozing wounds. You heard the way his broken claws ticked against the solid floor, the weight of his entire body leading into each leg as he pushed forth into the hallway with a sneer curling his lips into a silent snarl. He stood there for a moment, panning his attention side to side in a slow, observant sweep. Whatever had opened the door, was gone now. You pushed yourself up from the sheet beneath you, staying resting against your hip as you watched the lich, hoping he wouldn't fall for whatever game Voidster was playing now. But you saw how his shoulders slouched, heard how his breath began to deepen, he was tasting.. Falling into the role of a hunter.

"G.." you tried, your voice barely above a murmur. He didn't seem to

hear you, sweeping his gaze down the hall to the left, and shifted his weight to take a tentative step in his chosen direction. Swallowing, unease settled in your stomach. Despite the lich being dangerous, he was not nearly as much of a threat as Voidster was. You couldn't let him separate you two again. He would be angry about being bitten, and you didn't want to be his punching bag.

He stood there for another moment, taking in a deep breath of air, before then stalking forward with a laden gait. The pads of his feet were audible as he shirked around the open door, and out of sight. You could still hear him, hissing and breathing in a deadened groaning that was highly unsettling. It sent goosebumps across your skin as you hurriedly stood, your ankles being caught up in the sheet which you snorted at. Just as you kicked yourself free and looked to the door, you found it swinging towards you. Gasping, you reeled back and hit the shelves behind you just as the heavy metal slammed closed. Your heart was racing in your chest, and when you heard the rapid clicking of claws and the heavy, reverberating footsteps of the lich race away.. You realized he had kicked the door in on you, leaving you in his lair to pursue whatever had piqued his interest.

An unsettling, eerie silence blanketed the small closet. The shelves dug into your soft back painfully, still ablaze in the lashings Voidster had given you. Something inside of you began to ignite. Anger.. Frustration.. Exhaustion.. You weren't sure of it's name, but it refused to let you just sit in here and play into this twisted next scenario. You had to find G, stay by him.. He was your ticket to safety. Alone, you didn't stand a chance. Without a moment more you flung yourself forward, forgetting about the sheets on the floor, and threw the latch open. In mere seconds you were then standing in the chilled hallway, not a sound in either direction.

To the right.. You had the lobby, and that horrid, perverse room Voidster had set you up in. Thankfully, the lich had gone in the opposite direction and without a second glance you began to briskly make your way after him. For such a large, vocal monster, he sure did know how to vanish. You passed multiple closed doors, not a scratch on them. But after a few minutes of wandering, anxiety began to gnaw at your insides and you then began to peek inside these rooms. Most

of them reminded you of cells. Simple concrete boxes with a bed in the corner, reminescent of solitary confinement. You pushed them all aside, not wanting to question this any more than you had to.

Eventually, you came to a bend in the main corridor and stuck to the right. There was another utility closet, stinking of bleach. You hardly gave that room any thought before pulling open the next door and instantly froze. It was a large bathroom. You stood, in disbelief, for a few moments as you absorbed the white tiled room, clean and tidied. Suddenly, you snapped from your stupor and slipped inside, closing the door as quietly as you could behind you. Your bare feet stepped onto a plush rug, and instantly, you felt a little better. Until you turned to look to the side, finding a large counter top with a few folded up towels on it. But it wasn't the discovery of fabric that caught your attention, it was your own skin. You looked ill, to put it lightly. Hair a mess, covered in soft grey trails of saliva from the lich along your neck and shoulders. Tinges of red from your hips spurred you to rotate your figure, carefully examining your exposed back with a worried frown. The lashes were bright, irritated, and looked as bad as they felt.

Though, among the inflamed area, tinges of purple caught your attention and at first you thought it was bruising. Back stepping, your hip hit the cold counter, and you then realized with a bit of gentle prodding, it was dried spit. You remembered. You remembered being strapped down, with that massive, conniving bastard mounted to you... His large size pushing and pulling through your tense, tight walls and running his twisting, violet tongue up between your shoulder blades as he claimed you in ways that would surely fuel future nightmares. The image was quick, ending as soon as it arrived and left you staring at your marred back. You frowned, having seen enough you jerked your gaze away before you could look down, fully knowing what you would see. Your focus landed on the shower just as you blinked away tears of rage, of frustration. The least you could do was to take care of yourself in the only way possible. Make sure you were hydrated, and clean. Then, you would find G.

You reached back without looking, grabbing onto a large, plushy towel and stormed to the shower. It wasn't too fancy, just your regular

acrylic standard shower.. Possibly meant for whoever was to stay in those cells. The thought made you shiver. Tossing the towel up over the side you pulled the handle, and turned on the water. Standing there, hand out stretched into the warming stream, you listened.. And waited. Nothing. The silence was odd, and made you suspicious. You took ample caution as you stepped within the shower, letting the door close behind you as the current flowed over your sore flesh. For a moment, resting beneath the firm flow of water, you let your mind drift away. The temperature steadily rose, fogging up the mirror, as it soothed your aches and pains. The lashes upon your back were ablaze, biting and paining you, yet you bore it, knowing you were washing away those horrible reminders the best you could. You were liberated from the stains left upon you by either monster, and with it, their scents were drained away.

Unbeknownst to you, the lich had heard the water running from down the opposite hall. He abandoned the trace smells of meat, cold and unappealing, to investigate the sound of rushing pipes. His instinct quickly drew him to the bathroom, the humidity made his mouth water and he pushed inside with a light snort, leaving the door wide open behind him. He could smell you here, and he stood there before the door for some time, lifting his jaws and grunting, inching closer and closer. The lich knew you were behind the fogged acrylic, though the reason why was lost on him. Carefully, he stepped up to the door and breathed against the smooth surface, his fractured hind claws catching on the soft rug beneath him.

Inside, you could hear his flustered noises and with a sigh you ran your hands back over your hair, attempting to loosen the tangles beneath the current, “G-” he snorted instantly, a growl building in his chest, “do you want to be clean too..?”

You gave him a moment, shaking your fingers from your hair with a wince before looking to his silhouette. He continued to stand there, hunched and curious. You could see clouds of fog pressing into the other side of the acrylic, his pattern a slow, bobbing motion. Without a second thought, you reached outward and pushed against the door to open it. He arched his back, his fingers twitching with uncertainty as he loomed his jaws forward. In this light, he had red stains upon his

jawline still, unable to reach the areas with his tongue. The glazed over, feral appearance of his eyes took in your form, but didn't seem to recognize you fully at first. Clearing your throat, you gently pressed the door open further for him and he pressed his chin forward, hovering in the entryway in a lithe stretch.

"You can come in.. if you want.." you said, knowing that he couldn't understand you but you figured it was good to keep speaking. Perhaps he would catch your meaning, signalling the end of his rut. This didn't happen though. Invitation or no, he took a hesitant step forward, his chest curling around the open door to test the atmosphere inside of the small space. Flecks of hot water against his skin made him flinch, and he hissed, his jaws parting wider with his tongue curling against his bottom palate. A soft sigh left your lips, eyeing him carefully as his gaze flicked over your form one more time before he grunted and pulled away. He then turned, stepping towards the counter to then sniff at the mirror, making his instinctual breathing noises.

"Alright.." you shrug, pulling the door shut once more. He didn't seem too fond of water.. But you could always use your damp towel as a means to help wipe the stains from his skin. Feral or not, he deserved to be clean and fed as well. You went back to dipping your head under the stream, running your hands across your features, and through your knotted hair. During this, the lich grew bored of the room and came back to the door. Except, this time, he ended up easing himself to the floor in front of it, his back hitting against the acrylic with a rather hard jostling while a heavy sigh pulled through his lungs. The noise startled you instantly, slightly jumping you looked wide eyed to the door to find his foggy silhouette lounging on his side. He was waiting in guard of you, again.

You were sure the plush rug was also a factor in his choice, but regardless, you were relieved to have him nearby once more. A few more minutes went by and you tended to your aches and pains, scrubbing away remaining, stubborn black stains and allowing the rushing current to carry away the tension in your muscles. The fog cleared your throat, the warmth soothed your stomach, and the plethora of fresh water helped cleanse your mouth. It would be easy to stay in here forever, but you knew this opportunity wouldn't last, and

you needed something much more substantial to eat.. Just like G did. With a nod, you turned and shut off the water. Grabbing the towel from over the acrylic wall, you dried your face firstly, then your hair before patting your skin free. The towel was rather large, and comforting. You wrapped it around your body before pressing open the door, which hit the lich's back and he snorted in stubborn disdain.

There was only a small allowance left by how much room he gave you. Standing for a moment, dumbfounded, you glared downward at his complacent form. Your brows furrowed, pressing a bit harder on the door as you spoke, "G, go on...move."

He replied with another grunt, seeming content to lying before you, locking you in another new space. A sigh left your lungs. Without any other choice, you had to shimmy yourself through the opening while simultaneously stepping over him. It wasn't too difficult, he stayed still and didn't trip you up more than he already inconvenienced you. The door then shut behind you as you stumbled a bit, catching yourself just in time to stand in front of the hazy mirror and went about drying yourself more thoroughly under the watchful eye of the lich. He lay there with a half-lidded expression, his jaws parting further to inhale the new, uncovered scent before him. This went unnoticed to you as you went about your business, feeling fresh and clean again was a godsend. Even if your back did sting, and hunger welled within your stomach.

You were so busy with your current task you hadn't noticed the lich rise until his hot breath was beating against your bare, pained back. A light gasp escaped you, the sting was harsh and as you glared over your shoulder to him, he merely ignored your gaze and continued to inhale your warm, soft skin. Then came his tongue, rolling forth to press the flat edge up along the deepest welt, the taste of hidden blood flinched beneath him. A shock went through you, a whimper leaving your lungs and you quickly jerked away in a half spin, facing him more fully with the towel held against your naked chest. He grunted, the noise rumbling into an irritated growl that spread through his ribcage like a drum.

“Don’t do that, G..” you scolded, keeping eye contact with the blind, clouded being before you who stood in a broken hunch. His legs bent, ankles poised into the air and fingers twitching in a limp hang, the lich remained still while his head slowly cocked to the side. It wasn’t emotion on his features, it was perhaps curiosity as he then parted his jaws a tad wider, inhaling with a subtle whisper of his throat. The reaction was odd. Maybe this was it, he had recognized his name. You leaned forward, his acrid breath washing down over you as you spoke once more.

“Do you...know where you are, G?” putting emphasis on his name didn’t seem to register, yet he took a soft step forward anyways. He was hovering above your face, his breath hot and heavy. Scrunching your nose, you turned away from him just as he reached out. You felt his padded fingertips press into your hand, pushing the towel downwards as he bowed his head further and drew in sharp puffs of air above your neck. Awkwardly, you swallowed, standing still a soft flush brushed onto your cheeks. Even while feral, he had a tenderness that was hard to deny. Not wanting to upset him, you stood still, and tried to continue speaking to him while his ample breathing stroked downwards along the crook of your neck, to your chest.

You tried to speak his name again, but he seemed someplace else. His claws then curled into the plush towel, yanking it harshly from your fingers to toss the fabric off to the side. The violence with such an action made you shudder, stepping back instinctively which he only followed. Your lower back hit the counter, and you were trapped. You dared to peek over at him, watching his features as he snorted against your sternum before turning his head to press his slick, oily tongue against the mound of your breast. The course, scalding tendril lapped up along to your nipple, giving a final flick before pulling his tongue back into his mouth to release a rather raspy breath. Shivering, you pulled your hands up, crossing your arms to cover your breasts, hiding your flesh from his probing attentions.

“Yes, yes.. I know you think I’m tasty. But why don’t we go try to find some actual food, alright?” you remained calm, a hint of confidence trickling to your tone but he just shrugged you off and continued to dip downward. He paused at your belly, huffing and puffing against

your skin. The air he forced against you tickled, and his strange fixation with you was starting to raise a red flag. Slowly, you began to skirt along the counter, slipping out from between him and the mirror at your back. He remained where he was, yet still stretched outward to follow your scent, nearly panting against your hip while his eyes dilated and a deep rumbling swelled within his chest. It was similar to how he purred, but there was an edge there, a needy, possessive, growl.

Ignoring him to the best of your ability, you turned your focus to the towel he discarded and carefully bent down at the knee to gather up the cloth with a sigh. You realized the error of your movement too late, for he then dropped to all fours, shoving his broad chest against your shoulder and sent you toppling to the floor. Luckily, the plush rug broke your fall, but as you turned to growl at the lich, your eyes narrowed with a building frustration, you found him dropping his chin down to your abdomen once more. He did not pause this time, and drug his tongue across your skin with a heady pant. A shiver spiked through your spine at the sensation, a gentle arch forming in your back subconsciously. Quickly, you reached outward, pressing your palm into the side of his face to try to push him off of you, but all you did was cause him to snarl angrily.

“G, please, now is not the time for games-!”

His noises of displeasure were muffled as he ran his tongue out along his jagged fangs, his face ducked downward against your body while he stretched his muscular arms outward on either side of your ribs. He dug his broken claws into the rug, pulling his hips backwards into a lithe, deep, stretch and his hot breath went along with it. Humid, steaming air brushed across your folds and instantly you released a surprised, gentle squeak. Pulling your knees upwards, attempting to scoot back from him, was not as calculated as the lich’s next move. His tongue had lolled from deep within his throat before moving forth, the edge of the flattened tendril catching just between your legs and swept against your sex. Slipping up against your entrance with a slick, wet, curling of his tongue that caught along your clit in a sensual stroke. At this, a gasp left your lungs, a secondary shiver coursing through your body.

You were not given any time to process what was happening, as he lapped once more, tucking his chin forward to press his curious tongue harder against your folds. Black translucent saliva trickled down across your ass to the rug, the lubricant plentiful, and incredibly high in temperature. The course, flat texture of his tongue caught against your flesh, tasting the sweet flavors of your body but another scent gathered on his palate and it was spiced, tempting, and brought a deep, satisfied groan from his throat. Soft, irresistible vibrations then coursed through the slithering tendril flicking back up from your folds. You sat in disbelief, stunned into place with one knee hiked higher than the other, braced against the floor on your elbows and against your better judgement your eyes dropped to those of the lich, who were gazing straight up at you with a feral hunger.

He craved this taste, more of it. He now knew where it originated from, it was all over your skin, but strongest at the juncture of your legs. Without hesitation, his tongue gathered in his mouth momentarily before slipping back outward again. This time, the tendril twisted within your folds, hiking against your sensitive nub with a harsh grinding while the tip of his tongue then pressed against your entrance. Your walls were tight, yet readily slick from his own attentions and the steadily rising arousal that began to blanket your form. Another gasp pulled from your lungs as the thick tendril arched and twisted within you, pressing forth with a curious desire that was both impatient, and yet so invigorating. A moan left you, your eyelids fluttering closed with the pulling of the lich's tongue retreating to only shove forward with a bunching, eager wave.

A light, shocked yip left your lips. Shutting your eyes tightly while a shiver coursed through your form. You felt him shoving within you, his tongue curling in on itself to roll and press further inside of your tense, tight walls. Dribbles of spit slid across your folds still, his breath beating in harsh puffs across your quivering sex which he lavished with curious, forceful tucks of his oily tendril. His motions caused your heart to jolt, sparks of pleasure pecking at your nerves and curled your back into a deeper arch naturally. He refused to take back his tongue, only shoving further and further within you, growling, craving more. Your fingertips dug into the plush rug beneath you just as he gave a rather harsh jerk forward, stretching your resistant form

with impatient strokes.

His lips then came to a dripping, sloppy rest against the inside of your thighs, which spread farther for his advance. The tendril within you ducked and rolled, testing, stretching and tasting every inch of you. It was almost too much, a soft panting building within your throat as you then laid against the ground in a submissive lounge. Your head sagged to the side, your damp locks of hair sticking to your face and neck. He coaxed various whimpers and groans from your chest, your walls fighting the lusting tendril that took tender care to roll and ride through your form. The very base of his flat tongue pressed upwards, rocking against your clit with unpredictable movements as the length of the tendril pushed and pulled through you. Dribbles of his spit spilled outward over his chin, the spiced, resisting flavor only grew hotter the deeper he went.

He was edging you closer, tension winding in your thighs and stomach as a rather needy moan rode on a heavy exhale sweeping your consciousness away on the tides of pleasure. The lich heard you making these noises, it grew a deep ache in the pit of his stomach and a near painful throbbing to his manhood. The end of his tongue bunched against your cervix, the entirety of his tongue jerking and twisting within you. Soon, you drew your bottom lip between your teeth, biting down in an attempt to quiet yourself but it was a poor attempt. With your fingers tangled in the plush fabric beneath you, your hips gave an urgent nudge forward, feeling his fangs caress the outer edges of your mound. Though, at this, he was at his limit.

He growled, the vibrations pressing into your tensing walls, a deep itch springing within the pit of your stomach just as he withdrew. You whimpered, nearly squirming against the rug as you opened your eyes once more and stared as his tongue popped from your soaking folds. His bright, piercing gaze locked onto yours as he then crawled forward, his arms quivering as his tattered hide slid up between your legs. Slowly, you eased down fully onto your back, carefully setting your hands onto the sides of his biceps while he licked at his jaws in a messy, greedy display. You felt the head of his shaft press against the juncture of your legs then, a soft gasp leaving your lungs as your back arched dutifully for him, your fingertips digging into his skin.

Then, his name carried from your throat in a whispered, urgent call. Tilting your head back you exposed your neck to him, signalling your submission and readiness. A shudder wound through his back, landing within his thighs as he spread his legs, pushing your own as well, as his hip bones dug against the softness of your inner thighs. Closing your eyes, you fell into a rhythm with the lich, one you were familiar with. Intimacy, something he was naturally gifted with. His breath caressed against the crook of your neck, a light, subtle moan pressing from his lungs while he tucked his hips forwards. The blunt end of his scalding shaft buried forth, stretching your tight walls teasingly. Your body wanted more, your knees lifting to wrap your calves around his tensing, twitching outer thighs.

Suddenly, words spilled from him. Your body naturally reacted, a gasp expanding your ribcage as the psychobabble was murmured against your skin. An almost chant, heavy, dark, and filled with a distant echo that sparked across his fangs. It was ancient, and definitely not English. Not even the black band around your ankle could make sense of this. It sent a stirring within the pits of your stomach as he pushed forward, his girthy, throbbing shaft beginning to sink deeper. His hips gave a gentle buck forward, tucking a few more inches of him in your slick heat, his words trailing off with a soft moan at your tightness. The air against your neck built beads of sweat against your flesh, left in the near silence, you could only hear the lich breathe as he basked in the sweet sensation of your small body accommodating his size, and the slow, creak of the bathroom door opening fully.

You didn't notice this, caught in the way the lich shoved his lips forward, pushing your head to the side as his fangs slid against your skin, his voice disjointed and odd while he spoke open mouthed, "heim va' dier an al'hretas.." the creaking of bone filled his mouth, his jaw grinding in the socket as he eased onto his elbows, pressing his massive body down against yours to pin you beneath him, "por iya'nane ast mey na'ii."

G gave a sudden, harsh thrust, shoving himself further within you, rocking your hurt back into the rug and coaxed a soft cry to leave

your lips in a rush. Your fingernails dug deep within his hide, catching on the plentiful amount of black scars rising from his white skin. From the clear open doorway, stood a stern, narrowed, monster. His violet gaze bore holes into the lich, instantly alerting him to his presence. The lich then snapped his head upwards, the edges of his fangs pinching your thin skin as he bared his obsidian gums and released a deep, bellowing hiss. Still, Voidster stood still, silent, his unwavering expression glued onto the monster before him, crouched against the ground with his hips moving in a subtle, involuntary nudging.

[Even like this...] A soft chuckle welled in his throat, causing you to swallow, hard. You were thankful for the lich blocking your view, keeping you tucked beneath him even with his shaft nearly fully speared through your small form. **[You still manage to be poetic, how...absolutely ridiculous, that you somehow manage to garner enough thought to speak like that. You clearly are feral, not of your right wit-]** G snarled, long dribbled of spittle clinging to his open jaws, **[-but it is obvious you are not as...wild, as would first appear.]**

A long pause followed, in which G continued tucking his length into you, the shallow nudges becoming harder thrusts as he snarled and spat at the intruder. You shut your eyes tightly, jerking your features away from the door and into the lich's dense scar tissue, a shiver coursing through your body as his twitching abdomen then pressed against you. Hilted, electricity wavered against your nerves and drew a flushing to your skin. He was hurting you, shoved against the pit of your stomach while your walls were stretched to his size, yet it felt so sweet. The lich gave a dutiful thrust forward anyways, coaxing a soft whimper from your lips, singing so beautifully to the ravenous beast above you.

You tried your best to ignore Voidster's presence, your breath leaving your lungs in soft puffs of air against the lich's hide. G did not seem able to control his needy hip motions, shallow and soft his tense belly hit the juncture of your thighs repeatedly while his piercing gaze glared upwards at his master. He still felt the pain of his newly delivered wounds, and the hatred that had caused the brawl to begin with. His spine instinctually pivoted in his back, the bones creaking

audibly as he gave a threatening, guttural growl. This did not phase the man, however, and he stared with cold respite. Despite the enticing display before him, Voidster finally gave an annoyed sigh, and turned away. **[Stay here when he has finished.]**

The command snapped something within you, and you barked angrily against G's chest, "Like hell I will, last time you separated us I ended up strapped to a table in your torture dungeon!" You spat, attempting to glare up at him from beneath the massive body of the lich, who had turned his attention back to you, and was attempting to lick up your face as you spoke. "G, stop that!" you snapped, twisting your head away. He responded with an annoyed grunt, reaching one careful claw up to press your cheek against the cool tile as he continued huffing and lapping at your skin. He allowed his body to fall further ontop of you, resting against his elbows while his hot breath scorched at your face.

[Those wounds he sustained will fester, pet. Is that what you want to happen? They need to be stitched, and that is not an ability you possess.] He raised a brow, patiently waiting. You knew he was watching, the lich rolling his hips in lusting, heavy gyrations between your legs which only pressed all the tighter to his outer thighs. The bandages around his waist were pathetic, and the man hated to see such a wondrous beast tethered so haphazardly. He never would have imagined the lich capable of speech, yet whatever semblance of coherency he had was long gone now. You gritted your teeth, torn between the pleasure ripping through your body and the loathing fermenting in your very soul for the violet eyes that stared at you both.

Still, he had a point, and you hated it when he was being reasonable. For a few heartbeats, the only sound was a deep, guttural purring that had risen from the lich as he groomed you. His coarse tongue dragging up along the curvature of your exposed neck, taking your defensive posture for that of clear submission. He apparently was no longer considering Voidster a threat now that he had turned to leave. The strict, tight nudging of the lich's hips nearly made you moan aloud. Quickly, to cover up the sound, you spat with a hardened scowl. " *Fine* , I'll stay."

Your outburst sent a snort from the lich, who responded with a harder, deeper thrust that rammed into the very pit of your stomach. A light cry left your throat, flushed with embarrassment and arousal the monster rumbled with a satisfied, proud reverberation that washed through his entire form. He adjusted himself, his legs spreading further, forcing yours to follow suite as he flattened against the ground. With each tender rocking of his hips, his tattered flesh brushed across your own, building a further intimacy that was hard to ignore. He could feel your fingernails biting into his hide, catching against a few, raised bits of scar tissue. Clinging to him, needing him. Your breath carried with it soft jolts of air, gasping, hitching and the soft whimpers that kindled his flame.

Slowly, the lich turned his gaze back up to the doorway, landing on his Master with a threatening, horrid snarl beginning to tear across his features. Voidster stood there, a hand against the door, as if he were just about to leave, yet found himself entranced by the lich braced to the ground. A stiffness had wound within his jaw, his teeth clenching tightly between the fine line of his lips. Even now, in his feral, rabid state, G managed to coax total compliance from you and you mewled beneath him just as a bitch should. He never saw the reasoning behind using gentler, languid movements, it was a slow, dull experience. Seeing the lich use such conscious effort in his thrusts was...odd. Suddenly, a vicious, angry hiss drew on the inhale the lich used to then let out a short, intense roar.

You flinched beneath him as flecks of translucent spit peppered the air at Voidster's feet. Trembling, you slid your hands upward along his flexed biceps to rest against his back. The tips of your fingers dug into his shoulders, hooking your arms around him tightly as you hid your face against his collarbone, the black, massive scar tickling your lips as you panted. The harsh reverberations from his warning, loud bark beat down against your skin. He paired the outburst with a violent, deep thrust of his hips; spearing through your body with a building efficiency that was dangerous, and also invigorating. You gasped and writhed beneath him, a deep burning building against your walls from beads of precum slathering within you. Tears pricked against your eyelashes while Voidster only continued to glare downward at the aggravated lich.

It was clear G was bothered by his presence, becoming distracted from his duty that was much too obvious to ignore. Interestingly enough, the formula worked, but of course it only made G all the more possessive while mating. The way you grabbed onto him, making those sweet little noises with each harsh tucking of his belly against yours, was certainly not helping the lich's attitude. A soft snort left the man's lips, the slightest twitch of his eyelid going unnoticed as he scoffed, **[Enjoy breeding your slut. I'll have something much more succulent for you, soon.]**

You couldn't help the subconscious glare that tore across your facial features, tucked beneath the lich as he rammed through your submissive form. The lich continued to hiss and spit, even as the sound of footsteps trailed away from the open door. You felt drips of hot saliva hit your shoulder as G curled his neck inward, huffing and breathing in the air of your skin while you whimpered from his harsh, urgent thrusting. Sure enough, he slowed his movements a tad, easing from his violent state of mind to further pin you against the ground. He pressed his elbows out farther from the both of you, feeling your small form beneath him grind and sweat against his thick hide. He then pulled his gaze from you, as you were much too small to keep contact with in this way. Instead, he trained his focus on the doorway, his tongue curled inward against his bottom palate, panting and subtly moaning.

With him bearing down over top of you, pulling his girthy length from you to meet your hips back together once more with a passionate, budding tenderness. He easily, efficiently, built you again. The deep itch within your body was begging for more, and your body reacted naturally to his movements, rocking your hips back against his in the best way you could. The lich could feel you tensing, your nails dragging down across his back while his name dripped from your lips with such urgency that sent him back into a full blown, feral desire. This time, when his pacing picked up, you merely moaned with each strike through your tight form. The scalding, hot bitterness of his beading essense flagged the nearing of his release. Swept with arousal, a growing, twisting knot building in your very core, you instinctively then lashed out, biting onto the lich's collarbone with a soft, eager growl of your own.

He shuddered, his skin strangely shivering beneath your teeth as he gave a harsh, harder bucking that pulled a keen whine through your lungs to spill against his hide. A growl of his own welled within his chest as he took his claim, feeling every inch of your body respond so willingly and submissive to his dominating lead. With every new, quick burst of his hips he weighed himself further onto you, keeping you pinned against the soft, plush rug at your back as your bodies clicked and fell in sync. There was only the sound of his breath, the feeling of his sharp hipbones digging into your inner thighs and his dark shaft pillaging your body with careless, dutiful rutting.

Your gums began to ache, and you released his flesh, allowing your head to hit the floor as you tilted your chin upwards and choked out a cry across his flexed, twitching neck. He fought the urge to wrap you within his arms, laying his full weight above you, feeling how you squirmed and fought him as he sowed his seed deep within you. Deep within the back of his clouded mind, he knew you were too fragile, too easily damaged to do such a thing. Yet, his need built a frustrated growl within his guts. The sound thrumming through your body, and was just enough to tip you over the edge into ecstasy. A gasp tore through your lungs, your legs quivering as you then exhaled with a rushed cry.

He snarled, his teeth audibly clacking just above your head as he met your passionate, lusting sounds with urgent, rushed ramming of his cock against your cervix. The pain from his angry passions was soon swept away, he rode your climax well while a heavy, warbled groan pressed through his throat. He kept his hips wedged against you, yet they continued to buck in an involuntary nudging as his acidic, scalding seed filled you to the brim. You winced, another cry choking and catching within your throat while he rumbled in pure triumph over your wriggling form. Thankfully, he did not press any further into you from above, and you sharply inhaled, the tension from your release ebbing away as his black, sludge like essence smothered the harsh pain in your stomach. It even erased the aches of his urgency having torn through your walls.

You then laid there, your fingers unfurling from his skin to bring your hands back down along the outer edges of his arms, tracing his muscular build as you panted and gathered your wits. His hips slowed to a still, pinned position against you, continuing to rumble with pride. The lich then eased himself back up onto his forearms, slowly licking over his maw as he flicked his gaze around the room, snorting and huffing while he managed to catch his breath as well. Idly, you allowed your fingers to trace along a few scars but ended up just running the tips of your fingers along his skin, petting him softly. He seemed content to stay tied to you, his chest heaving and glistening from the sweat you had graced him with.. But something else caught his attention now.

Tentatively, you rolled your head to the side, flicking your eyelids open to bring your gaze up to the doorway and found a shadow there. Instantly, your awareness came back to you and hatred outweighed the embarrassment of possibly being watched, again. The lich's thick seed oozed from your folds, cascading down the round curvature of your ass to steep within the plush rug beneath you with violet eyes gazing down at the both of you. His claim was heavy, acrid and authoritative, but it could not cover the scent of slightly singed, peppered meat. In one hand, Voidster held a small plate, stacked with large cubed pieces of meat that had been lightly seared and seasoned. In the other, he held an offering between his thumb and forefinger. Not even you, a human with much lesser senses, could resist the tempting flavors stirring your hunger.

He didn't even have to speak, the lich pulled his hips away and with a lewd, wet popping sound he freed himself. You shivered, biting your lip to avoid making a sound. Carefully, he rolled his hips and shoulders in the socket, lifting himself from the ground while still hovering above you. This allowed you to close your legs beneath him, and roll onto your side. The heat from his body was comforting, but the smell of beef, and seasonings gave you half a mind to sit up. Your eyes fell upon the amused expression of the man standing in the doorway, and you stubbornly remained against the ground, refusing to play into this game. But the lich, he was not as in sound of mind as you, and the hunger in his body was ravenous.

You felt your heart sink as the lich hissed, inhaling slowly to breathe in the tasty treat being offered to him, and then stood in a feral, disjointed, slouch. He stood there for some time, eyeing the piece of meat being lazily held out to him. **[That's it.. Flesh. The only thing you seem to find appealing these days. Come.]**

With that, the man slowly stepped backwards, and into the hallway. You lightly whimpered, propping yourself up on your hip as you shoot your focus upwards, watching the lich fixate in on Voidster and without any further prompting his footsteps fell one after the other. Soon, he was crossing the threshold of the door and into the hall, cautiously hissing and huffing as Voidster moved away, keeping distance between him and the feral monster just itching to get his teeth on the meat in his possession. You wanted to shout, to startle G from his fixation, but knew better. You were helpless as the monster was led away from you, and down the hallway. You sat for a few moments, gathering yourself and with a sigh you had no other choice but to wait, and listen.

Curiously enough it seemed that Voidster only led him a few doors down, for you heard the slamming of a metal door and the muffled spitting of the lich who soon quieted back down again. You pulled the inside of your cheek between your teeth, idly grinding the flesh between your molars before sighing and carefully picked yourself up from the floor. Your legs were wobbly, nearly stumbling you had to catch yourself against the counter and held yourself up for a few moments, flushed and a bit sore. You could feel the lich's biting seed clinging to you, bitterly slipping along your inner thighs. Bringing a hand up to your features, you rubbed away the moisture having welled in your eyes.

Some internal, gut reaction pulled your attention up over your hand to glance into the mirror in front of you. Your damp locks were crimped and messy, of course, but there was a gleam in your eye. One that you hadn't noticed before. It was either from hunger, or your growing anger, but you couldn't just sit here and let Voidster do god knows what to G. He had spoke to you, and while it went clear over your head, you had a feeling it was a sign for him breaking out of this primal spell. The lich protected you how he could, in the way he only

knew how.. Now you had to protect him, by making sure Voidster wasn't drugging him or prolonging this odd regression. You pulled your focus from the mirror to the door, scrutinizing the hallway just beyond the threshold and found it empty yet soft mumbling could be heard from that room just down the way.

A snort left your lungs. You'd have to be fast. Quickly, you reached outward for a new towel, the stack now only having one plush square left on the countertop and turned to clean yourself off once more. G may not like having his scent washed away, but you really didn't feel like being dirty again. You didn't bother to close the door, instead, you just jumped back into the shower and went about scrubbing your skin free of spit and black gunk. You noticed there was a wet, fresh blood stain against your abdomen from the lich's wounds having broken back open, and hastened ever further. The games Voidster played were well thought out, and horrible. You didn't have much time if you were to stop him from doing anything else to the lich.

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Surprisingly enough, the lich was still readily obedient. In no time at all he had swiftly jumped up onto the table, the metal creaking and groaning beneath his weight while he snarled and contorted the joints in his arms. He held himself in a low crouch upon the table for some time, fixated on the bits of meat just out of reach, drool slipping down his lower lip to cling along the underside of his jawline. A disapproving scowl crossed Voidster's face, staring into the lich's piercing gaze that wavered between himself and the bits of flesh he held in his hand. Calmly, he directed the lich, he had trained him for this days ago, **[lie down, or you shall receive nothing.]**

He took a few more steps along side the table, away from the monster. He kept a studious gaze on the lich as he stretched his back, setting down on his knees and careened his body forward. Tentatively, he set a hand down onto the metal table beneath him, huffing and hissing at the air while his chin craned forward towards his Master. Voidster's eyes narrowed further, the scent of oily, chemical laced blood was pungent from his wounds seeping and oozing horribly beneath the

blackened strips of linen. **[G-]** the beast flinched, his small pupils darting upward into the lilac, stern glare he gave him, **[-you have but a moment to obey me, before I surely lose my patience with you. Now, *lie.. down..*]**

The lich gave a pause, his features pulled into a silent sneer while he hovered above the table. Though, sure enough, he ignored the command and merely pressed further outward, holding his free hand up beneath his chest in a tense, clawed position. The stance was no good, he was preparing to lash out, and it would not be tolerated. **[Pity..]** he mused, absentmindedly dropping the cubed piece of beef onto the plate and set it on the far corner of the table. The porcelain hit the metal with a soft clinking, drawing the lich's full attention as he stretched himself to the limit, pulling his chin downward to the offering. **[You know how much it pains me to hurt you-]**

G was ignoring his words, and even the swift side step along the side of the table, too entranced by the meat so close to his hissing jaws. Then, suddenly, a brutal, heavy blow rammed into his mid back, throwing the lich down onto the table with a sharp screech tearing through his throat in a fearful reaction. Voidster held no other emotion on his face, merely absorbing the lich's posture as he threw his knuckles into his mate's spinal column once more. The second hit fully planted the monster onto the table, jostling the rig as his wicked, banshee shriek was cut due to the horrid, wet gasping heaving within his lungs. Still, he writhed on the table, his arms and legs quivering while he desperately tried to gulp down fresh air that had been pummeled from his chest. To a mortal man, he would have easily killed them, breaking the spine.. But to the lich, he merely displaced the vertebrae and trapped the beast in a painful, awkward position of trying to realign it himself.

Unfortunately, the man gave him no opportunity to do such a thing. His taloned hands were then on the lich, turning him onto his side in which he instinctively drew his knees upward, tucking his arms around his chest to protect his soft underbelly. Jaws wide open, eyes gleaming and round, the lich gagged, coughed and wheezed, unable to even growl as his forearms were torn outward from his torso, stretched along the outer edge of the table and strapped down. Wrists

bound by thick leather, stained and tanned with black ooze, he laid there. The paralyzing effects of the punishment he was given was starting to fade just as a new pain was delivered to him, the tearing of his side. Out of sheer reaction, the lich kicked downward, his broken claws snagging the metal table and scratching the surface weakly as a reverberating hiss warbled through his dripping fangs.

[Truly, you give me no other option love.] He began, cutting the strips of linen with one hand while the other pulled, the resistance the fabric gave was rather impressive. The squirming and kicking the lich did in reaction only helped pull the coagulated ribbons from his wounds, along with a wet, sticky peeling. At first, he seemed to not register this sensation, but the further into the mass that was pulled, the more excruciating the pain became. The lich then became fitful, tugging at his bound arms while his spine shuddered and rolled in an intricate wave, his knees and hind feet randomly kicking and flinching while a deep cry was coaxed from the monster. The sound drew Voidster's attention, yet he continued to wrap the stiffened sheets around his hand as he continued to pull in a slow, deliberate arch; not wanting to break the tether.

[You poor beast.. It is not your fault for this experience-] He kept his attention on the oozing, glistening side of the lich, bringing his free hand up onto the monster's ribs to keep his hide down while he brought his other elbow further back. The ripping of crusted, clinging, dried blood paired in a sonnet of agony as G howled, tilting his head back against the table as he squirmed against the metal. **[-it is perhaps a good thing you will not remember this, unlike the other instances in which you have laid before me. You are lucky to have me as your Master, that girl would have had this sheet permanently embedded in your beautiful skin. Such an atrocity will not happen, I will take tender care of you yet, my beloved..]**

The farther he pulled, the louder the crackling of wet flesh rang into the room and graced the both of them with the horrid stench of the lich's blood. Glistening, hot oil trickled down across the monster's belly, the edges of his torn open hide were edged a deep grey; nearly beginning to rot. Voidster lightly tisked, his tongue flicking against his teeth while G's eyes shut tightly, baring his tense throat to his Master

as he let loose another cry, bordering a wicked roar as a shudder wound through his quivering, aching body. Involuntary tears pricked and rolled down his sharp cheeks, beading along his jaw.

[Shhh, embrace the pain, my love. It means you are alive. Nearly there-] Carefully, he wound the lax ribbon around his hand, not even flinching from the disgustingly stiff linen or the biting blood of the lich staining his fingers. He adjusted his other hand a bit closer to the exposing wound, pressing against the lich's hip, digging the heel of his palm right against his stomach to hold the flesh still. G's ribs were heaving beneath his grasp, his breath hoarse and keening during the brief reprieve from the tearing of his skin. **[I'll bet that wench will leave such a bitter taste in your mouth, knowing she did this to you.. Won't it? No worries, my dear, I can resolve this issue. Now, one last pluck should do the trick.]**

Voidster gave no warning, tightening his fingers around the cloth before suddenly jerking his arm, twisting his hips into the pulling of his arm as he ripped the rest of the linen free. The lich screamed, fresh tears pouring down his face as he thrashed against the table. He tore at his arms, kicked outward across the table and twisted his back in a fit, throwing his weight around from the iron hot, stabbing pain crossing from his soft stomach across his protruding hip bone. The man allowed the lich to revel in this sensation, fresh blood pouring down across the metal table, smearing the surface with wretched, steaming slick.

[There, that was not so bad now was it?] He quickly gathered the remaining, stained linen in his hand, wadding the stiff strips into a ball and absentmindedly tossed it onto a small tray beside him. Voidster knew the lich must be tender, but the deep, confused whimpering he began to wheeze against the table was a new, curious reaction. While his bloodied hand plucked a bottle of disinfectant from the tray, he glanced upward as the monster continued to writhe and shudder. G was panting heavily, starting to lay limp once more against the cold table with a glossed over cloud fogging up his features. Each exhale was pained, a soft whistling of air passing through his parted jaws, he succumbed to the pain.. But he was clearly unable to understand why he was experiencing such tremendous hurt.

Setting the plastic bottle against the table, right in the black ooze trickling from the freshly opened wounds of the lich, he leaned forward, hovering above the shivering form of the monster. Slowly, he raised a stained hand, brushing his thumb up along the curvature of G's cheekbone, catching the glistening tears on the digit as he studied the beast. The lich continued to pant, his tongue riding on each quick, beating pulse of air but he seemed to be staring into nothingness, not registering his surroundings. The man hummed thoughtfully, even when feral the lich seemed to be able to pass into catharsis from pain. Genuinely, he leered ever closer, his lips hovering above the side of the lich's face, his breath managed to stir the beast and his white eyes slowly panned over to meet his own gaze.

Quietly, he spoke, keeping his fingers against the lich's face to press them downward along the crook of his neck in an idle petting, **[Shhh, there.. There. Your healing ability merely worked against you this time, my pet.]**

This was when he heard the rapid, soft pattering of feet rushing to the room and the heavy metal door creaked as it was pulled open. He didn't bother to raise his head back up, and instead dipped down to press his lips against the lich's cheek who then begun to further stir, lightly growling on a burdened exhale. You were directly behind him, you could smell the blood and your knuckles were white against the door knob as you shouted, "for fucks sake, Voidster-! Leave him alone!"

He scoffed, his breath caressing the lich's face as he straightened up and turned his attention back to the task at hand, ignoring your presence. **[Interesting you say that, when I was merely dealing with what you had done to him. Leave the medical assistance to an actual Doctor, lest you truly damage him.]**

Angrily you stormed inside, letting the door swing shut behind you. Miraculously, you had found a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt, stowed away in some closet beside the cells. The fit was large on you, but you

made due with the heather grey outfit. You had heard the lich screaming, shrieking wildly in pain, and rushed back down the hall as quick as you could. Your heart was still racing, flushed and pumped with adrenaline. The man then begun to work once more, plucking a rag from the tray at his hip to soak some solution within the bleached cloth. As he did this, you rounded him to stand at the far end of the table, your eyes catching onto the deadened expression of the lich as his eyes followed you, lying limp against the table with his wrists bound before him.

"Lest *I* damage him-? Seriously-!? What are you doing to him, you know he doesn't understand what is going on-!" you were winded, and even though you tried to sound firm, your anxiety leaked through with the quivering of your lips.

[Clearly you do not know either. Haphazardly bandaging wounds that heal so quickly was a foolish decision, his flesh would have absorbed the fabric and would have required surgical removal.] The man rolled his eyes, pulling the white cap of the bottle shut with a finger while his other hand took to the lich's side, dabbing at the deep gouges with a firm and yet gentle patting. G flinched at this, a growl building itself from the soft hissing in his sore throat. Before you could open your mouth again, bringing a hand up to rest against the table, lilac eyes shot directly into your own as he continued, **[Since you insist on being so 'helpful', why don't you distract him with some meat. At least it will quiet him down, and keep your lips from saying anything else perpetually ignorant.]**

Your brows furrowed into a hard glare, unafraid to reflect your anger straight back at the man before you tending to the gashes in the lich's hide. Although, it was you who submitted in the end. It was an impossible thing, staring down a monster eight feet tall.. Not because of the physical implications of a sore neck, but because of how treacherous such disrespect earned you in the past. With a soft snort, you drew your focus to the edge of the table just beside you to the plate of cubed meat. Tentatively, you reached out, plucking up a piece of meat between your fingers and Voidster brought his attention back to his hands, cleaning away the blood from the deep grey edges of feathery flesh. He had waited too long to dress these wounds, rot had

set in, but luckily it was caught in time. Undead monsters were unaffected by such attributes, but he knew the lich would be bothered by the lack of flesh on his side.

He continued to clean away the blood from the lich's underbelly while you brought the piece of spiced meat around to the front of G's jaws. You watched him warily, observing as his eyes drifted away, staring into nothingness while he huffed in rapid succession, smelling the air and catching whiff of the treat. He shifted, trying to roll himself over onto his stomach but Voidster held his ribs with a strict command, throwing a sudden glare in your direction. You sighed under his scrutiny, subconsciously biting into the side of your cheek as you brought the piece of meat closer to him, for him. His fangs brushed up upon the bit of lukewarm meat, and he instantly snapped outward.

Gasping, you barely retracted your hand in time for the lich to take the cubed meat, a soft, muffled growl tremoring in his throat as he chewed angrily. Clearly frustrated from the pain, and confusion. Still, as he cut through his offering skillfully with his scissor like molars, he remained passive and steady while he swallowed the small morsel. This allowed Voidster to turn his attentions back to the wounds at hand, lifting the bottle of disinfectant to flush the glistening, black wounds as he held the soaked rag just below them. Harsh, stinging rivers cascaded down his side and G let the both of you know his disdain as he suddenly bared his fangs at his Master, pulling his head up from the table to give a full blown, wild hiss at the man. Flecks of spit flicked into the air from his sharp canines, his tongue curled and pressed back against his throat as a growl then took hold, his jaws closing slightly.

Quickly, you plucked another treat from the plate and lightly waved it to the side, grabbing his attention once more. Slowly, his spine rotated oddly, twisting his upper body into a narrow arch that allowed him to slip up onto an elbow, snapping outward with his jaws. You jumped back a bit, the feral, wildness of his behavior couldn't be blamed. He must be in a lot of pain. Shyly, you reached back out, holding the meat with a light touch as you offered it out for him again slower, "hey, be nice.."

The lich paused, waiting for the tasty scrap to come closer before striking again. His teeth nearly taking the tip of your finger with the piece of seasoned beef which you jolted at, shaking your hand out beside you with a strict glare taking over your features. Your voice had hardly any effect on him, which Voidster found amusing as he tossed the rag aside and plucked some surgical scissors from the tray, lowering back down to the monster's side to cut away the already rotten edges of flesh. G could not really feel this, yet his aggravation for being pecked at was still at a height. It was much harder than you would have first thought, keeping him occupied and relatively complacent. He took each cube of beef you offered, some warmer than others and that caused him to be more snappy. Still, as the minutes went by and you glanced over at the work being done to his side, you absentmindedly watched Voidster's hands intricately begin to sew up each gash. The pulling of the lich's skin didn't seem to bother him much, as he mostly just fussed and spat anyways. Demanding meat, vocalizing his pain.. he was such a simple creature now.

You made the plate of meat last as long as you could, only offering him a piece when his attention turned back to Voidster threading a needle through his dense hide. The lich continued to draw in air with a warbled, threatening hissing sound, but it didn't phase you much. While your own stomach gurgled in pain, and hunger, you refused to sample the meat yourself; who knows what Voidster had done to it. Still, G seemed to grow more at ease as he ate from your hand steadily gentler, his lips brushing your fingers while his eyes honed in on your own. It was odd, staring back into the intelligent, shimmering white eyes of the lich and realizing there was no recollection behind them. He only wanted the meat in your hands, lightly growling as he chewed; one last piece remaining on the plate.

The man beside you finished his work, but that wasn't what caught your attention. It was when he turned towards you, reaching a hand out and grasping onto one of the lich's bound palms that you glanced over. He was carefully, and rather forcefully, extending G's fingers, looking over his broken, shattered claws. The lich did not appreciate this, yanking at his forearms to no avail and jerked his attention to his side, obsidian gums bared with a low thundering echoing in his chest. You swallowed, deciding to entice him with the last piece of cubed

beef. You plucked it from the plate and held it towards him, this caught his eye and he slowly turned back towards you with a stern glare coating his features. Holding the piece out just barely, he eased his jaws forward, huffing and grunting at the air; the morsel just out of reach.

"..What are you doing..?" you murmured, casting your gaze back over to the lich's hands, each digit twitching and flinching oddly in Voidster's grasp. The man didn't answer at first, turning his body ever so slightly to reach behind him to the table on the other side of his person and picked up a rather large, silver nail clipper. It perhaps had once been made for dogs, but the blade had been sharpened and twinkled delicately in the artificial lights above. He brought it down, towards G's bound hands and you quickly tossed the cubed piece of beef outward, allowing the lich to catch it and chew with a distracted growl just as you shoved your palm into the side of Voidster's wrist. He halted, but merely since you touched him, and scowled downward at you with clear impatience.

"They're already cut, you're just going to hurt him-" you muttered angrily, eyeballing the blunted, slivered ends of G's nails.

With a light snort he waved your hand away, easily casting your arm aside before continuing with his motions, lowering the blade to clasp around the lich's clawed index finger. **[I had thought you would have grasped how quickly this man heals. The regrowth of flesh is astounding, as is the ability to hone and sharpen his weapon of choice-]** he tightened his grip around the clippers, the blade crunching and cracking through the lich's thick nails which required the full flexing of his arm to accomplish, **[-I could easily let him tear you to ribbons, a quick act of destruction considering how sweetly you smell to him now. Tell me, was the water to your liking? Refreshing..?]**

Scrunching your brow you braved the wretched smirk being cast down to you from Voidster, his lilac eyes locked onto you even as he moved onto the next claw. The lich squirmed against the table, having swallowed his treat and found his familiar predicament unsavory.

Voidster ignored the lich's grunts of protest, even as he rattled and shook the table with his growling and fighting. **[Ah, good.. It must have been. Although, I'm not sure if that will help you now after I finish with this menial work before the tests can continue.]**

Shaking your head slightly, a look of utter disgust crossed your features and you muttered bitterly, "you're a bastard.."

It didn't matter what he supposedly did to you now. He was either lying, as you felt no different than before, or he really had drugged you with something.. Something *you* couldn't notice. He seemed satisfied with your reaction, his pupils flicking downward to study the fitful hands of the lich who was trying to pull against the bonds with his full weight. It made it rather difficult to hook the tool around the next, sharpened edge but the man was skilled enough in unwilling participants. He quickly snapped the blade into the edge of the talon, and you both were met with a loud, startled yelp. The sound stunned you, gasping and turning your focus to the lich who was snarling silently up at Voidster while trying to yank all the harder at his arms. A soft, black bead of blood gathered at the center of the newly cut nail to which the man fully ignored and moved on to the next digit.

Immediately G pressed forward, his parted jaws hovering just a foot away from his Master as he drew in a raspy breath before letting the air back out with a deep, wet hissing. Your focus went between the lich and Voidster, who idly continued to cut through the next nail with no other complaint; he finished his right hand like this, clipping as closely as he could to the quick before moving on. It didn't stop the lich from his vocalizations though, and he grew more and more agitated by the experience. While Voidster then grasped onto the next hand, forcibly extending the thumb for the tool to slip onto, G feinted a bite. His jaws snapped just a few inches before Voidster's steady hand, and the man gave an audible snort, not even flinching as he cut this growing nail back as well.

The situation was odd, yet you could see the necessity of it. Voidster wasn't going to let him go until this was done anyways, and the least you could do was to try to settle G down enough to have this process

over with as quickly as possible. You took it upon yourself to carefully move away from Voidster, and interestingly enough the lich followed your movements. He craned his head backward, snorting and huffing as he idly panted from the stress starting to truly weigh on him. The only other sound was that of the clicking of metal and crunching of the lich's nails. Standing at his back, out of range from those gnashing teeth, you tentatively set a hand down on his bicep. He flinched rather heavily, his jaws pulling farther apart to then hiss at you now.

"Hey.. Shhh, relax.. I'm not doing anything mean, okay?" you murmured, slowly slipping your palm down along his arm before bringing it back up to his shoulder in a gentle petting. It took him a few moments to gather what you were doing, and miraculously it eased him enough to that he set the side of his head back down onto the table. The lich's eyelids began to drift downward, his lips still parted as he breathed in quick succession, his ribs reverberating in the effort of catching his breath. You were tactful about your petting, being sure to stay away from his injured side which was now bandaged with a thick, sticky gauze. A frown pulled at your features as his hide shivered beneath your touch, a subtle flinch at every contact you made with him.

The silence settled in as Voidster finished his work, slicing through the final claw with only a light jerking from the lich as he laid in exhaustion. He gingerly set the tool down on the table, the clacking of metal drawing your attention as you watched the man reach forward to G's face. The monster continued to lie there, only the lightest growl rumbling in his throat as Voidster's thumb came down upon the underside of the lich's damaged eye. He tilted his head, pulling G's eyelid away from his black sclera to better examine how his eyes focused; and they didn't. The monster merely broke his growl to continue panting, drips of drool slipping from the corner of his mouth to pool against the metal table beneath him. As you watched this, you continued to trail your soft caresses along his upper arm, offering some semblance of comfort as nausea built in your gut.

You really, *really* , didn't want to talk to Voidster. It was unnatural, eerie even, how calm he was. While G had been screaming his lungs out, thrashing against the table in this room just a half hour ago, he

hadn't even flinched and hardly seemed affected by his supposed lover's pain. It wasn't right. But now, he did take pause, pressing the pad of his thumb into the lich's upper eyelid to draw the skin away to better see the clouded, blind haze that afflicted the lich in his bout of fatigue. The monster just continued to stare straight ahead, seeming to fight the urge of unconsciousness, and was failing. Curiously, Voidster brought his other hand forth and loudly snapped his fingers right before the lich's face a few times. The first snap didn't really register, but the others did and he shifted against the table, pulling his jaws apart again widely to weakly hiss at the blurry hand in front of his face.

Satisfied, Voidster pulled back, his hand lingering upon the lich's face in a gentle, intimate, stroke while G shuddered and gave a wicked snort that shook his entire body. Your glare only hardened up at the man across from you, pausing your hand against the lich's muscular bicep, feeling how his black scars pressed unevenly into the palm of your hand. This was not the first time you hated your small stature, so weak compared to either monster but especially to Voidster who deserved some kind of punishment for his explicit cruelty. Alas, there was nothing you could do except watch as he ran his hand over the lich's features, down his neck and then away to snatch up the clippers and moved down the table to his feet. A light sigh left your lungs as you set your free arm onto the table, propping your head up in your hand, braced against your elbow as you went back to gently petting along G's arm.

He didn't make much sound, only slightly pulling at his legs and shifting as Voidster pressed his thumb into the arch of the lich's foot, holding him still as he efficiently blunted these claws as well. The monster involuntarily pulled at his leg weakly while his eyelids fell to a close, his heavy panting slowing to a deeper, rhythmic pacing. It was an interesting fact, to know that he was ticklish, even with so many scars cross hatching the elegant edges of his feet to the wretched knuckled toes he had. His ankles were equally just as protruding and sharp, a lithe, dextrous appearance. The slight, random jerking of the lich's knee was hardly a deterrent as the man went on tending to his hind claws, easily shattering the talons with one swift clip after another. He knew that they were an overlooked asset. All it would take is one swift, hard kick to gouge open the soft flesh of his stomach or sides. An obvious, easy target. Something that he had to take

precautions against, the risks he had already taken were burning and inflamed in his shoulder, just beneath the soft turtleneck he wore.

While Voidster tended to G's back feet, you yourself were just as exhausted as the lich. Hunger had really put a hamper on your energy, and even though you were clean it was not enough to rally your mind, and body. In the end, neither of you could keep up with Voidster, who hardly slept and rarely ate. It didn't take long for the man to finish, idly tossing the clippers onto the small adjacent table as he rounded the lich and began to unbind his wrists. The rattling of the clip freeing from the thick leather strips stirred you from your absentminded dawdling, breathing in deeply as you lifted your head and stood straight once more. The lich was still, even as the leather was fully pulled from around his wrists to lay useless and limp from the edge of the table.

You dug your fingertips into his arm, lightly shaking him as you murmured sleepily, "c'mon G.. not here.."

[How interesting.. It seems as if he has reached his limit, extraordinary.]

You shot daggers at Voidster, gripping a tad tighter to the lich who barely stirred beneath you as your growled, "this is fucked up, how could you run him into the ground like this-?!"

[I have done nothing to him, I simply allowed him to be…wild at heart.] He mused, flicking his lilac gaze across your features as he went on, drinking in your growing anger and animosity towards him. **[He has been through much more than you could ever imagine, pet. Rest will come, in time. When his ferality ebbs enough to allow it. For now, however…there is one more query I need to test, for myself.]**

“What are you talking about..?” you muttered, chills running down your spine as the man peered down at you with hunger practically dripping from every inch of his body. The lich remained to lie there, unperturbed. The man brought his hand back, setting both of them idly behind his lower back as he chose to slowly make strides around the table, casting his gaze aside while his voice trickled in across the room.

[It is obvious he has...possessive tendencies. Much more than I anticipated. It seems as if it’s merely in his nature to bond. Food, sex...sharing with his chosen partner which just so happened to be you, the only female he found familiar enough to claim.]

A light sigh left your lips, forced to listen to him prattle on. Your fingertips tightened against the lich’s hide, subconsciously urging him to wake for the nearer Voidster drew.. The more nauseated you became. **[Otherwise, he wouldn’t have even thought of you as anything else besides a meal, even with my prompting. He needs to have.. Known you, just as he is without this feral haze clouding his sanity. He finds casual, anonymous coupling distasteful, and that transcribed over to his current state.]**

“What’s your point?” you spat, narrowing your eyes further and tentatively taking a soft shuffle away, keeping your hand on the lich’s shoulder as his ankles slowly stirred against the cold metal. Voidster continued his absent minded approach, his hip hugging along the shimmery edge of the metal to round the corner and stand just before you. He stared down at you, chin raised, eyes glinting with intrigue. It made your stomach roll.

[I wonder.. Just how deeply ingrained his protective, possessive, strain runs within him. Surely, there must be a limit. He does not consider you more than a little trinket, a plaything, while of level mind. In your current state, it will show me his true strength with protecting what is his, not merely sowing a new generation.]

Instantly, your eyes flew open. The comment about the water you had drank, the odd.. Subtle after taste.. It all made sense with how G had then pushed himself onto you so harshly after your shower, he had drugged you. With what.. You had no idea, but it was obviously noticeable to the both of them and only after you had cleaned away all other scents on your skin. This was nothing new, being a pawn in a game Voidster had just come up with for entertainment.. But what he was saying, that the lich thought you were-

[Yes, pet. I see the gears turning in that little, pretty head of yours. Don't fret, he is unable to use his magic in this state.. Meaning he cannot burden you with children, like this anyways. But to him, he believes all by scent alone and his instincts tell him beside the truth. To him, you are his, swallowed whole by his domination.] A wavering, darkly chuckle wove from his chest, and you recoiled. Your action was too late, however, as he struck out regardless and gripped onto your wrist tightly. His fingertips dug painfully into the tendons in your arm and you gave a soft cry, yanking backward against his hold.

At this, the lich truly stirred, his eyes flinging open to reveal the utter white sheen of his glowing iris while a horrid, aggravated snarl spat outward across the table. In no time, he was scrambling against the table, twisting his form to land upon his hands and knees. His focus snapped onto your small, delicate hand trapped just beyond the wretched, knuckled fist of his Master. Without warning, or hesitation, he lashed outward with his left hand. Pulling up onto the balls of his feet he lunged forward and parted his jaws in a sickly, hoarse shriek. His claws instantly made contact with Voidster's arm, slapping his blunted nubs against his dense skin. He was only able to leave behind light marks, rose colored lines of blood threatening to spill forth, without the recent clipping.. There would had been more needle work to be done.

Voidster didn't wait for G to gather himself for another strike, as the lich was already pushing himself dangerously close from the table, holding himself in a low, standing crouch. He released your arm, and took a few steps back, the idle swelling in his shoulder still burned and bit into his nerves painfully. It wasn't enough of a distraction to

pull him away from the pure lustre of the lich slipping from the table in a swift, twisting motion. The next thing you knew is that G was coming towards you, and fast, there was no time to think or even speak as his arm grabbed up beneath your ribs and hiked you clear off of your feet to press you against his chest. He held you tightly, in one arm, while he stalked out of the room with a deep, irritated hissing riding on the tail end of each growl that reverberated and tickled your spine.

He was then muttering something, it only sounded like garbled letters at first. But as you held onto his forearm, struggling to breathe through his tight grip, it became slightly clearer. “Por va.. Na’ii… na’ii..”

“G-” you coughed, squirming in his grasp to no avail as he then growled once more, taking you with him in a rather slow pace down the hall. There was a clear, crisp sound of footsteps just behind you, and you knew that the lich could also hear it. Deep within your heart you knew G wouldn’t be able to keep up with this, he nearly passed out in that room due to sheer exhaustion. It would make him sick, if he did not rest, if he was not allowed to stop. Desperately, you tried to talk to him once more.

“G, please, just pick a room and go in.. It’s okay-”

[He can’t understand you, pet. And besides.. He has something else on his mind.] His voice was filled with amusement, humor even. The choice of words that the lich spoke were.. Interesting. The translation must have been lost on the earlier dialects of their language, for it didn’t seem as if the band around your ankle could make sense of them whatsoever. The lich hadn’t thought of adding it to the language bank in the device, and it made the situation all the more interesting. Voidster continued to follow, giving a respectable distance but not far enough for your liking.

Surprisingly, being shadowed didn’t bother G as much as you thought, for he continued to murmur whilst his pace became laden, “na’ii.. Va.. na’ii…”

“Stop pissing him off, Voidster! He needs to rest- he can’t keep going, you’re pushing him into further insanity!” you nearly screamed, wriggling with all your might against the vice-like grip the lich had around your ribs.

As if on cue, the lich’s legs buckled, and he tumbled to the floor. You were released, stumbled, and fell to your knees while G completely collapsed, his sharp, bony body cracking horridly against the concrete. His large, powerful hand came to rest just beside your ankle, half outstretched as he lay on his side, in a heap. Gasping, you quickly whirled around, ignoring Voidster’s casual approach as you set your hand on the lich’s bicep, staring wide eyed into his high, hazy complexion. Hoping that he didn’t further break open his skull, you held your breath and watched his lips move silently, his breath nearly wheezing in and out of his lungs. Then, came those words again, except it was just explicitly whispered, “na’ii… na’ii..”

“What is going on..? What are you trying to tell me?” you breathed, exasperated and feeling your chest tighten. It wasn’t until a deep, black shadow cast down across your figure that you looked up and away from the lich, directly into the gleaming, curious expression of Voidster. His features were nearly fully silhouetted, save for those lustrous violet eyes gazing downward with intrigue.

[He isn’t saying anything, pet. It is simply gibberish.]

“But you can understand him-? What *is* he saying?!” you snarled, fully done with this game. You quickly turned back to the lich, keeping him on his side as he began to sputter, a light trickling jolting his body. He wanted to instinctively curl up, but had difficulty directing his body. It was clear he wasn’t going to be getting up and as his eyelids fell, he breathed one last, repetitive word, before the shining light of his iris’ were cut. He lay relatively still, except for how strongly his lungs took in, and expunged air.

A fear took hold of your body, and you sat, crouched, hovered above the lich's limp form. Even when Voidster knelt down, a harsh snort pulling through his lips as he shouldered you away. You fell hard, hitting the floor with your hip and caught yourself just in time with your hands to shoot a glare over your shoulder. The look of anger dissolved into sheer horror, as you witnessed the man then begin to bundle the naked, dirtied lich in his arms and lift him from the floor. G was murmuring still, his voice was garbled, nearly intelligible. Adrenaline coursed through your veins as you pulled yourself up and tried to push forward onto Voidster, to demand what he was doing, to command G's release. But instead, as the lich's head rolled over the bulky, sore bicep of the man, his eyes glittered outwardly beneath heavily lined eyelids. Then, you knew, he was beyond your help and you then stood, awkward and uncertain.

Voidster continued to refuse to answer your question about what the lich was saying, simply carrying him further down the hall with you padding along beside him to keep up. The man was lost in his own thought, the weight of the creature in his arms hardly phased him, even as his shoulder teemed with nerve biting agony. Pain was something he knew intimately, and it was worth the small sacrifice to move the lich to a more suitable area. It seemed as if his rut was finally ending, and there was no need to sequester him in the lab anymore. He would perhaps sleep for a few days, and then awaken as normal. Though, it didn't solve the question of why the lich was speaking as he was.. Why was he speaking of 'kittens'?

Ah, realization sprung onto him quickly, and he mused within himself on the words.. How quaint.

***

Voidster did nothing to prevent you from climbing the staircase after him, not even a side glance as you followed across the open hallways of the lich's home, dusk setting just beyond the grand windows in the family room. Orange, dusty rays of light shimmered down across the foyer, stirred by the stern, firm pace of the man before you who held onto the lich in his arms as a true lover would. He did not allow G to

have his arm hanging freely, instead, the monster was tucked generously against his broad chest, and he held fast to the dirtied, porcelain skin beneath his fingertips despite how bitterly his shoulder wound ached.

It was.. Strange, whisking yourself across the dimming sunlight spread across the wooden floor below your bare feet, which was a warm welcome from the concrete of the basement. You should have probably parted ways immediately, grabbed something to eat.. To drink. But the concern for G was too much, and you wouldn't leave him in the grasp of someone so vile and outright awful. He needed to rest, to be left alone so as he could heal and finally snap out of whatever wildness had taken hold of his heart. You knew, that if left to his own devices, Voidster would surely poison the lich into staying this way.. In a feral haze, of insanity. You'd fight tooth and nail to prevent that, G deserved better.

Then, the man passed through the double doors of the Master bedroom, and attempted to shut the door behind him with a swift kick of his heel; but you had already darted in. Voidster released an irritated grunt, shifting the lich higher in his grasp as the monster muttered incoherently beneath his strained breathing. You couldn't help but to bite onto your bottom lip, subdued in the stillness, in the golden hue filtering in between the blinds. Carefully, you shirked away from Voidster as he stepped before you, he wouldn't hesitate to just shove you aside. This time, he did leer down at you, his sockets narrowed in a tight lipped glower. You replied with a growing glare of your own, but he shrugged you off easily as he rounded the mattress and carefully set the lich down atop the sheets.

The colder temperature must have startled the monster, for he suddenly, without warning, snarled and lashed outward. His blunted claws merely deflected off of his mate's chest. G held his snarl, yet his sockets were barely even open while his body twisted in an odd sort of fit, landing him on his uninjured side once more. Confusion was the cause for his aggression, and it held no ill effect on Voidster who simply stood straight once again, a tall figure that shielded the lich from the encroaching sunset tones basking the room in a warm glow. This was when the lich began to murmur once more, just gibberish,

nothing of sane quality. Although, the monster finally seemed to settle back down, having found the plush material beneath him welcoming and familiar.

“Is he.. Going to be okay?” you murmured, your focus glued onto that of the bloodied, poorly groomed monster who heaved and growled deep within his belly. For some reason, there was an inkling of an idea that the lich wouldn’t walk away the same person after this experience.. Whether he remembered all of this, or not.

Voidster kept his gaze on the bed as he slowly walked along the edge, seeming distracted by how the lich eerily rolled his joints, as if on their own volition. **[Of course, this is just his rut waning-]** while he spoke, the monster on the bed squinted through the golden light splaying across his form, and he became stricken with the light. Captivating him enough that he lied still. **[All this is, is his cognitive mind becoming confused, unable to take in his surroundings properly. He is still very much rabid, just to a slightly lesser extent. If not for his exhaustion, it would be quite a task to keep him contained.]**

Cautiously, you approached the side of the bed, just as Voidster waltzed from the room. The man’s heavy footsteps trailed down the hallway, and you carefully situated yourself at the lich’s side. You kept your focus on G’s face, studying how he stared, and panted, into the silken sunset streaming in through the windows just across from him. He didn’t seem bothered by your weight pressing down on the mattress at his hip, for he lay rather limp despite how his claws naturally attempted to grip into the sheets beneath him. His newly given stitching must have caused him to ache horribly, a light twitching of his hide accompanied the slight movement of his legs drawing further upwards. A frown crossed your features, and you reached outward, setting your small hand on his tense, sweltering thigh.

There weren’t as many ravaging scars here, but you still felt the soft, thin lines of purposeful damage beneath the dust and dirt miscoloring his pale skin. He flinched reflexively under your touch, but was

entirely transfixed by the windows for whatever reason. You drew your gaze over, blinking through the dimming light just outside of the blinds, and wondered just how long you were down there for.. Had it only been a few hours..? Or had days passed? It was an unsettling feeling. You weren't given much time to contemplate this though, for the quick, rapid huffing sounds of the lich drew your focus back to him. His jaws were parted, and you could see the light shimmering of his tongue at the back of his throat. Air hissed heavily through his lungs, which he expelled in quick succession.. He was tasting the scents around him again.

A soft sigh left your lungs, and you slowly let your hand pet along his thigh as you spoke in a quiet murmur, "do you know where you are.. G?"

Ever so slowly, he panned his white eyes over to you, still hidden mostly beneath his eyelids. He stared at you, his breath seeming to be caught in his throat for an odd moment before he then replied, "an.. eim na'sthra.. Va isune."

Your lips tucked into the side of your cheek, sighing through your nose as his warbled, echoed speech fell untranslated upon the room. There was something there though, within his eyes, as he stared at you fully. It was as if he was drinking you in, and his mouth parted a ways further, sampling the air again. This was when he struggled to sit up, bracing on his palms, tearing at the sheets beneath his knuckled fingers, while his body trembled with effort. Quickly, you lifted your hand from him, hovering it above his shoulder as he leaned over towards you, resting on his hip as he leared closer. With a tilt of his head, he blinked, and held his eyelids open a tad wider at the golden hue of your figure.

There were harsh lines beneath his eyes, and deep greys were swiftly taking place of the violet that had struck beneath his sockets. His facial structure looked far more sunken than usual, exhaustion was evident, and it pained you to see such an intelligent, strong man brought to this sickly appearance. It took so much energy for him to focus in on you, and he quaked regardless in a soft shivering. You kept

your hand hovered between the both of you, lowering your voice further to try to soothe him, “hey, hey.. Just lay down, it’s okay-”

He then suddenly reached outward, locking his arm around your back to pull you forward, your cheek pressing into his collarbone rather painfully. You squirmed, trying to get him to take the hint and let you go, but he merely dipped his head and sighed, as if his very soul carried on that breath out of him. It made you take pause, palms resting against his broad, tattered chest. His jaw then pressed to the side of your skull, tousling your hair as he rubbed his maw against you and inhaled with a raspy whisper. You pressed your hands all the harder against his chest, nearly shoving against his large, mountainous scar while you muttered, “G.. c’mon..”

“Ye’nae, va isune..” a sudden, shaky, burst of air left his chest and it stunned you. Then, your eyes slowly widened, for he did this odd exhale again, and you didn’t want to believe what you thought was happening until he spoke again. His voice was laden, the words crawling out of his mouth almost painfully as he tilted his jaw into your temple and muttered mournfully, “henne.. Ast mey na’ii, por an’thraes. Ye’nae.. Ye’nae, isune-” his breath cut from him, as another shudder took his chest and you felt tears form in your eyes. You had no clue what he was saying, but you could feel his pain. A deep, suppressed, anguish.

“G..?” you tried once more, but he merely shuddered. It was a sign he recognized his name, but it brought guilt, an unfathomable picture of the lich had been painted over the past few days or so.. But this, he was.. Experiencing emotion, out of nowhere. It stunned you into silence as his broad, powerful chest fell to trembling. The sharp exhales of his breath nearly whimpered through his lips, which he had tucked into the side of your skull almost lovingly. Was he simply upset because of the pain he had gone through under Voidster’s hands..? No, physical pain never affected G like this.

It was obvious he was still smelling you, breathing in your hair and the softness of your skin, his lips moving in a phantom chanting. If he was saying anything, you couldn’t hear it. Not now, anyways. Despite

his ragged panting, and how he clung to you, his free hand cradled the back of your head and neck skillfully, tenderly. There was no way he would ever show such emotion over a mere scent, right? Something...artificial. He would never feel such pride...or sorrow, over your relationship with him...which was surface at best. While that thought hurt, it unsettled you more to feel how his body caved in. How he sputtered, and ground his sharp jaw along your temple with the softest trail of salt beading along his defined cheekbone; the drop then hidden within the soft locks of your hair.

You had no idea what to do, besides to sit there against the trembling lich who threaded his large, knuckled fingers through your hair to better feel the skin hidden beneath. His pads rested against your scalp, fingers tangled within your hair, as he tried to speak again but his chest gave another harsh beat, and all that flowed from him was further gibberish. A tight knot formed in your throat, you swallowed against it, and winced all the further. You were caged against him, his body heat making you sweat again, but you didn't have the heart to try to fight him as he spoke, near desperation, "j'ena est en na'ii, aniane.. Ves ist'itibli, ja'nar."

"G.. hey, it's okay.." you attempted feebly, your fingertips digging into his ragged hide. The both of you were so caught up in this moment, you hadn't noticed Voidster slip back inside. He listened while drawing forth a smaller needle, and frowned all the harder. It took but a quick, precise stick, nailing the lich right at the base of his neck, to press the plunger and withdraw it that the lich hardly noticed. Too busy to feel the needle, too lost in himself.. In another hallucination. It was a familiar sight, but one that rarely happened while the lich was in the waking world. Most nightmares only occurred while he slept, but this one was due to sickness from his waning rut.

Voidster was right to fetch a sedative. G would only exhaust himself further with all this talk of guilt, of morning light.. It couldn't continue. Without much thought he let the emptied syringe clatter against the nightstand, nearly rolling off of the side, and that started to stir the lich. Though, whatever he was seeing, it was too strong a scene to be pulled away from with sound alone. The man's eyes narrowed, lingering on how gently his lanky, bony hands nearly

caressed along the back of your neck, and a fire ignited within him.

Voidster placed his hand on the lich's back, instantly grabbing his full attention as G's grasp loosened on you. It was enough to startle you from your stupor, flicking your gaze upwards to catch Voidster's stern, disapproving expression. G's head whipped to the side instantly, baring his dripping fangs directly at the violet eyes that studied him. Without hesitation, you felt a bony hand grab at your bicep, yanking you away from the bed and out from the monster's embrace. A soft yelp left your lips, but you were too weak to fight the skeletal apparition which yanked you across the room.

The lich had no real time to react as Voidster knelt against the bed and grabbed onto him, the glare he wore seemed permanently etched onto his features. You were dragged backwards, stumbling and barely able to catch yourself on the door as the man lightly wrestled with the exhausted, wet eyed lich who was no match. Luckily, the hand that held you vanished as you propped yourself against the doorway, staring wide eyed at the scene before you. G was simply too weak, too weak and too upset, to fight back. His jaws were parted, displaying his glistening fangs threateningly, but it meant nothing to Voidster who easily clasped the lich's wrists together and drew his mate's naked form against his own chest.

This only further fermented the lich's emotions, for instead of biting, he gave an aggravated yell. Voidster was unenthused, pulling G's bony wrists out to the side, forcing the monster to press his uninjured side against the man's body. He then careened his face downward, murmuring something against the lich's features even as he hissed and spat. The lich tried to kick out, but it was pathetic, only being able to scramble against the sheets in a lazy fit that Voidster could easily ignore. During this struggle, your hand gripped all the harder to the doorframe, the wood biting into your fingertips while the lich's bright, white eyes, flicked over to you and he then clenched his jaws together tightly.

Teeth still bared, gums glistening in the light, his expression contorted to that of full blown, utter anguish. You had never seen anything like

this from him before, ever. There was a pang within your chest, hitting and resonating within your very core as a glossy haze welled within the monster's eyes. He then shuddered once more, and Voidster instantly released his wrists to roughly grip the lich's chin, forcing his head to turn towards him. His lips were moving, but you couldn't hear what he was saying, your only focus was the way the lich continued to try to keep you within his sights, and you could tell it was wearing thin on Voidster's patience.

You wanted to yell, to run back inside of the room. But found yourself frozen beneath the very sudden, ominous lilac leer that Voidster shot you from above the lich. The man snaked his arms around the monster before him, landing his hand behind the monster's skull and back. It was effortless, pushing G's damp features against his neck, caging the lich within his own embrace. You felt nothing but bitter anger, forced to watch how Voidster eased down onto the bed, bracing his back against the headboard with the lich forcefully pulled against his chest.

This time, when he spoke, you could hear him clear as day even though he wasn't directing the words at you, **[Enough, there will be no more fits from you. Allow the cool reprieve to harness your aches, my dear. Rest, now..]** he then turned his focus to you, keeping the lich pinned against him quite well despite how well we wriggled and hissed between bouts of mournful shudders, attempting to formulate speech but simply couldn't.

[You-] your focus was fully pulled into the violet iron stare, bordering full blown anger, **[-get out of here. He will never recover if you continue to badger and patronize him.]**

Instantly, you scoffed, feeling bitterness cross your tongue as you retorted, "He was trying to talk to me-"

[You are nothing more than the ghost of a dead woman to him,] his words somehow manage to catch a chord within you, and you felt your bravery falter. **[I have been here for him far before you,**

brought him to a solace in which you could never tread. Your amusement in this situation has run its course-]

"You may think I'm nothing but some...some random human girl-!" you spat, your nails digging into the glossy paint beneath them while Voidster's gaze hardened to stone. The monster within his arms managed to turn slightly, staring back at you with exhaustion, his lips were parted and he heaved across the man's collarbone, "-but I know what G is seeing, and feeling, is real! You can't just keep doing these things to him, he needs help and all you do is just play games with him, you hurt him so much more than he already does inside."

Your voice tremored, yet all you could see was fire, your courage had been sparked again and for once.. Voidster was silent. The words left your tongue before you could even think on them, "This is the only time I've ever seen him raw, and desperate. This is what must go on in his head all the damn time, but all you care about is yourself! How G can serve *you* -! How *I* can serve *you!* No wonder he has issues with his loss, you make him suppress all of it until he can no longer hold it in and then *punish him for it.* You don't love him, you only like the idea of him. You want his power, his body, but he's a puppet to you just like I am!"

[You are a disposable, lippy, sodden cunt that is too inbred to know when to keep your mouth shut and head down. You. Are. Nothing. You exist only for our *combined* amusement. He knows not the things he does, yet even he knows you are nothing more than a somewhat suitable fuck-]

"You're a fucking liar-!"

Then, a deep, thunderous reverberation spilled outward over the room, originating from within Voidster's ribs. **[Wench! I will flay you alive for such flagrant disrespect, and feed you piece by piece to the man whom you care about so deeply-! Perhaps even I would enjoy the taste of a damned, broken soul. None will be the**

wiser to your demise, you could easily be replaced by the sunrise and he would not even know the difference.] At this, G tried to struggle again, and it was perhaps only this that kept the man busy enough to not tear forward across the room to straight out bludgeon you with something besides just words. Both monsters fidgeted, though G slipped an arm outward from the cold embrace of his mate to stretch out towards you, his fangs gleaming just past the muscular arm of the man containing him.

"What is wrong with you?!" you shouted, tears pricking at your eyes, "You just avoided every single point I made because you feel insulted, this isn't about you-!"

[Ah, I forgot how this was all just an elaborate plot to make you seem like the hero.] He snarled, having to strike outward with a hand, snatching the lich's lower back to better grip onto his jostling, wriggling form.

"That's not-!"

[A WHORE IN THE WILDS IS ALL THAT YOU ARE!] Instantly, you fell inward, your expression dropping as pressure drove straight into your body and grasped around your heart. It was hard to breathe, and you flung a hand upwards to grip onto your chest, wincing through the harsh words that rained down on you amidst the feral, guttural spitting of the lich, **[You will begone, or I will personally rip out your spine and shove my hand up through your skull, playing a true puppeteer since you seem so fond of the idea-!]**

Voidster then grunted, loudly, the lich nearly sprung from his grasp and he was forced to tear him backwards, his back ramming against the headboard and shook the entire bed frame. For whatever reason, G desperately wanted to get to you, a fresh tear rolled down his cheek as his eyes locked onto you. It was then that you realized tears of your own had slipped from your own, tears of anger..of resentment. "You may be stronger than us.. But at least G and I have known real, true

love. Not this sick, abusive manipulation.. a fucked up sort of self-worship." You muttered, jerking away from the room as you stepped into the hallway.

All you heard was a booming, irrefutable snarl that shook the double doors within their very frames. At first, you simply walked away, but with each step you took you felt your emotions boil over, spilling out over your cheeks. Quickly, your feet then whisked you down the hall, the soft padding of your escape echoed easily back to the room where a horrendous, agonizing shriek rose in an echoed vibrato. No matter how fast you ran, sailing past the foyer and front room, stifling your own emotions, that wretched, pathetic noise followed you clear across the building until you slammed your rooms door behind you. Throwing yourself onto the bed, you collapsed in a heap, gripping onto the plush comforter as stress finally broke through the cracks. You curled into a ball, heaving and muffling your pain.

Clear along the corridor, where the sounds of your flight ebbed into the stillness of growing nighttime, back through the double doors Voidster held onto the lich with shaking hands. His anger was burning his veins, threatening to slip the leash. The only thing that kept him there, in bed, was G. The monster was in an absolute fit, and it took all of his strength to keep him there, pressed against his body. The sedative was working, as the lich seemed to get more and more confused, dizzy even. This was the perfect time for Voidster to grip at the back of the monster's head, and shove his face right against his neck, to where he could breathe in his scent and settle down.

At first G snarled, spitting and shoving against the chest that lied against him, but after a few quick, panicked inhaled, he simmered. Slowly, his body rendered to stillness, and with this obstacle cleared Voidster released a deep, raspy sigh. The noise tinged on a growl, for the lich naturally responded with weak, soft flicks of the tip of his tongue against his mate's throat. Harsh puffs of air paired with this odd, slightly ticklish, sensation, sparking cool waves of air to caress the wetted skin there. Gradually, the man eased down himself, shifting against the sheets to kick off his shoes onto the floor, and snorted.

The experiment was over, for now. His anger on the other hand, that would be saved for another day.

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You slept hard and heavily through the night, clear into the afternoon of the next day. At first, you were disoriented, confused on where you were and if you dreamed everything that happened in the lab.. But as you ventured out to finally eat breakfast, you heard the familiar, feral grunts and hissing of the lich from down the hall. It seemed as if he was trapped in that room, and you found that to be at least better than the cruel, cold basement. You ate possibly too much, feeling laden and exhausted you simply carried yourself back to bed, leaving G's curious, drowsy noises far behind you. A rock had formed in your chest from Voidster's words, and you tried to shut them out by closing your door once more, and hiding beneath the sheets.

Sleep found you quickly, a small mercy in this house.

***

The next day passed quickly, as you mainly slept through it.

But for the lich, it was an ill battle. There were flashes of clarity, the masculine scent wrapped around him was comforting, for whatever reason. Whenever he tried to glance outward at the world around him, it was only a blur; shapes twisted and changed within the shadows. It was unsettling, and he bared his fangs with wicked hissing at these strange phantoms, to which a pale hand would then carefully rest over his eyes, leaving him with nothing but taste alone. He would breath in, snorting in quivering huffs before his body settled. There were no new smells in the room, and that of the rustic, musky tone of the man that held him overwhelmed all else.

As the night progressed, these hazy, drunken moments would grow a tad clearer. It wasn't until the early morning that he finally opened his eyes, and squinted through soft, warm light glimmering off of the white flesh lying beside him. He was being held tightly to his mate's side as the man laid on his back, chin tilted away, and dozed. Even with the large, muscular arm wrapped around him, his own hand rested limp against Voidster's scarred chest, tickling the pads of his fingers. While the lich stirred, taking time to fully understand where he was. His mouth was dry, body aching. He shifted and flexed his sharp hands with a gentle, forced growl. This alerted the larger monster, he seemed well practiced as he instantly added pressure to the large hand at his back, attempting to simmer his movements.

A soft, heavy inhale expanded the lich's chest, and he lazily swiped his tongue around his mouth. The taste of stale blood.. Old meat, nearly made him gag. He cringed, rolling his inky tendril across his fangs which only further soured his expression. Even with the hand at his back, attempting to keep him still, he stubbornly refused and shifted, lifting himself up onto his elbow while his white gaze drowsily surveyed the room. The lich swallowed, and exhaled open mouthed, a near hiss that drew Voidster's attention. Carefully, the man opened his eyes, and turned to look at the raised monster hovering at his side. Obvious confusion was the dominate trait on his features, as was disgust. The purple tone beneath his eyes had gone, but in its place was deep grey lines that visibly aged him.

[Be still, you have experienced much these past few days.] His voice was soft, seemingly tired as well. He watched the lich idly as the monster brought his hand upwards, rubbing at his features and eyes which were itchy; sore with salt. These words did little to ease the lich, who grunted and attempted to draw saliva into his mouth to no avail. Instead, he cleared his throat, which was like drawing sandpaper through his abused windpipe.

"What..?" he grumbled, hoarse and with a slight whistle in his lungs. It caused him to cough again, which turned into a fit. His ribs convulsed, jostling his side painfully. G didn't fight back when

Voidster slipped his hand upwards, pressing between the lich's protruding shoulder blades to settle his form back down. The lich rested his cheek upon the broad shoulder of his mate, and blinked through the haze clouding his mind. A few days..? That couldn't be. Though, he did not recall his last memory, either. The present seemed to be the only thing he could focus on, it made his head spin otherwise. Although, the way in which he ached, how he smelt; blood and sweat.. It began to agitate him.

"I am.. Filthy.." he muttered, his breath hot and acrid across his mate's collarbone. This only brought a genuine smirk to Voidster's lips, his eyelids drooping ever so slightly to peer downward at the evident irritation etched across the lich's features. White eyes quickly met his, and despite his hurt, and exhaustion, he continued, "what.. Happened?"

[It seems as if pills were not the way to treat your rut, my dear. Do you not remember a thing, at all?] he asked, curiosity flooding his tongue. The lich paused, and instead of speaking he simply tilted his chin side to side, his eyes narrowing further. **[Ah, I feared as much. Ferality consumed you, love. It was quite a difficult task to keep you. I had spent all of my time watching over you, for your natural urge to hunt made it nearly impossible to satiate and control such a temper.]**

"Ah," he replied, relaxation befalling his limbs as he lied in the morning sunlight with his partner. The lich attempted to close his eyes once more, but the way in which his hide itched, and muscles throbbed, called for a shower at the least. Having made up his mind that instant, he carefully sat back up, finding his sockets oddly disjointed and rolled them back into place while he lifted himself from the man next to him. This time, Voidster didn't stop him, but he kept his hand placed on the lich's back, feeling how his spine rotated oddly beneath his fingertips. The man simply continued to lie there, having not slept whatsoever through the night.

G slowly panned his gaze down the barren chest of his mate, towards his own, and pulled a face. He touched his own skin, the tracings of

crimson left stained and gathered upon the edges of his scars, and he even noticed splatter trails from saliva. Cautiously, he swept his fingertips across his most massive scar, and turned his hand to glare at the stains upon his skin but it was the sight of his shattered, cracked and clipped claws that gave him utter pause. Idly, he prodded at the ends of his claws with his thumb, separating slivers of cracked keratin from the cluster and pulled his irate expression over to Voidster. The man simply shrugged, murmuring, **[I am sorry, my love. There was no other way to ensure safety of not only myself, but the home. You had a tendency to…claw, scratching the surfaces in a sort of territorial display.]**

At this, G's brows furrowed, and he felt a twinge of embarrassment swell in his breast. "I see.." under any other circumstance, the lich would have felt extreme anger. His claws were his preferred weapon of both defense and offense, it made sense that they had to be blunted, but in such a careless way irked him beyond measure. Though, nothing could be done about it now. A hot shower, rinsing the stains from his skin, ridding himself of the foul tastes in his mouth, that is what he truly needed. Without a word more, he struggled to sit up further, and in turn Voidster lifted himself into a seated position, guiding the lich with his strong, steady hand. For a moment, they both sat there, the lich hunched and rubbing at his face once more.

It was Voidster that then moved first, slipping from the bed to guide the lich onto his feet. He stumbled, his sharp ankles having tangled in the sheets, but his partner easily caught and managed him. It was obvious G was growing more and more irritated, his body was exhausted, and had difficulty standing without shivering. His nakedness was no real surprise, if he had lost himself to insanity, it was unavoidable he would have ripped the fabric from his body on his own. Besides, it would make bathing all the easier. The lich didn't want pity, or the help of his mate, but he had no choice. Voidster led him across the room, to the master bathroom and kept his hand around G the entire time, even as the water ran hot and the man kicked off his worn slacks.

Together, Voidster led the grumbling, flinching lich into the large accommodating shower and brought his large hand upward, gently

swiping the hot current across his features while G had no choice but to stand, leaning against his partner as the water cascaded across his form. It unwound the tension, even as it stung his side, which was bandaged with heavy gauze for whatever reason. There was no ability for him to really think on this, as he closed his eyes, and accepted the genuine petting, caressing of his mate's hands to help remove the filth hiding against his scarred body.

They spent nearly a half hour within the bathroom, sharing soft affections that the lich mainly received, missing how those lilac eyes bore down upon him with an edge of genuine sincerity as he lapped at the water raining down on the both of them. This would have been impossible to do with a feral beast who mistrusted water, and himself. He couldn't help but return to the words that you had thrown in his face, about how he was selfish... His anger sparked once more, there was little he cared about. But the lich, he gave this man tenderness in the steamed, fogged space and asked nothing in return. It was far from selfish. To prove his point, none of his attentions turned sexual, only staying to the task of comfort and helping the lich rid of the blood stains hiding across his hide.

G was still exhausted, and as they stepped out, he needed further help; which Voidster carried out with no hesitation. Afterward, the lich settled for just a pair of black boxers before climbing back into bed. His partner quickly shut the blinds, draping the room into darkness that only deepened as he drew the drapes over the windows. Voidster heard soft growling, muttering, and when he looked back to his mate, he found the monster nestling in the sheets, grabbing and tucking his pillow to his chest to breathe in the comforting scent of his mate. For a moment, a light, true smile tugged at his lips, but it quickly absconded as the lich flicked his gaze upwards and stared at the man watching him. Usually, Voidster left at the first speck of light, and it confused the lich as to why he was staying.. And why he didn't even try to initiate intimacy.

They kept eye contact as Voidster stepped forward, brushing the backs of his fingers along the lich's arm to his waist, drawing the thin sheet up over him better. **[Regain your strength, I will check on you periodically so do not try to leave this room.]**

“I will be fine,” the lich grumbled, his muscles having been worked into an utterly relaxed state as he lied there, “I am not a helpless kitten, you know.”

A smirk tugged at Voidster’s lips and he gave a curt nod, murmuring, **[Of course.]**

With that, he left the room, and the lich fell back into an intoxicating sleep.

He hardly even moved for hours, as another day passed. He regained his strength slowly, but steadily. And while you hardly had an idea of what was going on, it wasn’t until the second day before you caught a glimpse of the lich meandering the hall on his own in just his boxers. You were sitting in the living room with a cup of tea and a novel, a blanket wrapped around your legs when he came into view. He stared at you oddly, and in reaction you carefully lifted a hand and gave a slight wave. The lich remained silent, a light puff of air brushing past his lips as he drew his gaze away and stepped down the hall, slow.. Yet tall, and recovering.

You sighed, he was feeling more of his old self. That was a good sign. Returning to your book, you thought it best to leave him be, there would be no point in telling him what had happened.. He wasn’t stupid, and you were sure he knew some idea of what had happened as those wounds on his side were still fresh, and healing. You were mainly thankful for Voidster being gone, probably cleaning the mess in the basement to hide his affair from the lich the best he could. It kept him busy, and away from you. The ordeal had been horrible, long, and exhausting.. And while G may not remember it.. It was an experience, an glimpse inside the cold reserve of one of the most mysterious monsters you had come in contact with.

Perhaps, one day, you would understand what happened. You would

like to know why G was so possessive internally, so protective.. So emotional. You had only been given the slightest taste of it, and you wanted to know more, to help him in ways that Voidster simply refused. But that would have to wait for another day. The lich was still hurting, sore and wildly confused. At least with this odd lull going on in the ‘family dynamic’, the house was quiet again...for now.

Chapter End Notes

Look forward to the next part of TSM in the future!

Na'ii

Chapter Summary

> Disturbed by your claims that he doesn't love G, Voidster sets out to find a gift for his mate that will show his true feelings.

Chapter Notes

> Dedicated to my sin wife, who wanted a happy story that shows the love between our boys, and also wrote part of the sex scene.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He paced the grounds surrounding their home, frowning thoughtfully. The anger he'd held onto for you had cooled somewhat, and the words you'd thrown at him out of spite began to sink in. Selfish? Uncaring? You'd claimed that he used G for his own purposes, that he didn't...didn't love the other man. Love. He snorted. What a pitiful, maudlin thing. It had made G weak, loving that human that had died. But he and the other man did love one another, did they not? His frown deepened. The words had been said, but it didn't feel like...enough, simply to say it. Words were easy, he used them as tools all the time. Actions were what meant something. Had he not been...loving enough?

He snarled in frustration, his claws leaving deep indentations in the soft earth. It was dawn, well before either the lich or the girl would rise. He himself needed little sleep, running mainly on determination as his source of energy. Often he would patrol the woods surrounding their home, as a way to pass the time, as well as an opportunity for occasional hunting that eased his need for bloodletting. It was a lovely area, if one took the time to notice such things. Voidster rarely did, but now he found himself pausing, glancing down at the grass he crushed beneath his bare feet, at the trees that whispered softly in the early morning breeze. Yes, something had to be done.

His care of G after his rut hadn't been enough to offset the damage. The lich had been wary, suspicious even of his behavior. It was clear

now that something more was needed to illustrate the depth of his commitment and loyalty. He hesitated over words like affection or love. No, such things were inherently human in nature, strange and unfitting for how he felt toward his mate. They were comrades, companions. Bound together through trials, through illness, injury, even through the death of G's previous mate. Whatever held them together, it was something he could not describe, even with his extensive vocabulary. The words simply wouldn't form correctly, but then, he'd never had the lich's gift for poetry.

A simple, physical gesture would be easier for both of them. A clear way to acknowledge that he did indeed feel attached to the other male, and that it was a deep and abiding attachment. Sex was something they enjoyed together frequently, but Voidster wasn't an idiot. He knew that physical gratification hadn't been what you had been talking about, and that you likely assumed it was one of the reasons he was "using" G. As if the lich didn't enjoy it just as much as he did. He snorted, shaking his head. It was ridiculous that he had allowed a mere human to provoke his temper with such paltry words. He had nothing to prove. Not to you, at least. But what if G felt the same way? The man had been distant lately, although it was likely a residual effect of his hard recovery. But what if it wasn't?

Voidster chewed his lip, shaking his head deep in thought. Unnoticed by him, the sun had breached the trees, and the lich stood hidden within the cool shadows of the living room, sipping a mug of coffee and watching his mate pace and snarl alone through the window. He watched as Voidster gestured angrily in midair, as if he were arguing with someone unseen. It was a somewhat whimsical trait that the lich found rather endearing, this tendency to work out arguments with other persons inside his head. At times he would catch his mate's lips moving, muttering urgently as a line drew between his brows and his claws twitched from being held still. Voidster had no idea that he did this, and it was a quirk that G had never brought up, for fear of dissuading him from continuing it.

Finally, after much pacing, growling, and glaring so fiercely that G thought the grass might wither beneath his gaze, Voidster turned, abruptly stomping into the forest and out of sight. How peculiar.

Shrugging, the lich turned, still sipping his coffee. At least it would keep his mate occupied for a while, whatever had gotten into him.

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Flowers. Flowers were romantic, that much Voidster had learned from his time on the surface. He had heard the human talking to G about it before, and seen it displayed in advertisements as a symbol of...love. And flowers were plentiful near their home, growing naturally in the small forest that spread for miles on every side of the house. He was unsure where humans obtained flowers such as roses, and daisies were...out of the question. Tapping his claws thoughtfully on the bark of a tree, he growled lightly. There were some flowers here, but they were small and unimpressive. If he brought inadequate flowers, it would reflect poorly on his feelings toward his mate.

Grumbling, he wandered further into the woods, fully distracted as dawn gave way to morning, and the birds began to flutter and chirp their waking songs. When he set himself to a task, it took hold with impressive focus, and it was in this mindset that he almost didn't take note of the helpless crying of a nearby animal.

The sound tugged at his predatory instincts, and slowly he was drawn out of his quest for flowers to more fully focus on what he was hearing. A whining, mewling sound. High-pitched and aggravating, the sound of a young mammal. Growling, he swung toward the sound, parting his jaws to inhale the scents around him. He couldn't focus on what he was doing with that infernal noise. He would find the source, and put it out of his misery. The rich loam of the earth wafted into his senses. Crushed stems of grass, the light floral fragrance of the inadequate flowers, and then...a warm smell, the scent of fear and softness. There.

Snarling at the interruption, he stomped over toward the sound, almost stepping on the source itself, which was hidden in a clump of small flowers. Grumbling, he thrust one massive hand into the

flowers, hand closing around a small, warm body. Curious as to how something so small could be so loud, he drew it more gently than he had planned from the plants it had hidden in. He opened his hand before his eyes, and frowned into the small, whiskered face of a young feline. A...cat? No, there was something more, a word that was tugging at him for some reason. He was reminded of G, of the days spent during his rut. An ancient language, an ancient word. When it finally struck him, a slow smirk bloomed on his face, tinged with disbelief at such a discovery. **[Na'ii…]** he murmured softly, remembering. A kitten.

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G sighed, straightening the stack of paperwork he had spent the morning going over. The soul experiments were not proceeding as well as he had hoped. The unique, gray soul that you possessed was singularly difficult, if not impossible, to replicate. It didn't help that all of their test subjects had mysteriously disappeared over the course of his rut, without even finishing data to make their passing worth something. He had no illusions that they still lived, and suspected Voidster of foul play, but doubted that he would admit to anything.

Sighing heavily, he rubbed at his forehead, massaging his temples with both hands. You were tucked in the loveseat near the window, reading a novel while he worked. Even though Voidster was gone, still occupied doing...whatever, it was pleasant to keep company at times. At least, company that didn't incessantly chatter or try to touch his groin, as did his incorrigible mate. He appreciated your stillness, even as it made his soul ache for the warm laughter of the woman he had lost.

He wasn't aware that he had become lost in thought, lingering on the memory of her delicate features and soft scent, until he heard the front door slam. You jolted slightly where you sat, but G was used to how loud and boisterous Voidster could be. Although...hopefully wherever he had been, he hadn't been doing something he shouldn't. God only knew what went on inside that head of his sometimes. He was prepared for the heavy footfalls that moved swiftly toward his

study, and the way that Voidster flung the door open exuberantly. What he wasn't prepared for, was the purely content, almost...happy look on the other man's face. Now he was very concerned. The last time Voidster had come home looking this self-satisfied, it had taken a week to cover his tracks and avoid interference from the law. Straining to keep a neutral expression, he glanced up at the grinning monster before him, asking blithely, "What have you done this time?"

Voidster's expression dropped slightly; now he looked almost offended. **[I...I have brought you a gift.]** If he'd thought it was possible, he would swear that the other man looked uncertain, even...embarrassed?

"A gift…?" he asked curiously, leaning forward to place his forearms on the desk. "Why?"

A slight violet flush suffused Voidster's cheeks, and he glanced toward you for some reason, a baleful expression crossing his face. **[Why is *she* here?]**

"I live here," you retorted, without waiting for G to respond. "You kidnapped me, remember?" Irritably, you stood, dog-earing the page of the novel you had been reading. "But since my presence offends you, I'll go. I probably don't want to hear about this anyway."

Voidster bared his fangs at you, but oddly remained silent, his attention returning to G, whom he watched expectantly and a bit hesitantly. After you had gone, he sat in the chair in front of G's desk, one he often used when they were conversing, although it was odd he chose to keep the desk between them, usually preferring to sit thigh-to-thigh with the other male.

"What is this gift?" G asked again, raising a brow. Knowing Voidster, it was impossible to guess what he had brought home this time. And

as far as the lich could recall, Voidster had never brought anything specifically as a gift for him, preferring to hoard his treasures like magpie, invariably forcing G to throw out most of what he discovered or outright stole. His mate never seemed to notice, tending to discard most of his acquisitions soon afterward, growing bored of them.

"Why did you bring me a gift?" He spoke again, interrupting Voidster, who had been about to answer his first question. The man frowned, but shrugged, glancing away. **[It is common for mates to bring a gift as a way of showing affection, is it not?]**

"It is…" he wasn't quite sure if he could agree, since he and Voidster had never taken up the practice before. This was incredibly unusual behavior, and he was feeling more and more suspicious about it the longer that the other man delayed. "Voidster. What did you-" A faint mewl interrupted him, and his sockets went dark, maw parting slightly to inhale the new scent in the room.

"You didn't."

[I brought it for you because I…care for you,] the monster said hesitantly, placing a small, malnourished gray kitten on the desk between them. G stared at it silently, watching as the little creature opened its pink mouth and mewed more loudly, tiny nubs of ears barely unfurled to hear the world with. Its whiskers were like strands of gossamer, so delicate and fine that they were invisible until the light from the window struck them. It had the deep blue eyes that all kittens possess, and G knew then that it was very young, and needed care, or it would perish.

He could not allow this. He reached his claws out, gently cupping the kitten between them and lifting it. He had to make Voidster return it wherever he had found it. The miniature feline nestled into his heated palms, purring like a tiny motor against his scarred flesh. It needed milk, it needed a *female.* He was a male, he wasn't suited to raising the young of *any* species. He brought it nearer his face, inhaling and

huffing, his breath ruffling the silken gray fur. The kitten blinked the cobalt pools of its eyes at him, and he fell into those pools, enraptured and protective.

"You have to take it back."

Voidster blinked at him, tilting his head as he watched the lich tuck the kitten against his chest under his hoodie. **[I…do?]** He stared in confusion as G used one massive digit to stroke the tiny whiskers, caressing the buds of its ears with the corners of his lips faintly upturned.

"Yes, absolutely. This kitten needs a female, it needs its mother. It's too young to survive." G pressed his face briefly against the tiny head, marveling at the softness of the fur against his cheek. "We cannot keep it here." The tiny dark triangle of its nose pressed against his face briefly, and he cringed, swamped by feelings he didn't welcome or understand. Foremost, was the need to protect and provide for the- for *his* kitten.

[There was no female, it was alone.] The words struck G like a physical blow, and he reeled from the impact of them. If Voidster took it back, it would surely perish. He glanced down at the kitten, smaller than his palm, cuddled trustingly against him, and blinked. He had no choice, now. It was helpless, soft, and some instinctual part of him was nudging hard to keep the kitten safe, to feed it and provide for it. His senses screamed against abandoning it.

"Very well…" The feeling in his chest was warm and uncomfortable, and he strongly suspected it had something to do with the small feline that was nuzzling against his mountainous black scar. "Fetch the girl, I'll need her assistance with this."

[How quickly do you need her…?] His mate asked with a lazy

smirk. He shot him a glare. “Quickly. This...thing...is malnourished. She will know better than I how to care for it.” Voidster heaved a dramatic sigh, standing and wiping his hands on his trousers. **[Do not say I’ve never shown care for you, my love.]** He strode from the room, jaws parted slightly as he tracked your scent like a hound.

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[The lich wants you.]

You glanced up from your bed, where you’d been tucked on your side continuing your novel. You hadn’t even heard him enter. Sitting up quickly lest he take your position as an invitation, you scowled, and marked your place once more. “Why?”

Voidster smirked, closing the gap between the two of you quickly, as he leaned down to press you back against the bed. **[Humans don’t get to ask questions.]** You swallowed hard, turning your face away as his hot breath beat upon you. “Fine, just back off.” He didn’t respond, nuzzling his face against your throat and dragging his velvety tendril against your skin. “Voidster! Back the fuck off!” He broke away to raise a brow at your outburst, one clawed hand resting lightly on your breast through the thin tank top you wore.

“You said G wanted me,” you ground out, hoping against hope that it was enough to remind him of why he’d come here to begin with. He panted hard, still pressed against you. You could feel the ridge in his slacks against your thigh and cursed his unnatural libido. His violet pupils constricted, and he broke away, straightening and shamelessly adjusting himself in front of you. **[Indeed.]** You could tell that he was wrestling hard with the decision to bring you to G instead of having his fun first, and quickly stood, moving away from the bed. He watched you hungrily, and when you went to walk past him, suddenly lunged, effortlessly lifting you and tossing you over his shoulder.

“I can walk!” you gasped after your breath returned to you. Angrily you beat on his back with your fists, as he left the room with one arm around your waist, the other slipping up beneath your shorts to caress between your legs as he walked. **[Yes, but this way is more enjoyable,]** he murmured roughly, dragging one clawed digit against your folds. When you tried to reach backward over his shoulder to slap his hand away, he simply trapped your arms at your sides with the arm around your waist.

Then you heard a door opening, and had a moment to realize that you had entered G’s study before you were unceremoniously dumped into the chair before his desk. “You asshole,” you snapped, whipping around to glare at the amused violet eyes that studied you. **[One kitten-rearing slut, as requested,]** his deep voice rumbled, and you blinked. “Ki- what?”

You swung around to face G, and stared as the lich delicately removed a sleeping kitten from beneath his hoodie. It was resting in the palm of his hand, dwarfed by the enormous digits of the monster that held it so gently. “Oh my god.” You were torn between enchantment and horror that Voidster had for some reason given a kitten to G, for you realized now that this was the “gift” he had mentioned. “You guys...aren’t going to, uh, eat it or something...right?” You were startled by a hard snort of laughter from Voidster at your back, while the lich stared at you with an almost offended look in his eyes. “No,” he said shortly, raising a brow at you while you flushed in embarrassment. “We are going to raise it, here in the home. It will be a pet.” **[Like you,]** Voidster added helpfully, **[but easier to love, and less amusing.]**

You glared at him, but chose to ignore the insult. “Wait, what do you mean ‘we’ are going to raise it? Why do I have to be involved in this?” This gave the lich pause, and he stared at you for a moment before saying, “You are a female,” as if the answer were obvious.

“And…?” you prompted, startled by the silence that followed the question as G stared at you quizzically.

“You are...suited for nurturing,” he said slowly, while Voidster unsuccessfully attempted to suppress another grunt of amusement, as G continued. “Don’t you know how to raise young?”

“How to- oh my god, seriously, G? Just because I’m a woman doesn’t mean I know how to take care of babies! Are you serious right now?!” You covered your face with your hands, overwhelmed with exasperation. He couldn’t be serious, but the blank look on his face told you he was, and you were honestly a little appalled. When he said nothing, you calmed yourself, suppressing the urge to run out of the room and away from this insanity that had become your life. At least it was just a kitten, it couldn’t be too hard to care for.

“Okay, fine, okay. I guess. Jesus. Um, I guess we need to go to a pet store.”

[There are stores that sell humans?]

“I’m going to pretend he didn’t say that,” you continued, ignoring the snickering behind you. “It needs milk probably, and I think the pet store has powdered milk for kittens, and maybe bottles?”

G blinked at you, and you wondered why he looked so surprised. Surely he hadn’t expected you to just raise it without any supplies, right? You decided not to ask, just in case he had. “The pet store…” he mused, absently raising one hand to stroke at the tiny head of the kitten, which was squirming fitfully in his palm, almost slipping through the hole in the center of his hand. You couldn’t fight the way your features softened as you watched him delicately handle it. It really was pretty cute how careful he was being, and the kitten itself was like a tiny stuffed animal come to life.

“Very well,” he finally decided, standing and holding the kitten out to you. When you reached out to take it, his claws twitched, and he

glanced away, before lowering his arm awkwardly. “Wait, you have to take me with you!” you added in a rush, remembering Voidster’s earlier interest. He scoffed behind you now, running his tongue over his fangs as he eyed your form from behind. G took note of this, and sighed. It wouldn’t do to leave you alone with him now, you had to watch over the kitten, which could easily be dropped or crushed if the other man molested you.

“No,” he said slowly, ignoring the way that his mate’s expression lit with interest. “Voidster, you will come with me. Spot, you will remain with the kitten, safely in the house.” The other man’s expression dropped slightly, but he could see how curious his mate was to join him on a trip to a “pet” store. He would probably regret bringing him, but Voidster had been full of surprises today. Perhaps for once he would behave himself.

You rolled your eyes, but accepted the decision. He would probably regret choosing to take Voidster with him to a place that was literally filled with small animals, children, and their parents, but at least you wouldn’t have to deal with him.

The lich pushed a piece of parchment toward you, with a pen. “Make a list,” he said abruptly, and you remembered that the people at the pet store wouldn’t be able to understand either of them if they spoke. This idea was sounding worse and worse, but you sighed, and quickly jotted down the items you thought might be needed, with an additional note at the bottom that said “for abandoned kitten,” just in case they thought to ask an employee for help. When you had finished, G took the paper, folded it, and tucked it into his hoodie. He glanced at the kitten in your arms, then at Voidster, and sighed. “We will return shortly.”

“Alright.” The two men vanished, and you heaved a sigh, turning your attention to the little ball of fluff you were holding. It mewed plaintively, and you automatically reached to pet it, smiling a little as it nuzzled into your hand. If G was really going to do this, if Voidster would really just leave it alone and let you enjoy the simple companionship of an animal, this all might just be worth it. And

honestly, it might be good for G as well.

The depth of the pain he had revealed during his rut had shaken you, and you thought there was a little bit of healing to be had in taking care of something like a kitten. For all that he had insisted that being a woman made you more nurturing and capable, you had seen the gentleness with which he had handled the kitten, and knew that he was more interested than he let on in the welfare of the little feline. The only problem was Voidster...but then, when was he *not* the problem, you thought bitterly. If he had really brought this to G as a gift, perhaps he would also take care not to harm it, at least not purposefully. He didn't have a gentle bone in his body, but he might respect G's wishes on the matter at least, and you suspected that the lich wasn't going to let his mate anywhere near this newest family member.

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Roughly half an hour later the pair returned; G looking haggard, Voidster in an obnoxiously cheerful mood. They had a shopping basket of supplies, by which you determined that they had stolen both the basket and the supplies. "Uh, did you guys pay for that?" you inquired, wondering if the police were going to show up at the house *again,* this time for petty theft.

[I left money on the counter, the human was too afraid to take it,] Voidster sneered, while G raised a hand to his forehead and pressed at his temple. "You were looming over it like a spider waiting for a fly, of course he wasn't going to take it," the lich said in a tired voice, setting the basket down in front of you. Voidster frowned. **[I was not looming, I was merely curious to see if it would be braver than the other humans.]**

"At any rate," G continued, "We have brought the supplies you requested. Will it suffice?"

You paused, rummaging through the basket while he waited. Bottles, some cans of formula, a brush, at least five collars that were far too big for it, a laser pointer, a large container of catnip, and an assortment of squeaking toys. “Well...yeah,” you said hesitantly, “But it doesn’t really need the collars or the toys yet, it’s too young.”

“Voidster insisted,” G said shortly, and you bit your lip to hide a small smirk. Maybe next time the lich would take you, instead of leaving you at home to “nurture” and do apparently female things. “Ah,” you said, ignoring the suspicious look he gave you. “Well, I’ll go mix up some of this formula for it, do you wanna hold the kitten while I do that?”

“N- very well,” the lich said reluctantly, gingerly taking the squirming fluffball from you. You weren’t fooled, taking note of how he quickly nuzzled it up beneath his chin while Voidster side-eyed his mate. “I’ll be...right back,” you finally said, watching the way that Voidster observed G’s half-lidded expression, his head slightly tilted as though he could hear something that you couldn’t.

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The low rumble emanating from G’s chest was inaudible to you, but Voidster picked it up immediately, glancing at his mate with amusement. It seemed some feral tendencies still remained from his rut. Perhaps it was the nearness of the rut’s end, or perhaps they would carry on long after the rut had faded; who could say? It was clear either way that G was unaware of the primal urges that were prompting him to bond with the kitten, just as he had been unaware of his desire for a kitten to begin with. Of course, Voidster doubted that G’s actual offspring would be feline, despite the man’s graceful tendencies, but wasn’t it interesting that in his most primal state, that was the word he had chosen- na’ii? Fascinating.

It didn't take long for you to return, and he noted too the reluctance with which G handed over the kitten to be fed. *Already protective,* he thought with amusement. In any other situation he might have been irritated at his mate's sole focus on something other than himself, but it was almost endearing how quickly the lich had warmed to his gift. Truly, it had been a well-thought offering, and clearly disproved your earlier accusations that he cared nothing for his mate. He had not thought the lich to be possessing of any nurturing instinct, and knew that the man firmly believed that females were responsible for such things; yet he saw also the way that G fretted over your seated form, looming with his arms folded, and the smallest of frowns etched on his face as he observed your careful feeding of his kitten.

[Love, I would speak with you…privately,] he murmured to the other man, ignoring the quick glance you gave the two of them. Let you wonder, it mattered not to him what conclusions you drew. He had earned an intimidate respite with his partner, and in a way he was doing you a favor as well; drawing away the lich to give you some room. Not that he cared for your comfort, but it might be useful to have you feeling you owed him some gratitude, however slight. G's frown deepened, and he shifted his stance, before sighing and stepping back from the the two of you. The glance he gave Voidster was speculative, but not annoyed, which his mate took for a good sign. Perhaps he would prove receptive to the attentions that Voidster wished to lavish on him.

It was surprisingly endearing, how vulnerable the lich was to small, helpless creatures. It stirred in him the desire to protect that which his mate held dear, and to protect the lich himself. He realized that the root of these desires was a strange wish to protect G's happiness, and pondered on the perversity of emotion. Happiness was subjective, yet he found himself desiring to inspire such a thing in the other man, and preserve it. And yet, was that not why he had sought out a gift for him? The gift had not been what he had been planning on, but it was a gift that would further distract and soothe G from the innumerable losses he had suffered in his life. Another small anchor to the life he shared with Voidster, another reason for him to stand back from the edge of the abyss.

Voidster led toward the exit from G's study, allowing the other man to follow him to the door. The lich didn't react when his lover bent over him, pressing him back against the door in a dominating stance, while pressing a surprisingly gentle kiss at the corner of his mouth. **[Your gift pleases you,]** Voidster rumbled, drinking in the confusion, thoughtfulness, and finally, rueful assent that passed his mate's features. "Aye," the lich responded, leaning forward to press his forehead against Voidster's collarbone. "It was unexpected. But it does...please me. As do you."

He surprised the other man by sliding his hands up the crimson turtleneck he wore, tucking his large, knuckled hands over the broader shoulders of the demon. "She will be occupied for some time," he noted, a wicked gleam in his eye that both soothed and aroused Voidster. "I'm minded to show you my gratitude."

[Oh, are you now?] the other man purred, sliding one arm around the waist of the lich and tugging him closer. **[You know that I don't bring you gifts in expectation-]** he stopped at the amused expression on G's face, tilting his head as the other man responded, "You are what you are, my love. When passion drives you, I know it well enough. The gift was freely given, as is what I offer. Give me but a moment to rest and rejuvenate after our trip to that 'pet' store."

A sly smirk replaced the bemused expression on the taller man's face, and he bent to kiss the lich soundly. **[Well then, freely given, freely taken. I will await your presence in the bedroom, my love.]** He gave a slight, mocking bow, and swept from the room, moving with a grace that belied his large stature, as the lich watched him depart. Smiling slightly to himself, G glanced toward you, and you felt yourself blush a little at the tender intimacy in that smile, intimacy meant for another.

"I'll be fine here, go on," you said with a sigh, rolling your eyes as the smile turned into a smirk, and he inclined his head, before leaving the room.

***

Standing alone in the kitchen, tending to a new batch of fresh coffee, the lich stood with his back to the room. Slightly hunched, idly watching his hands as he flicked the glass pot back within the machine, none the wiser to the careful approach of the man behind him, who gorged on the subtle contours of his body.

It had been a rather long day, the sun had already set, yet the lich found the scent of coffee relaxing, despite all the caffeine. G barely had any time to gather himself before he felt the agile, tender bodily roll of his mate at his back. Leading with his hips, Voidster edged his stomach, then chest, against the lich's back while his hands traced forward along his mate's ribs. A soft exhale left G's lips, staring straight ahead as he felt the open edges of his jacket being pulled away from his body, allowing the man at his back to trail his fingertips inward, across his stomach and hips.

The heat pressing into him from behind was nothing new, nor was it out of the ordinary. While the lich passed his gaze to the side, attempting to get a look at his companion, Voidster simply leaned forward and pinned G right against the counter. The hard, cold granite jabbed into his thighs and summoned a rather harsh puff of air to leave his lungs. His mate replied by lifting a hand, carefully sweeping the lich's drawn hood from the top of his head to his shoulders, his voice smooth and velvety, **[Always hiding your features, my love. It is much more becoming, to see you.]**

G parted his lips, inhaling with a slight hitching in his throat as his mate shoved his hips forward to grind his growing arousal against the lich's backside. He heard the raspy exhale from his mate, his breath hot and heavy against the crook of his neck. The lich had no choice but to brace himself against the counter, hands flat. He kept his casual glare aimed over his shoulder, but the violet eyed man paid no heed, for he dropped his affections downward to taste his porcelain, scarred hide. G then murmured, his breath subdued, "You saw me but a

moment ago, my dear. Was the wait that unbearable?"

His words brought a smirk to his mate's face, his gums nearly visible as he chuckled. The vibrations traveled well through the lich, and he subconsciously tilted his jaw to the side, his eyelids drooping ever so slightly. **[How I cherish those moments…]** he began, his fingers trailing further downward, slipping past his belt line to delve to his stirring manhood, **[And when there is a chance to linger with you, I simply cannot resist-]**

The lich shifted his stance further apart, pairing it with a rather deep roll of his own to grind his haunches and back into his mate who just pressed him further over the counter with a subtle pant. G predicted this, and kept his mate held up; even as he tried to push him downward against the granite below. Already, Voidster was growing impatient through his excitement, bringing his free hand down to unbutton the lich's slacks to allow his hand to fit further within them. Internally, the man was bristling, his focus steadily growing hazy as he greedily bit at the side of G's neck, pulling at his flesh in hungry suckling and grazing of his sharp fangs. This gave him what he wanted, a quiet, drawn out moan that trailed on the edge of the lich's exhale.

Voidster's heart gave an ample thud in his breast, stirring his excitement to near exhilaration as he felt the lich's hardened shaft within his hand, his mate's body moving so needily against him. Instinct taking hold of the G's body, his hips nudging and pressing forward into the hand that gripped him teasingly. Without a second thought, Voidster began heavily grinding his hips forth, the throbbing ridge in his slacks ever more evident. All of this was nearly enough stimulation to drown out the lich's words, if he weren't so articulate.

"You say you wish to linger, with me?"

The man then purred, a graveled, burdened sound that shook through his ribcage while he tried to force the lich farther down to a

submissive stance, but he wouldn't budge. It made no sense for his mate to spread his legs like that, give into him, and yet deny him as well. Voidster pulled his teeth from the lich's neck, dragging faint grey scratch marks in his wake. He then heartily nudged his face forward, and to the side. Catching the lich's sharp cheekbone with his own with a solid nuzzling, his breath beat from his open maw, welling in saliva. **[Of course, you know you fit my needs to depths which the human could not comprehend. To lie with you is the grand finale of the day, which we both know.]**

A light smirk tugged at the edge of G's lips, bringing a hand up quickly to catch his mate's wrist, stilling his hand at his groin, "Well then.." he mused, his tone lower...darker. It caught his mate off guard just enough to get him to release him, allowing the lich to then turn; face to face. "Let us...linger."

This did not impede Voidster, who just gripped at his waist and hoisted him upwards onto the counter, his legs forced to straddle the man's hips. The harsh bulge at his groin ground idly at his own, more easily freed from his undone slacks. Obviously, the rush of intimacy was too powerful for this man to ignore, he would have to be instructed...shown.

While the claws of his mate dug into his sides, pulling him forward into the rocking of Voidster's hips against his own, the lich's hands raised. G carefully leaned forward, hovering just for enough away that he could feel his partner's breath upon his lips, and returned the sensation with a staggered inhale. Voidster nearly lunged forward, his jaws parting further while the slick, violet tendril behind his teeth tossed in anticipation. The lich was faster, however, and remained just out of reach.

His voice then came in a heavy whisper, the echoed tonal qualities reverberating within his throat, "Shhh, not so fast, my dear. We have all night, to melt away time and strip inhibition..." G carefully held eye contact with his mate, who was falling into his usual, sexual trance. Tenderly, he brought his hand upward, stroking the side of his face with a light caress while the other laid flat against his ribs to rub

up and downward along his mate's spine. Slowly, once he reached the man's belt line, his fingers curled into the thick, crimson turtleneck and drew it upwards. For once, he wished to partake in love that was not just dutiful and satisfying, but also mesmerizing; focused on the journey and not just the destination.

Then, when Voidster leaned forth once more, he allowed their open lips to meet. A muffled breath of relief forced its way into the lich's maw as they broke their connection to only meet back once more, their jaws pivoting and swaying before their tongues sloppily met in the center. The lich, tasting of scotch and languorous passion; his mate, that of bitter spices. For a moment, their eyes continued to stare within the other, their eyelids drooping all the further before passions took hold. G hurriedly pulled his mate's turtleneck off, their forced parting bittersweet while the fabric was tossed aside. They met with electricity, the lich's brazen scar slipping against his mate's broad, heated chest.

In turn, Voidster struck out, grasping onto the edges of G's zip up to pull the fabric back, unveiling the lich's shoulders and successfully dragging the monster back himself. There was nothing he could do but to fall against the granite, the sleeves of his hoodie snagging on his sharp wrists before being yanked free, the fabric left to crumple beneath his jagged spine. Voidster's hands were on him firstly, tearing down his slacks to which the lich kicked off onto the floor, lifting himself onto his elbows as he peered downward to witness his mate fumble at his groin. A soft huff of disapproval left his lips, and when Voidster attempt to then situate himself properly, G pulled his leg upward and effectively blocked him by pressing his knee into his mate's gut. In response, Voidster shot him a rueful glare, a snarl weaving through his parted lips.

"It has only been but a moment, come now...surely your endurance is higher than that of a hare."

The lich watched as his mate slowly closed his jaws, yet that irritation was plain as day. He didn't give the man much time to lament, for he grabbed his wrists yet again and tore them away from his groin where

his deep violet shaft grazed his own obsidian one. With an arch of his back, G led his partner back over top of him, giving him at least the feel of dominance to settle his urgency to a more manageable state. It wasn't enough, however, for Voidster snapped forward, a growl wavering through his chest as he tried to claim the lich's lips once more. A sigh left G, entangling in their messy affections.

Wet kissing, pecks of flesh and muffled growling was shared equally between them as the lich released his mate's hands, allowing him to rest on his elbows from above while his own slyly snaked downwards over his mate's abdomen. The flesh beneath his fingertips twitched, it wasn't until he flexed his fingers and drug his claws downward, that the man above him emitted a hearty sigh, edging into a moan. It stilled his tongue just long enough for G to dart inward with his own, wrapping his oily tendril around that of his mate's before sealing their lips once more. Then, without warning, the lich sucked the air from their mouths, grinding and twisting his tongue along his mates who gave an excited shudder, his hips bucking forward instinctively.

G did not leave him waiting, and reached forth to grip onto his mate's length, though his pace was not nearly harsh enough to still the avid attentions of his partner. With a determined need, Voidster shoved an arm up beneath the lich, his hoodie becoming entangled around his forearm and he drove his hips into the hand at his shaft with pure aggression. A snarl tore through his throat, pressing with a threatening tone down into the lungs of the lich who lied beneath him. G wasn't phased, and simply continued his slow stroking, beads of violet precum slathering his fingers.

Even though Voidster's hips forced the lich's legs apart, he refused to intertwine them at his lower back, which irked the man all the more. Through his mate's bitter growling, the lich murmured, "Enough, there is no such thing as dominance here...relax, and feel..." The words meant nothing to his partner, who gave another hard thrust forward and received only softer petting in response. Frustration was building, and he begrudgingly eased his pace to which the lich rewarded him with a much deeper, languid stroking. It sent his eyelids twitching, brow still furrowed. G just met his reserve with a patient passion, having to restrain his own compulsions until that of his

mate's were well leashed.

[You are trying my patience,] the beast growled, latching onto the throat of the lich with a feral snarl and lashing the flesh he had captured with his tongue. G smiled a little, ignoring the words and gently petting his mate to soothe him. Slowly, Voidster's frantic pacing calmed a little, the urgency of mating reduced to a gentler rhythm. "That's it, love…" the lich murmured soothingly, skillfully caressing and gentling the male above him.

The distant look in his mate's violet eyes told him that his tactics were working; Voidster was becoming as tame as he ever was during sex. Only G could work this effect on the other man. He knew that with you, the couplings were usually fast, violent, and bruising. It was why he often reserved his gentler side for your company, as you had a true appreciation for slow lovemaking, whereas his erstwhile mate did not. However, sometimes he wanted the intimacy of languid sex with his partner, and today was such a time. He wanted to reward the surprisingly selfless behavior that Voidster had shown, and not with fast rutting that brought only sexual relief, but a deeper bonding that would satisfy him both physically and emotionally.

Despite the beast's own ignorance of his emotions, he did feel, as G had learned quite some time ago. For a while, he had suspected Voidster of being a true sociopath; unable to feel or empathize with anyone or anything. Now he knew that while the man understood emotion in others, he rarely recognized it in himself, and was not often moved to anything other than surface anger, jealousy, or lust. But there was a need there. A need to connect, a need to be soothed and reassured by his chosen mate, a need to be claimed. Voidster took what he wanted, always. But he could not take that which he seemed to crave most; the love of a man who had begun as a bitter enemy.

Thus, the slower pace he set for this night. He knew that Voidster would find it tedious, even frustrating, but the end result would leave his lover satisfied in every possible way. "Come with me to the bedroom, love," he whispered to the heated monster that panted above him, leaning hard into his caresses. Voidster stared blankly at

him for a moment, not really absorbing what he was saying until G slid from the counter he was propped up on and began to walk away. *That* got his attention, and the lich had to move quickly to avoid being pinned down again by the lusting beast at his heels.

Reclining on the bed, he didn't need to invite the other male to join him, crawling above him and shoving his legs apart with rough efficiency. He sighed a little, and summoned spectral hands to assist in holding Voidster back from taking him then and there. The hands gripped onto his shoulders and wrists, the beast unthinkingly straining against them as he panted and dipped his maw toward the face of his lover. **[Why are you doing this?]** Voidster grumbled, bumping his jaw hard against the other man's cheek before capturing his mouth in a breathless kiss.

"You'll thank me after, trust me," G replied a bit headily, smirking up at the frustrated male above him. "The moment will be that much sweeter for the delay." The beast frowned down at him, the hands loosening to allow him to press his body down against the lich. **[You speak as if you lie with the human. We are deities of violent passions, such softness doesn't suit me.]**

G's lips quirked upward, and he gazed affectionately at the frustrated monster that straddled him. "No, my love. I wish only to linger with you." He traced one claw tip from his mate's arousal up his belly, passing his pectoral muscles to pause at his throat, closing his large, knuckled hand hard around the neck of the beast. "It need not be gentle, but let me reward you properly. Trust me in this."

Voidster swallowed with difficulty, eyes gleaming as he studied the man beneath him. **[Very well,]** he finally asceeded, his massive body relaxing slightly as he relinquished his dominant position to lay beside his mate on the bed. Satisfied, the lich pushed him more fully onto his back, sliding downward to let his breath stroke along the length of his mate's shaft, following quickly by his scalding tongue. Skillfully he wove the girth of his lover through the hole in his burning tendril, wrapping his lips around the head of Voidster's cock and following it down to the root.

The beast groaned, his clawed hands fumbling to grip at the lich's head as he withdrew, coating his erection with saliva. G let him hold on, bringing him to the edge of climax with long, sensuous strokes of his tongue, then backing off again, until his mate was growling and attempting to thrust his hips up against the lich's mouth while his hands clamped down on either side of his face. Withdrawing, G swiped the back of his hand against his mouth, smirking down at the panting, disheveled mess that Voidster had become under his attentions. "Do you want more, my dear?" he murmured gently, nudging his face against his mate's in an affectionate gesture.

[Lie down,] the other male breathed, rendered nearly speechless by lust and postponed desire. G had his doubts about what direction Voidster was taking this, but decided to follow his own advice and trust. After all, it was his mate's reward. If after this, the other male couldn't see the value of lingering, he would let him have the fast, hard rutting that he wanted. He was pleasantly surprised when he was gently rolled onto his belly, sharp claws drawing slowly down his back until he was shuddering and leaning into the touch of his mate with anticipation. Where his fingers left gray marks, Voidster followed with his mouth, lavishing licks and nibbling gently on the flesh that he attended.

It grew so that his own desire became a sweet torment, and he learned something himself of the pain of postponed desire. He had to credit the other man with that; any method of torment or torture was like an art to Voidster, and he had even leashed his own formidable sexual desire that he might administer this one as well. It was a relief when he finally removed his mouth and hands, wrapping his fingers around the lich's sharp hipbones to draw his rear up against his aching shaft. **[Do you desire me?]** From the hoarseness in the man's voice, it was obvious that Voidster desired him, but he couldn't resist the implicit request to stoke the other man's ego. "More than anything," he purred in reply. A white lie, to protect them both from the deeper truth of his ever-present loss, and preserve the pleasure of the distraction a while longer.

[Then take me. All of me…] and with that the beast entered him, sliding his slick, prepared length into him without stopping, slowly and meticulously nudging further and further until he was fully hilted. A sigh of relief mingled with a moan of desire left Voidster's lips, his cheek tucked against the lich's face, his strong forearms braced on the bed. Their legs entangled; toes pressed into the mattress as the monster withdrew a little, then bucked forward, pushing G harder into the bed with his thrust. His arms left the bed to wrap around the lich's chest, a deep rumbling purr leaving his chest as he dragged his violet tendril against the salt of his mate's face in a tender lap.

[I cannot withhold much longer,] he warned, and for a moment G was confused as to his meaning, then realized what it was costing for Voidster to keep his hips stilled that they might share a tender moment while joined like this. "Then don't," he murmured in reply, turning to press his forehead to the temple of the man that rode him.

Voidster began with short, shallow thrusts that eased them into a rhythm. Not quite slow, but not the merciless pace of near-climax either. Steady, edging them both slowly upward as they each lost themselves in the blurred line of ferality and sanity, growling and snarling in heated exchanges. Voidster took especial pleasure in dragging moans of desire from his partner's throat, one knuckled hand wrapped around the dark shaft tucked against the sheets as he kept pace with his own thrusts. He enjoyed the sounds that you made under him; mewls of pain and sometimes pleasure, but to orchestrate such a response from the lich was the headiest aphrodisiac, and the tight heat that sheathed him was beyond compare. This was the joining of deities, he thought, wrapped in the bliss of his conquest.

After some time, he began withdrawing further, pumping his hips steadily and quickly into the willing male beneath him. With a feral growl, he dug his fangs into the nape of G's neck, holding his prey still beneath him as he rutted. It wasn't quite enough to draw blood, but the pain was a sharp goad to the lich's pleasure, and his soft moans turned louder and more prolonged, interspersed with muffled gasps. Voidster knew how his mate was something of a masochist, finding release in physical pain when the emotional burden grew too great to bear. Thus did he also bring pain into the bedroom to a much lesser

extent, that G might find solace in not only their lovemaking, but the dominion of a powerful male who truly understood his needs and desires. He let the tips of his claws curl into the flesh of the lich's chest, pricking the skin so that beads of black, oily blood slipped down onto the sheets, and the male writhed beneath him, his cock throbbing and twitching in the hand that stroked it. Perfect.

It wasn't long now. They were both panting and on the brink, unable to withhold anything from the other any longer. G groaned as Voidster bucked hard against him from behind, piercing and filling him, his teeth still embedded in the nape of his neck. If his mate were to seduce him one day, G mused, he would likely lay him down on a bed of rose petals and broken glass. To Voidster, pain and pleasure were as inseparable as the two men themselves, but the lich wouldn't have it any other way. They had you for softer coupling, and in truth, the pain that Voidster caused him now was negligible. Enough to spur his passions, not enough to punish. The man knew him well in this regard.

With a final, fierce jerk of his hips, he filled the lich with his essence, bringing his mate to completion with experienced tugs of his hand. G spilled his burning seed onto the sheets, gasping and panting as Voidster continued to nudge into him, riding out his orgasm with a low, guttural groan, before releasing the nape of his neck. They both lay there for a moment, panting and gathering their wits, before Voidster rolled off of the lich, remaining joined as he brought his partner onto his side and wrapped him in a strong embrace from behind. **[You are mine,]** he said succinctly, his massive arms tightening around his mate.

"It seems I am," G returned with a faint smile that he knew the beast couldn't see. Lovemaking sometimes brought out the possessive side of his mate, not that he was complaining. It was rather endearing at times, another strange quirk of the man he had let into his bed, and his heart. At times Voidster's jealousy was inconvenient, but his attachment to the lich was a powerful leash, and one that G did not regard lightly. His destructive tendencies were almost always turned inward, toward himself. Voidster turned outward, ever seeking a new challenge, a new test of his prowess.

It was the real reason G had allowed their relationship to grow into something more than simple rutting, but he did enjoy the benefits. When he had lost Sun, he had tried to free the other man, the powerful copy of himself that he had kept under control with magic-blocking injections. Some part of him had wanted to unleash that beast on the world, to watch humanity suffer for taking her away from him. But Voidster had stayed, and forced G to stay, in turn. He hadn't allowed the lich to destroy himself, and though the motivation had been selfish, the effort had saved his life.

And here we are, G thought to himself, glancing down at the powerful arms that held him caged against the other man's chest. Despite the pitfalls, the pain, the fights, and the complexity of the strange family that now surrounded him, it was something to keep going for. A reason to keep living. He felt his mate withdraw from his body, and reached up to hold onto his forearm. "Stay with me a while," he whispered, his usual numb torpor pierced by an unusually poignant mood. "Just for a while."

[As long as you desire,] the other man murmured, settling back down and drawing the covers up around them. He wasn't sure why Voidster was in such an accommodating mood, but he was grateful, and leaned back into the broad chest at his back. "Forever," he replied softly, closing his eyes and savoring the simple bodily contact. **[Forever…]** his mate echoed, mulling the word over before lifting his head to plant a gentle kiss on the side of the lich's mouth. **[As you wish.]**

Chapter End Notes

hands out toothbrushes and toothpaste

Don't forget to brush to prevent cavities. ;3

Voidster's Rut (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

In which we learn what name G chose for his kitten.

Chapter Notes

Yep it's happening. ALL ABOARD THE RAPE TRAIN.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was early morning, and you sat at the kitchen table, enjoying a light breakfast of fruit and yogurt. It was healthy, and more importantly, a fast meal. Spending overlong in any part of the house was an invitation for trouble, especially with how agitated Voidster had been lately. Only his strict schedule with G on the project they were working on had saved you from the numerous times he had caught you alone, and molested you with a violence that was extreme, even for him. Bruises peppered your hips and thighs; his favorite places to grab you despite how much shorter you were than him.

Only yesterday he had caught you in this very room, picking you up as if you weighed nothing and shoving you against the wall, his sharp hips pressing into your thighs as he held you up. He had pushed up your shirt, torn down your sweatpants, and nearly removed your panties, lewdly whispering all of the things he was going to do to you as he panted in your ear. You had been saved from near rape only by G's well-timed appearance, reminding his mate of the project they had waiting downstairs. Even then, you had thought that Voidster might ignore his partner and continue, but the coldness in the lich's voice had been enough to dissuade him, that time.

Now you wolfed down your meager breakfast, eager to be out of the room and back in the relative safety of your own bedroom, or the lich's company. You were so focused on devouring your food as quickly as possible, that the soft click of nails against the floor went unnoticed as the beast stalked silently up behind you. Abruptly, a large hand lashed out, sweeping the remnants of your meal off the

table. You winced as the ceramic bowl shattered on the floor, whirling around to glare into the amused violet gaze of the male who had returned, once again, to harass you.

"What is your problem?" you demanded irritably, shoving your chair outward to stand and leave. As you turned, facing him, Voidster brought his other arm around, trapping you between himself and the table. He eyed your scantily clad form hungrily. In the warm summer nights, you tended to sleep in a pair of shorts and a tank top when you could get away with it. One large, knuckled hand lifted from the table to delicately caress the thin strap of your shirt, before slicing through it with ease, your top sliding down your shoulder.

[Enough games, pet. You know what I want, and you know how I dislike being denied. You have evaded me for long enough. Submit, and I may be gentler than you deserve.]

"Fuck. You." You enunciated clearly, shoving at him hard enough that you almost got past him, before he gripped your upper arm, halting your progress. **[Oh, you will,]** he growled menacingly, dragging you closer as he ran his dark purple tongue over his fangs. Snarling, you felt behind you on the table for something, anything to defend yourself with.

When your hand closed over the hilt of the knife you had been using to cut up your fruit, you said a silent prayer of thanks, curling your hand over it and dropping your arm casually to your side. "Let me go, Voidster," you ground out, your fist tightening on the weapon you held.

[Why?] he sneered, raising his free hand to tangle in your hair, yanking your head back so that you were forced to meet his gaze, tears stinging your eyes from the pain. **[What will you do, you soft, pathetic little plaything? Do tell me.]**

“How about I show you instead?” you snarled, swinging your knife hand up and slashing across his arm as hard as you could. A shallow cut was formed, crimson blood oozing slowly from the wound as Voidster stared, shocked. You took the chance to yank yourself away from him, nearly escaping before a roar of fury and a vice-like grip on your shoulder stopped you. Spinning you to face away from him, Voidster grabbed your wrist, expertly applying his fingers to the tendons until you gasped and dropped the knife, your hand burning and numb.

[I see the kitten does have claws,] he snarled, **[Although there is little more foolish you could have done. Attacking *me* with a blade? You have no idea the depth of your error.]**

He twisted your arm painfully behind your back, forcing you to double over, bent across the table with him at your back. Your body hit the table, hard. A soft yelp left your lips as you were pinned down, wincing as he ground the growing bulge between his legs against your buttocks, leaning over you to hatefully spit, **[You shall suffer for this error in judgment, pet. I will correct this abhorrent lack of submission, and etch my lesson so deeply upon your delicate flesh that the scars will never let you forget what you have learned.]**

You whimpered, the sharp pain in your shoulder becoming almost unbearable as he yanked your bent arm still further behind you, straining the tendons unnaturally. **[Perhaps I should dislocate your arms, hmm? Make of you a delightful porcelain doll that flops helplessly in my grasp, unable to do anything but scream for help. Although I could remove your tongue as well. Yes, I think that would suit you. A mute, limp little plaything, unable to do anything but lie silently beneath me and weep.]**

[What do you think, *pet?*] He snarled, yanking you further up onto the table until most of your body was on it, your splayed legs hanging helplessly off of the edge. He tucked his free arm beneath your hips, lifting you up to press you against his groin as he ground roughly against you. More tears leaked from your eyes. You had no idea why

he was so angry. You knew something had had him on edge for the past few days, but he was really, truly, scaring you right now. You drew a shuddering breath and remained silent, his mocking laughter sweeping over you as he finally released your strained arm to reach for his groin.

***

The lich gently wrapped his long fingers around the glass bottle of elder liquid, his half-lidded, defeated expression reflected in the drink he poured himself. His chipped, damaged claws grated against the smooth surface beneath his fingertips, a light tremble working into his hand beneath the high-pitched whimpers slipping through the hall. Setting the bottle down, the wood softly clicked as he heard his mate's deep muttering whilst he plucked the small glass from the top of his desk. Raising the edge of the cold drink to his lips, he marinated on the bitter, biting liquid etched in smoke before knocking back the contents to scald his throat.

Setting his glass back down roughly, his drooping brow twitched as the fire water coursed through his stomach, attempting to numb the world around him. His chest was sore, along with his arms and thighs, having been torn into beneath the glimmering, violet eyes of his partner. Alcohol helped ebb the hurt, but this time the effects were slow to draw upon him. He swallowed again, the burning in his throat married with the sounds of discourse in the kitchen. It was a pity, he really had tried to distract and dissuade Voidster from his fixation, and while he boasted new marks of passion in the end it was all for nothing.

"Dreadful..." he murmured, a harder echo toning his inflections.

He poured himself another fifth of scotch, contemplating the amber liquid as he tried to drown out the sound of his mate tormenting you, hurting you. It wasn't as if he hadn't tried to blunt the edge of the other male's temper, but he had failed. When Voidster fixated on

something, it was nearly impossible to shake his focus, and this had proved no exception. Yet another failure on his part. He drank down the scotch in a single gulp, pouring more into the glass immediately. The sounds of your pain were a terrible counterpoint to the deep, cruel laughter that no amount of alcohol could mute.

He noticed his hand trembling, and smiled a gentle, mocking smile. Too proud to flee the wretched sounds of an innocent girl being ravaged by a beast, too cowardly to put an end to it. His study was nearer to the kitchen than he would have preferred, right now. He heard the threats that his mate snarled at you, heard the frantic sounds of struggling prey, furniture being knocked askew. The shattering of glass. Voidster took a perverse pleasure in the process of subduing his victims. It left a bitter taste in the lich's mouth, but what right did he have to interfere? They had equal rights to you in that regard, and he was loathe to break any rules that gave some semblance of control, of sanity to their lives.

The smoky flavor of the drink wasn't enough to distract him. Wasn't enough to numb the disgust and mounting distaste he felt at the way the beast toyed with you. It was ugly, sick, and wrong. He had taken you himself, despite your protests, multiple times. He had scared you, had used intimidation and threats to manipulate you. But Voidster was ever pushing the envelope, always going further and further, reveling in the suffering he caused you, finding new ways to terrify and hurt you. There had to be a limit, or your mind would break under the strain, even if your body did not.

And there was a line there, whether you understood it or not. The lich did not care about self-harm, injury or perhaps even death at the hands of his partner. Nihilism had taken root in his heart, it did not matter to him the consequences of his own battery. In fact, the subtle exhaustion from pain was his sedative, and the act of inflicting such trauma eased the aggression in his mate. A sick balancing act, yet this dysfunction was the only way the lich could operate, otherwise he would have been ash long ago. But for you to begin to experience the trials he himself endured nearly daily, with no rhyme or reason, was abhorrent in his eyes. You were not like him; a beast of sin. The pain that he embraced like a lover had no place being inflicted on your

blameless soul.

He hadn't realized he had been staring at an empty glass until a shrill cry broke through the room. His sockets twitched reflexively while he chose to continue standing there. There was fear there, not just discomfort alone. "He will tire, eventually..." he muttered, lowering the glass back down to his desk while a warmth filled his extremities from the booze. One last drink. He poured himself a sloppy fifth, setting the bottle down loudly. Reaching outward, he grasped onto the warm glass, tapping his index finger along the edge as terrified whimpers and murmurs managed to find him.

Would he allow this, truly, if it were the woman he had loved? Was this just a way to remain detached and neutral? He was never one for morals, but he still held principles, especially with responsibility. Although, he was not the man he once had been. Clouded in concealed grief, losing himself in drink and earthly pleasure showcased the cracks in his foundation. He was disgusting, wretched, no less vile than the man that growled and snickered in amusement as he managed to coax shaking words from your lips that were drenched in panic.

G tipped the glass outward, his eyelids drooping further as he spoke, "To misery, my dear." With that, he knocked back his drink, resting a hip against his strong wooden desk with a deep exhale. Pain, the only way to feel alive. Scotch, the only way to survive living.

***

He was inside of you, pushing, shoving and chuckling a wicked, dark laughter while the side of your face was pressed against the wood below beneath his large, white hand. The remnants of your shorts and panties were simply, crumpled fabric on the floor. His other hand clutched at your hip, his claws ripping into your skin with ease as his abdomen rammed into your backside, his cock striking right into the pit of your stomach. His aggression usually pulled tears from your

eyes, but it was rare for you to squirm like this beneath him, unable to prevent the choking gasps pulling through your lungs. The man behind you leaned further forward, bracing himself on his toes in a slight crouch while he narrowly drove his hips against you, a raspy groan leaving his throat at how sweetly your walls ached and were forced around his length.

His motions were so violent that the table beneath you shuddered, his hips beginning to pull farther away with each thrust, spearing through your resistant, tight walls expertly. The cruelty he wielded against you was nothing new, neither was his urgency, but this was the harshest experience he has given you thus far. He seemed only to be spurred on by your involuntary noises, dripping with pain and nearly scrambling against the table to try impeding his pacing. You dug your nails into the wood, letting out a cry as he struck your cervix especially hard, a horrid ache building in your gut.

He flicked his tongue across his fangs, panting softly while he jerked your hips backwards into his thrusts, repeating this motion with a spreading grin. You shut your eyes tightly, desperately reaching out across the table to try pulling away from him but all you could do was drag your fingertips across the polished surface. His sharp claws continued to dig into your flesh, a hot liquid trailing out over his fingertips to drip down your belly. This punishment was unrelenting, causing you to dribble pathetically on your shaky breath, “W-what have I done to d-deserve this-!?”

The man chuckled, a breathy, throaty sound, as he leaned further above you. The rapid, harsh thrusts he gave were hardly eased by the beads of precum slathering through your small form. Suddenly, his claws jerked out from under you, flaying open your skin with a soft spray of crimson trailing the sharp edges of his stained fingertips. He left three long incisions, glistening and oozing with blood. You screamed, kicking and thrashing against the table, which he responded to with a enthusiastic rocking of his hips.

The added struggle only enhanced his pleasure, your walls tensing, shuddering, around his throbbing shaft as he breathed through your

sounds of agony, **[An eye for an eye. Whatever you do to me, I will return it three-fold. You dare cut me? Well…now you are branded. Which is a fitting proposal, seeing how the number three is the devil's calling card. Even the lich would see the poetry in it.]**

He doubled over, pressing into your back as he panted against the side of your face, moving his hand to tangle his fingers in your locks of hair. His violet eyes caressed your tear stained cheek, soaking in the panic of your expression mixed so pleasantly with pain. It sent a shiver down his spine. Watching you for a moment, his arousal only grew, his long thrusts slimming into heavy nudges of his hips against your backside, grinding and hilting against you repeatedly. You struggled to accommodate him, he stretched you so violently and tugged against your walls with instinctive precision. A soft moan left his lips, his jaws parting farther while a warbled, disjointed chuckle rode on his words. **[It seems as if he was trying to take this punishment for you over the past few days. I am merely making up for lost time. Didn't you miss me, pet?]**

Before he could even fully finish his sentence his tongue rolled from his maw, slathering translucent violet saliva across your cheek, tasting your salt as you whimpered and tried to jerk away, held firmly by your scalp. A shaky breath sparked at the wetness upon your skin, the rhythmic ramming between your thighs shoved you further into the table, your slick back rubbing against his soft, crimson turtleneck. Another wash of tears coursed down your face, ripe for his tongue to swipe away amidst the heated waves of air bursting over you. The blunt end of his shaft ground into you painfully, involuntary shudders and burdened gasps tearing from your body as he continued to stuff himself as deeply as possible.

It was too much. Overwhelmed, your lips quivering, you whimpered against the table, " *Please* , stop-!"

Your words were cut as he suddenly shoved himself against you, shifting the table itself as he hilted and ground his hips in a painful, tight circle. You were unable to help the yelp that spilled forth, then

came the soft shudders of your breath, turning into light weeping. The pain in your stomach was unbearable, the burning of your walls added to your discomfort and caused soft trembling to slither down your spine and legs. He drew his tongue back into his mouth, pressing his partially open lips against your temple to inhale your scent. **[Mnn, keep begging so pathetically. I'm nearly there...]**

A choked cry left your lips as he pulled back and rammed back within you, tearing through your resistance and wriggling body with ease. He then roughly shoved his arm up beneath your stomach, propping your hips up further for him, which jostled your cuts. With his thick forearm pressed against your wounds, a cascade of blood seeped down over his porcelain skin. You tried to beg him again, squirming against him in vain while he tucked his hips against your backside and hilted himself again and again. Soon, your words fumbled into a mess of heaving sobs, a cry riding on every exhale as pain coursed through your body, inside and out.

He pressed his body further down against you, feeling how you writhed beneath him with a growing smile tugging at his lips. A soft moan left his throat as his pace quickened, becoming more erratic and sloppy as tension built within his abdomen. **[Ah, come now, pet...you can do better than this.]** He pulled at your hair, forcing your head back into an uncomfortable tilt to expose your neck, and lashed outward with a loud, vicious snarl. His maw enveloped the crook of your neck, his jagged fangs burying into your skin to slice and taste the soft trickles of blood springing from the tips of his teeth.

You screamed again, your body shaking with the effort as fear took hold of your rapidly beating heart. His snarls reverberated through your neck, fire igniting on your skin as he cut you further, while another round of hard sobbing wrenched through your chest. He shoved his hips against you a few more times, jabbing into your core before a deep groan flooded from his jaws, trickling down your neck and shoulder as he shivered. An involuntary, harsh nudging of his hips continued onward while he spilled his essence within you in thick, clinging ropes.

He held you still beneath him for a moment as his movements halted, remaining wedged against you before he released your neck to lick at the soft pin pricks left in your skin. His violet eyes glimmered down at you as he panted, catching how your wet eyelashes fluttered, and with a flash of your iris he was staring directly into your eyes. His expression was amused, wicked, and cruel. You shuffled against the tabletop beneath him, a series of whimpers tried to conceal the soft heaving of your chest, attempting to stifle your sobs, but he saw straight through you.

Pulling his arm out from beneath you caused you to cry out, hissing painfully from your wounds being pulled. He shook his fingers free from your hair and allowed your head to hit the wood in exhaustion. With a smirk, he withdrew from your sore body, a lewd, wet noise popped into the room as he left you bruised, battered and aching. His hot seed trickling from your folds while he placed a hand on your shoulder. **[Now, onto your back.]** He then rolled you over as you groaned and shivered.

His gaze was unrelenting, and hungry. Swiping his tongue across his lips, he leaned back, flicking his attentions across your sweating form and newly delivered cuts that trailed across the side of your abdomen to your hip. Smeared with blood, and his scent, he quickly looked back into your face while grabbing your outer thighs, pulling you downward against his sticky shaft. **[How nicely you sing little songbird, although, I can't help but wonder the sonnet you will weave for me while I render you utterly useless.]**

Quickly he dug his hand beneath your lower back while using the other to adjust himself, pressing the head of his shaft against your puckered back entrance. Instantly, your eyes flung wide open, trying to scramble backward against the table. His expression was manic, lips parted as he panted and held himself against you, giving you a small taste of what he had planned. **[Despite your small form, I feel that this will be most...satisfying-]**

"ENOUGH."

The command was deep, serious, and made the wood beneath you quiver. Flushed, humiliated and pained you glanced to the side but couldn't see around the massive monster before you. Voidster slightly turned his chin, glancing over his shoulder while his amused, aroused expression fell into an annoyed scowl. Before he could speak the lich beat him to it, slightly hunched and obviously inebriated as he growled, "You've had your release, there is no need for this to continue."

A hard snort left the beast, his grip on you waning enough for you to pull back from him. He growled while adjusting himself back within his slacks, violet eyes glancing one last time at your heaving, wounded, tempting form. Then Voidster turned his back on you to face the lich, and you instantly took the chance to scramble from the table. You were too sore to stand on your own, and promptly fell to the floor, scooting back to the wall while you dropped your gaze to your abdomen and muttered curses, grasping onto the cuts to apply pressure to stop the bleeding. New tears sprung from your eyes as you gasped in pain, looking back up as you heard both monsters beginning to snarl at one another.

[Interrupting once again, although it smells as if it took half a bottle of Macallan for you to gain enough courage to challenge me like this. You are wearing thin on my nerves as of late. She is nothing but a human, no different than any other. Yet you continue to try to treat her like one of us, even though all she is, is a pretty little trinket, a toy, a possession.]

The lich growled, gesturing angrily to the hall, "Go on your way, immediately!"

Both men stared at one another, panting and beginning to bare their gums to the room. It was as if they were sizing each other up. Voidster took a step to the right, and G countered by stepping left and continued, "I will not allow you to break her simply because you find it amusing, she does not deserve that punishment, and it was about

time you were bitten for handling her so roughly. Leave, you are crossing a line we drew long ago."

[And what line would that be…?] The other male's violet eyes glinted dangerously, the edge of his temper hardly blunted by his first release with you. **[The line drawn after the first time you had her, dragging her *by the throat* from beneath your desk to force yourself upon her? How…convenient, for you.]**

G didn't answer at first, his figure became oddly bent, spine rolling beneath his hide while his shoulders shuddered deeply in their sockets, a strained creaking radiated from him. Locked onto the male before him, he spoke lowly, static drenching his words, "The one, the only, rule. Do not interfere with the other's human. Imposing such violence on her is crossing the divide in which we share." He parted his lips and inhaled, it was clear blood had been spilled, and he did not need to look at you to know it for a fact.

[I don't think so, I brought her from *my* timeline, *my* world. She's mine to do with what I will, whatever that may be. From where I see it…] he mused, sucking in through his teeth as a grin grew across his lips, the monsters slowly circling each other, **[With how either of you mewl like a bitch in heat beneath me, it establishes only I as the true Master. Having a lich throw himself at me every night, begging with tender necking and quivering fingertips, it showcases the ultimate submission you have given me. So, submit, my porcelain plaything.]**

Voidster then began to laugh, a dry, breathy chuckle that reverberated through his chest as he came to a full halt. His eyes seemed to shimmer, wetting his lips while raising his chin and observed the hunched, twitching form of his mate. The lich growled, drawing in a breath with a sharp hissing that trembled through his throat. He then began to slowly spread his arms, his knuckles jagged and protruding, "Your ego grows much too large. You are not the one in control here. This is *my* home-" a trembling, rigid snarl wove into his words, "- *my world* , and *my rules* . You are *mine* , and you *will* follow some semblance of order here. Otherwise, I will remind you of the consequences with my bare hands."

You bit onto your bottom lip as a burst of raucous laughter erupted from Voidster, who gestured broadly with his hands as he spoke. **[Challenging *me?]*** His words suddenly became harsh, dropping his manic expression as a stern scowl pulled at his brows. **[You are more drunk than I had thought. Trying to appear as if you have morals, protecting some dainty girl to try to ease the guilt that compels you to drink in the first place. Although, it is a bit late to cause such a show. Clearly you let me have my way, enjoying the sounds she makes just as much as I do, weren't you?]**

The lich stopped just a few feet from you, your eyes trailing over his rigid stance down to his feet. Your eyes widened, taking in the accurate, purposeful thin scars coating the sides of his feet, across his sharp ankles and even through his knuckled toes. While you stared, G snarled angrily, his body shuddering as if he was holding himself back. **[Yes…you like when she whimpers so sweetly, hurt, like a lost doe in the woods. Those big, wet, glistening eyes, searching for a way out. That just tantalizes you doesn't it? A fitting punishment, proper Justice, for a female that dares be in your presence that doesn't drip in the scent of daisies.]**

"If you open your mouth again…" G panted, his voice wavering and dark as his words carried through the open room, "I will shut it. I will not ask you again. Leave, now."

Voidster did open his mouth then, deliberately parting his maw to run his twisting tongue over sharp fangs. **[Ah, but you speak as if a fight is something I wish to avoid. I'll bleed the violence I crave into you again, as you had me do the past few days, and then I'll finish breaking this *slut-]*** he glanced your way, leering, **[-of a human girl. You each belong to me, and each of you in turn shall accept my tender bloodletting.]**

With a roar, Voidster lunged forward, eyes narrowing as the lich deftly avoided his strike. Not as drunk as he had assumed, perhaps. But it was of no import. He was still more than a match for the

nihilistic lich who spent his days drinking to numb the pain of his own existence. Grinning, he caught his aborted lunge forward, twisting on the balls of his feet to instead deliver a devastating blow that knocked G onto all fours, his spine still twisting and contorting beneath the hoodie he wore.

The lich snarled, his forearms lengthening, claws growing longer and sharper as he adjusted to his new posture, balancing on the heels of his palms and the balls of his feet. Without another moment wasted, G threw himself at Voidster, crashing into the other man with a graceful, predatory leap that knocked them both into the table. The wood heaved, catching against the floor with a hearty rock as the lich seethed and snarled with his vicious attack. You whimpered from the impact, nearly being right beneath the both of them as they jerked and spat at one another. Quickly, you crawled to a far corner, shielded by a granite countertop that was usually strong enough to withstand the impact of Voidster's occasional fits of temper.

Blood still flowed freely from the gashes on your abdomen, and you were beginning to feel a bit lightheaded. You had no choice but to push forward into a gentle crouch, wincing as you reached upwards to try to find something- anything, to help. Groping around the countertop, your fingers closed around a dish towel, which you dragged down to your hiding place, pressing it securely around the worst of your wounds. The hot, searing pain made you inhale sharply through your teeth, wincing hard enough to shut both of your eyes as you settled down back on the floor with your back against the counter. It would be enough for now. It would have to be. Above you, oblivious to your presence, the two males grappled fiercely.

It was often like this. Every few weeks, a struggle for dominance, more often than not provoked by Voidster, although at times G seemed almost to desire the cleansing violence of a fight with his mate. Though this intensity was new, far from normal as it was becoming much too serious. They were both fairly loud in their snarling, the hits they landed on each other were heavy and without mercy. You kept your eyes averted, biting your bottom lip with your eyes still shut. You were grateful that the lich had stepped in this time, although you wished he had done so sooner. It didn't matter,

you told yourself. What was done, was done. If you were lucky, the deep cuts Voidster had inflicted wouldn't scar. If they did, well, you'd just fit in even better with the scarred beasts that had somehow broke their brawl and now aggressively circled one another.

You heard them both sidestepping, the lich nearly wheezing with his aggressive, threatening growls, which tremored through the very air and nestled deep inside of your chest. Daring a glance, you peered out from your disheveled locks of hair, just as they came into motion once more. Voidster lashed out with one knuckled hand curled into a fist, which the lich gracefully dodged despite his inebriation. He seemed to have an advantage with his lower stance, and while you had seen Voidster run on all fours very rarely, it didn't seem to come as naturally to him as it did to G. The lich was like a bony, distorted wolf; his jaws parted, sharp fangs glistening with drool as he lunged and snapped at Voidster, whose feline grace was much like that of a panther.

But who would win? The slightly smaller, more vicious and bestial lich, or the taller, more muscular and graceful man who sneered down at him? A sudden, hair-raising screech rang through the air, and you gasped, the sound piercing your body and soul. A faint, shimmering gray light hovered where your heart would be, and it felt as if something was trying to push through the flesh and bone. Something fragile, far too fragile to survive the transition. Your world spun, and dizziness blindsided you to nearly reel.

Voidster roared in pain, clutching his own chest and glaring at the lich. **[You fool. Will you use such a weapon against me despite your precious pet, whose fragile gray soul wouldn't last a moment outside of her body before it shattered?]**

The banshee wail halted, and you saw G glance toward you, your eyes met briefly but you could see still Voidster just beyond the lich. He was smirking as he came up behind the other man, the words spilled from your gaping mouth in a frightened exclamation, "Look out!"

Immediately the lich turned, managing to partially deflect a blow with his forearm that surely would have knocked him unconscious otherwise. Reeling, he crashed backward into one of the kitchen chairs, smashing it to kindling beneath him. A barrage of splinters spun outward across the floor, the lich giving a soft groan as bit of shrapnel shifted beneath his massive body. He had fallen hard, and was unprepared for things to become this violent. There was no turning back now, and with a frustrated silent sneer he gathered his drunken wits as quickly as possible.

G turned onto his side, bracing himself up on his elbow against the shattered wooden remains as he glared upwards at the male stalking towards him. Voidster could have already jumped him, and beaten him into the floor, but luckily he chose to take his time instead. **[Such a shame, I thought “bare hands” meant excluding magical talents. Not to fear, I don't need magic to show you your place, my love.]**

G hissed, his jaws yawning open to bare his obsidian, slathered gums but the display was of no effect, as his mate came right for him. Those glimmering violet eyes cast subtle lilac hues across Voidster’s manic expression, though it did not distract the lich, as he grabbed onto a broken piece of wood beneath him. Just as the man began to rush over him, G twisted his body, letting out a cry as he smashed the wooden rod across the male’s face to off set his course. He continued to roll, slipping onto his knees and forcing his claws into Voidster’s chest, slamming him down against the hard floor.

The man let out an angry roar, his fangs glistening in the light while the lich grappled with the tossing and kicking form beneath him. G delivered blow after blow, striking into the muscular side of his partner, bruising and battering his ribs. This was not without consequence, as the male below snarled and drove his jagged, large knuckles into the lich’s gut. It took a few more hits before G wheezed, his piercing gaze driving into the violet glow of his mate’s while he pulled his fist back and swung directly for him. Voidster flashed a smirk, throwing his arm outward in sync, purposefully leaving himself open to the harsh blow given to the side of his face. Grunting, his own fist made contact with the lich who let out a wet cough against the

rigid knuckles wedged to his cheek.

Voidster instantly felt the lich waver and his smirk only grew. While G hit hard, he himself, hit much harder. Taking advantage of the new opportunity he twisted his hips, bringing his knee upwards to drive it against the lich's narrow side and with one more strike to the side of his jaw the lich was knocked from him. Thrown back into the broken remnants of wood he hissed as Voidster followed, smirking as he panted and wrestled against the floor with the squirming lich beneath him.

Your eyes went wide, knowing full well it could be game over for G if Voidster truly managed to pin him. The mere thought of getting up, or even moving, sent sharp pain through your abdomen and you drew in a shaky breath while hot blood seeped from your fingers. This time, he was on his own. Left with no other options, you bit your lip as you witnessed the both of these massive, powerful monsters spit and snarl at one another. They were a twisting mass of quick jabs, the snapping of jaws and tussling of limbs. Writhing and struggling against the shattered, wooden debris, you started to catch glimpses of black, oily blood smearing across the ground and you weren't the only one to notice this.

With a dry, heaving chuckle Voidster flicked his gaze downward to his mate's chest where a thickening, wet stain was spreading from his left breast. He caught a glimpse of fresh, broken stitching beneath flashed of G's zip up, but he didn't need to see the precise location, he knew it intimately already. He did not hesitate, shoving his palm into the lich's left side, above his heart, G let out a horrid cry. Black ooze seeped upwards through the fabric of his hoodie, staining the underside of Voidster's hand as he panted, soaking in the way his mate's facial features scrunched in agony.

[Tsk tsk tsk.. You've pulled your fresh strings. But don't fret, my love. There is plenty more where that came from, and I always make sure to treat my treasures like the immaculate puppets that you are. First, though.. I feel as if you are in for a new coat of paint.]

He violently twisted his hand, pulling another yell from G as he shook and slammed his fists upwards into the same places on Voidster's ribs, attempting to weaken him down. Voidster's brows twitched, the ache in his side growing as deep welts began to rise to the surface beneath his crimson turtleneck. He managed to push this pain aside, his gaze focused explicitly on the rush of black oil spilling down across the soft fabric against his palm.

The lich began to tremble, hard. Voidster knew what he was doing, and he angrily twisted the heel of his palm directly down into G's chest. He felt a few of the strings pop, snapping from the sheer force and tore the lich's thick hide along with it. At first, G choked his cries, slamming his fist repeatedly up into his assailant but it wasn't long before his hands came up to desperately grip onto the flesh of his mate, his claws tearing through the fabric of his turtleneck to paw against the muscular frame of the man above him. A hideously wet inhale filling the room, the lich jerking his body against the floor before he released the air from his lungs. The cry that G gave was heart wrenching, he tossed beneath Voidster while it only grew in desperation. The sound was hoarse, drawn out, and agonizing as it tore through his throat. His head snapped backward and his feet scrambled helplessly against the floor, kicking scrap to and fro.

You couldn't help yourself and you reached a hand out, fingers splayed as you shrieked, "VOIDSTER- STOP THIS!"

Miraculously, you hardly were even noticed by the larger male as he gazed fondly down at the lich writhing between his legs. G was gasping now, his eyes wide and glossy, staring at the ceiling as true hurt overcame him. The stitching was plentiful, covering along the entire edge of his massive scar on the left side, stretching to the edges of his ribs. Pools of steaming, biting blood squelched beneath Voidster's wretched hand as he continued to press and twist. The alcohol would have little effect against this kind of stimulation, and it drew Voidster's lips into a manic grin. He could feel how the lich clung to him, tearing his claws desperately through the fabric of his turtleneck against his back but refused to give in just yet. He waited,

gorging on the humiliation and rare outcries of the lich that just grew in atrocity.

Pleading was all you could do, feeling tears well in your own eyes as you could only watch how wildly G was tearing at Voidster's back and sides, flaying his turtleneck with only being able to lightly scratch the surface of the man's thick flesh. Soon enough, Voidster did stop, only because he had snapped the last of the stitching and the amount of blood seeping up over his fingers made his knuckles look like little white islands nearly submerged by the Black Sea. Slowly, he removed his hand from G's breast and the lich came to a still, gasping and panting while his milky gaze paired well with how his jaws hung open. He nearly looked dead, and it drew a deep, throaty chuckle from Voidster as he lifted his stained hand to his lips.

Long, thick strands of blood refused to release from it's master and left an inky web trail while Voidster raised his fingertips and pressed his squirming, purple tongue along the collection of sludge. Instantly, the matter sparked and jolted his mouth, filling his senses with aggressive chemicals with an aftertaste of gasoline. Yet, there was also a twang of alcohol and this greatly pleased him. This mixture was toxic, and he enjoyed partaking of this substance at any chance he could get. A shiver wound down through his spine, his tongue daring another lap across his intricately spreading fingers while his eyes rolled back. Such blood, heavy with power, so vile and poisonous, tantalized him.

The lich managed to rouse himself far enough from his stupor to allow his hands to fall idle and limp from Voidster's back, his nails coated in red, sticky blood. His left hand fell lifelessly against the floor while the right twitched and trembled as it curled into a fist. G's gaze flickered to Voidster, who was marinating further on the flavors attacking his palate. Throat sore, body aching and chest in shredded bits, the lich gathered his strength and began to sit up, bracing himself on his elbow as he panted and glared upwards. His vision slowly coming into focus, honing in on the violet eyes that studied him. Voidster's pupils drifted down once more, holding his jaws apart as he breathed in the scent coating his fingers before allowing his hand to drop and smeared the lich's blood across his own breast.

[It seems as if you've lost, my dear. Which is understandable, as you are clearly a drunkard and are already exhausted from your last session of therapy, mere hours ago. Not to worry, I will look after you well. I am thinking...cauterization, instead of simple stitching.] A breathy chuckle left his lips as he shifted, staring lovingly down at the mess that was the lich, blood pouring down along his side from the multiple rips and tears in his skin. G's brow twitched, his eyes narrowing further while his expression was that of a painful wince. **[It will add such nice composition. That of a smooth brand alongside such a textured, midnight collection.]**

You sat, shocked and silent, pressing the rag ever tighter to your stomach as your attention was solely focused on G. He didn't deserve to get hurt like that.. And the thought of Voidster wielding a hot iron against the lich was abhorrent. It was clear that the lich shared your thoughts, for his expression soured all the further. Just as Voidster was about to go on, losing himself to his own thoughts, G quickly struck. His entire torso twisted with the blow, his fist flying straight into Voidster's jaw and knocked him from atop him onto the floor at his side. There was such power behind his jab, that all Voidster could do was snarl and catch himself just in time for the lich shift onto his side, effectively rolling onto his knees and gave another harsh blow.

The lich's fangs were bared, saliva dripping down along his jawline as the audibly crack of bone on bone permeated the kitchen. It wasn't enough to send him to the floor, but it did make the monster's head reel, his vision blurred and anger flared Voidster reactively flung his hand outward. He instantly made contact, back handing the lich straight across the face and sent him onto his backside. G was tossed just out of range, and that is where he stayed, panting and hurting while keeping his rigid glare locked straight onto Voidster who brought his hand to his features. The man idly rubbed the sore spot on the side of his cheek, snarling and flicking his tongue across his fangs. There were aches and pains blossoming in his ribs from the lich's rapid, unrelenting attempt to beat him down, but all that did was satiate his mania.. For now.

With a light chuckle, Voidster picked himself up easily, his torn shirt flittering against his porcelain sides and back as he stood with his shoulders straightened. He inhaled deeply, basking in the outright mess of the kitchen before turning his attention back to the lich, blinking sensually at the other male who swallowed the note with a hateful glare. Voidster noted the blood smeared all across the floor, continuing to freely flow from G's chest and pool across his sharp hipbones as he spoke, raspy and slurred, "I believe...this is a draw, and you should find entertainment elsewhere."

His words were strained, and you tucked yourself further beneath the counter, only being able to see up to Voidster's waist as he stood right in front of you. Any stranger would easily claim that Voidster had been the victor, but looks could be deceiving. They were both physically beaten inward, and even though the lich was bleeding much more profusely the idle trails of crimson along Voidster's back did not go unnoticed. The sting twinged at his skin, his hide twitching against the sensation.

You waited, nearly holding your breath before you finally heard Voidster conceed, **[Certainly, darling. We will save the best for last.]** He chuckled, slowly turning to step out of the kitchen. He took a leisurely pace, not even out of the room as the lich grunted and pulled himself into a crouch, lithely crawling up to you. He covered the distance rather quickly and you gave him a worried, teary eyed expression. He didn't allow you to speak as he murmured to see your wounds, his eyes flicking down to the rag while he reached out a hand, hovering it above your own as you carefully tilted the cloth away from the deep three gashes in your belly.

Voidster digested the murmuring echoing after him as he waltzed to his office, hoping to change and observe the damage he received from the short brawl. His skin was hurting, and there was sure to be bruising against his side, but all he felt was adrenaline. It sung through his veins like an addiction, and he couldn't help but soak within its dangerous wiles. It didn't bother him what-so-ever that the lich now catered to you, that would just mean less work for him. His plaything would undergo repairs...they both would. Then, they both would dance for him, bend to his will. The thought made his tongue

flick across his lips as he strode from view, his mania already boiling back to the surface, but there were other priorities at hand, now.

You tried to be silent as G helped you stand, he was in so much more pain than you and hardly grimaced. You didn't want to show that kind of weakness. This wish went unheeded by the lich, for he carefully helped sit you on the counter before thoroughly washing the blood, both red and black, from his hands, then tending to your open gashes. They weren't too deep in most places, but you still were instructed to sit still while G patched you up, not even thinking of himself, as his own blood freely cascaded down his torso in sickly, mucky dribbles.

G was usually the one to fix you up after dealing with Voidster, but this time was different. He held his body out from you awkwardly, afraid of his blood dripping or smudging onto you by accident. While it had a putrid scent, and a toxic, oily appearance, he behaved as if it was dangerous. He also refused to talk, try as you might. After you were cleaned up, he helped you down from the counter, before limping away. He wouldn't let you assist or follow him. He simply murmured over his shoulder, "Stay out of sight," then trudged off in the opposite direction, towards the bedroom.

You wanted to follow after anyways, to help him, maybe even comfort him, but as your toes hit the wooden floor, you knew that it would be a bad idea. He was in rough shape, and obviously wouldn't be able to come to your aid like this again so soon. You did as you were told, and quickly made it back to your room to gather a few things before hiding. Something was clearly very wrong with Voidster from the start, but now he was...unstoppable, insatiable. Beyond dangerous. You only hoped you were given enough time, and that G would be all right. You couldn't predict Voidster, but had a feeling things were only about to get worse.

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The lich tucked himself inside of the master bathroom, his hoodie

peeled off to lay abandoned on the floor, as he rinsed his wounds freely. Translucent, deep grey rivers cascaded down across his form to pool against the floor. A hopeful deterrent for his mate, if he chose to return and attempt sneaking up behind him, like he enjoyed. G had already sewn his flesh back into place, a painful, and irritating experience. His hands had trembled, his focus wavering as his drunken state lingered. It left him feeling floaty, incoherent and not as aware while he tended to the soil staining his skin. How he hated to be dirty, his numerous scars were already bothersome. The largest of them all usually buckled throughout the day, like thick, tanned leather.

A soft puff of air left his lips, squinting at his hazy, confusing reflection as he struggled to pay attention to what he was doing. It wasn't until he noticed a glint of purple in the mirror that he slowly turned, glancing over his shoulder as the shirtless male strode to him with a distant, uneasy stare crossed over his features. G was the first to speak, his voice still rather low, disjointed and far more fuzzy than usual, "Do you need something?"

The lich held himself still as Voidster stepped to his back, reaching an arm around him to take the damp, stained black rag from his hand. **[The alcohol is stunting your ability to heal, and coagulate blood. Your scent is thick of it, it makes my head spin.]** G stood relatively still, turning his attention back to the mirror as Voidster leaned forward, pressing his chest and stomach right against the lich's spine. He was using the mirror to carefully dab along the inflamed, swelling wounds having torn the left side of his breast asunder. The alcoholic haze clouding the lich did not allow him to study his mate, the way his jaws parted to greedily inhale the scent of his neck as his voice filled the room once more.

[I have warned you of drinking, especially after our sessions. You know how that irks me so, it slows not only the process but your mind as well. Look at you-] he scoffed, clasping the wet rag tightly in his hand to squeeze the water from it, flushing the broken skin beneath the fabric. The lich winced, his eyelids flickering involuntarily as he stared at the both of them in the mirror, glazed over. **[-you seem absolutely exhausted, sedated beyond measure.**

It does not suit you, you know..] his words trailed off, his lips caressing along the curvature of the lich's neck, his tongue wriggling just behind his teeth at the tantalizing morsel held so close to him. The urge to bite was astounding, yet he refused to lose his sense of control and kept hovering above the pulsing vein of his lover.

"You do not seem yourself either, my dear.." G murmured, his eyes focused on the way the man at his back swayed, pressing tighter against his back without even meaning to. His hand had been pressing that damp, cool cloth to his breast without any purpose for moments too long. It was obvious something was incredibly wrong, and it was beginning to frustrate his partner as he then jerked his features away from the lich's throat. With a harsh snort, he flung the stained rag onto the countertop and paced away just behind him.

The lich grumbled, leaning forward to grab onto the rag and carefully mopped up the loose water having gathered on the granite. His mate stepping to the end of the room to only come back, passing him by to only pace in the other direction once more. There was a bubbling energy, threatening to burst, as a soft, deep, growl welled within Voidster's chest. G continued to try to pry, flipping the rag on it's other side to swipe up further spills, "if I may ask, you have seemed rather.. Irritable."

Curiously, there was no answer and G soon left the rag swollen and abandoned on the counter as he righted himself and glanced over his shoulder once more. The scent of his partner was strong, spiced and intense just as he was. He found Voidster simply pacing, his brow furrowed and expression hardened. G released a soft breath, it was clear the other man was lost in thought and his pale flesh was adorned with deep purple bruising, swelling all up the side of his ribs. The slightest outline of the lich's knuckles remained in the center of this horrendous feature but it didn't phase either of them. They were used to injury, finding it a normalcy as they were equally powerful beings and had little reason to hold back when passions turned to brawls.

It was as if Voidster was searching for the words, they usually never escaped him like this, and it only further fermented his aggravation, a

violence simmering just beneath the surface. G fully turned, observing his mate cross past him one way only to turn on his heel to pace back in the other direction once more, his claws scratching the floor as he strode with jerky, angry, movements. He waited for his mate to speak, but it wasn't happening, and an unsettled feeling began to grow in the lich's chest. The lich truly tried to peer out of his drunken haze, studying his partner's various scars but the ample cut on his arm drew him to reach his hand out. The placement of his fingertips, caging the shallow, open wound, made Voidster halt in his tracks with a guttural growl.

The throaty reverberations did little to sway G, for he closed the distance carefully and peered at the cut. It would heal quickly, and would not leave a mark. The lich kept his lips parted, inhaling his companion's thick, earthy flavors with tinges of blood. He lightly snorted, murmuring, "amusing.. That she was furious enough to strike with all of her might at you."

Voidster obviously didn't share the sense of enjoyment in the matter as he watched the lich, eyes narrowed and tongue wriggling behind his quivering jaws. It was almost painful to stand still, yet he held composure while G slowly dipped his chin, his breath caressing his mate's flesh. With a soft sigh, the lich opened his mouth further to loll his long, flat tongue out from his throat to lap across the tempered skin before him. The taste of blood, heavy in sheer power, stung his senses but he merely continued to trail his tongue upwards, slipping it along the muscular grooves in Voidster's bicep clear to his collar bone. A hearty shiver wound down along the beast's spine and he quickly snatched the lich in his hands, placing his claws directly into G's back and waist.

The soft grey saliva bordering the open cut crawled inward, turning an inky black that fused the torn edges back together in a slow, itchy process. Though the sensation was minimal to Voidster, who pulled the lich all the tighter against his bare chest with a gravely sneer, his gums glistening in the low light. **[That wench deserved what I had planned for her, for daring to disfigure me in such a way. You should have remained out of it, despite how much I enjoy our dances. I daresay that my jaw still emits a creaking, all because**

of your bony hands.]

The lich hummed, slipping the undersides of his fingers up along his partner's ribs, feeling how the flesh beneath them twitched and pulled away from his touches. The sting, the ache, caused Voidster's lips to curl further back as he brought his features forward, hovering at the side of G's skull. "Last I remember, you enjoyed my hands..." he took pause, bringing his hands up to rest on Voidster's biceps, wrapping his long, knuckled digits around the mound beneath them. Then, he bowed his head forward as well, turning his lips inward to the sharp edges of his mate's jaw line, inhaling the tempting scent emanating from him. His heat was apparent, and it stirred the lich, clouded by scotch, and sore. He did not mind how Voidster's claws dug into his skin possessively, the threatening posture had never unnerved him.

"And, dare I say, that your taste is so...tantalizing..." he breathed, a hoarse whisper as he opened his jaws once more and enveloped the skin in front of him. His fangs pressed dangerously into the strong, pulsing neck of his companion, clamping with enough force to earn a light, rushed exhale. Voidster's sockets twitched, his heart beat only beating all the faster in his chest, the amount of sheer adrenaline coursing through his veins was staggering. Unconsciously, he wrapped the lich in his tempted, obsessive arms, nearly crushing him against his own chest.

[G...] he attempted, having to lift his chin away from his mate, a deep seated growl thrumming lowly in his ribs. He couldn't control how his fingertips dug inward, piercing through the uppermost levels of the lich's dense hide and the way the monster reactively shuddered brought the urge to snap to the forefront of his mind. It would be so easy. So easy to lunge forward, to gather the man's bloodied throat into his jaws. The squirming, writhing of prey. His eyes began to ache, the dilation of each pupil straining the physical limits.

G responded with a deep groan, digging and writhing his tongue into the fluttering artery just beneath his jaws. He could feel his partner's arousal, digging against his own while the lich pushed forward, grinding their hips together as he searched for more flesh to claim.

Voidster stood still, eyelids fluttering and claws tearing down along G's back, opening fresh, deep scratches that allowed black beads of blood to rise to the surface in his wake. The lich winced, grasping onto his lover's arms all the tighter as the pain trailed down to his hip, where Voidster's claws remained, embedding themselves there against his pelvis.

G released him just then, a heavy pant beating outward across the thick strands of saliva clinging to his mate's flesh, and that was the breaking point for the other male. With no word, or warning, the lich was shoved away by his hips. Nearly thrown across the room, G's eyes widened and he stumbled, caught by the doorframe. The wood gouged into the fresh cuts along his back and he grunted, wincing harshly. Fangs bared, confused and a bit frustrated, the lich stayed where he was and lifted his head, glaring at the back of his mate who had abruptly turned and braced himself against the far wall, his free hand digging into his features in an attempt to gather control. An involuntary, harsh snarl wove into his every breath.

[You know I cannot resist this, I am far too furious to deal with you kindly-]

"That is fine," the lich snorted, pulling a hand up to his lips to wipe the residual wetness from them. The uncomfortable throbbing of his groin adding a curt irritance to his voice, "We have soaked our sheets in blood before. I know you need a proper release. No mere human could satisfy your appetites."

G let his hand fall loosely at his side, continuing to glare outward to his mate's back, watching how he heaved and glistened with sweat. The longer he stood, breathing and attempting to focus, the further this heat drew into his stomach. It was relentless, spreading into every fiber of his being. Urging him, *needing* him, to throw his partner to the floor and write his claim with not only blood, but screams. Ungodly screaming, thrashing.. Anger, pain, loathing and domination. Desires he felt often, but now they were drowning him. The outside world fading to a blur, the only true sensation was how hot his skin was, and the dry, scratching air that pushed and pulled from his lungs in waves.

“If this is because of our...dispute, earlier.. You should know by now I do not hold that violence against you. It is simply another way for us to communicate, raw and powerful. The way we prefer it.” G spoke calmly, impressively well for how inebriated he was.

He couldn’t take this. On any other occasion, were his mate healed and able, he would not be hesitating...but he knew he was drunk, overly confident. Arousal had that effect on the lich, but he was not craving sex. He craved destruction. He then noticed that the lich was speaking again, but all he heard was distant murmuring, laced with static. Suddenly, he jerked out of his hunched stance, flinging himself around to stride straight for the door, trying to ignore the lich’s presence just beside it. His skin tattered so beautifully.. Smelling of fresh blood.. The evident desire pressing against his slacks. Voidster flinched, averting his gaze with a silent snarl etched into his features.

G noticed his wrath, and his expression fell into that of concern. He tried to reach out once again, nearly being able to touch his companion before he was simply shoved out of the way, once more. He was more readily prepared, and only was pushed a few feet before catching himself. The lich released a harsh scoff, his digits twitching as he whirled around and witnessed his partner absconding out of the room. It left him frozen, bringing a hand up to rest against the decorative trim of the doorway, an ache in his loins and the aftertastes of blood on his palate. He had half a mind to follow, but something kept him from it. Frustration tightened his grip on the wood beneath his fingers, his claws scratching the painted surface.

Then, a door slammed. It nearly shook the house and the lich released a heavy sigh, at least he knew he wouldn’t have to worry about guarding the girl. He had left, possibly to release his urges without feeling guilt of the consequences. It hadn’t been the first time the lich knew of the slaughter of wild animals residing in the forests around his home, but a butchered deer was better than a mangled woman. The thought of women turned his attention back to his groin, his free hand slipping downward to better adjust himself within his slacks. He snorted once more, his tongue pressing against his fangs just behind

his lips.

There was no possible way he would get satisfaction, let alone completion, from the girl who was thoroughly rough housed. He would only add to that pain, and while he enjoyed some resistance, he found tears and sobbing to be distracting. For once, it was his turn to take care of things solo, and he grumbled quite audibly as he laid across the bed, the scratches on his back biting him horribly as the linens absorbed the scant amount of blood there. His nimble, bony fingers easily plucking through the buttons of his slacks as he glared upward at the ceiling. Now, he understood his mate's adamant disdain of this suggestion. But the reserved memories, and lasting tastes of blood and heat against his tongue would be enough to quell his need, for this time.

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Voidster was surprisingly absent, the following few days. You had thought that he would follow up his violence with further harassment, either toward you or the lich. Instead, he had disappeared. You had heard the door slam quite a while ago from your safe location of the lich's study, and tried to not pay any mind to it. No further yelling or fighting ensued afterward and you figured it was just Voidster being boisterous, as he normally was but then later pieced together that he probably left, for whatever reason. It was a welcome reprieve, as both you and G had needed stitches after his last attack. G had fully healed after only a couple of days, your human body took longer, and his adept medical care was both comforting and reassuring. He was unusually subdued, which you chalked up to anger at Voidster, although it turned out you were only partially correct. Fatigue, or alcohol, slowed his movements and there were a handful of times where you looked at him, at nobody seemed home.

On the third day of the beast's absence, you sat in the lich's study once more, atop the desk with your shirt pulled up to your ribs while cold, damp swabs padded at your sore skin. G paused after checking your sutures, gently swabbing disinfectant over the healing cuts while you winced and bore the stinging pain. "Voidster's rut is not often a cause for great concern," he began slowly, meeting your eyes as you

flinched and stared at him. Images of the lich's rut flashed through your mind, and you found the statement difficult, if not impossible to believe.

"It occurs only a few times a year, and as his...drive for sexual stimulation and violence is already so great, the difference during his rut is not as noticeable as it is during mine. This is something different."

You swallowed, your voice low as you responded. "Different how? Jesus, are you saying he's going to get worse than he's already been lately?"

"That is precisely what I'm saying," he agreed, applying fresh bandages to your wounded torso. "When he reappears, it would be best if you immediately retreated to the panic room I created for this purpose. He has been trying, lately, to change. You've seen the efforts he has made, however small, to treat me with more courtesy and respect. I suspect that he has left us, briefly, while he struggles with the primal urges the rut brings upon him. Once he is truly lost, however, nothing will stop him from returning, nor seeking out you and I to bleed his aggression."

"G, I can't just abandon you like that," you said, noticing the hard line of his mouth as he listened. "That fight was bad, he ripped out your stitches for fuck's sake. If I'm hidden away, what's to stop him from killing you outright? Then what will happen to me?"

The lich glanced away, then back toward you. "It was a mistake to allow him to bring a human girl into our lives," he said harshly, his mouth twisting in anger. "I was a fool to allow him to keep you." You saw the self-loathing and pain on his face, and reached up to gently touch his cheek, ignoring the dark look he gave you.

“G, it’s not your fault he kidnapped me,” you said softly. “And well, I’ve seen how difficult he is to control. I don’t blame you. But the past is in the past, it’s not going to help anything to dwell on what we *should have* done.”

“You will go to the room and lock yourself in,” he said finally, his tone allowing no argument. “I can better protect myself if I do not have to worry about protecting you as well. If he chooses to kill me, it will be no more than I deserve, and your presence will not deter him.”

He gave you no room to speak, for he suddenly stood up right, your hand left to slowly fall down beside you on the desk. A frown crossed your features and he held your gaze firmly, muttering, “He has been gone...for too long. I fear that he could not only be causing trouble, but possibly injuring himself. Mania does not allow its victim to process damage done to the body, an untreated, broken bone will heal oddly and bring lameness.” He turned his focus away, to the door, finishing under his breath with a roll of his eyes, “Something he would surely bitch about for the rest of eternity.”

“Who cares?” you spat, pulling your shirt back down over your freshly catered to stitching. Your frown pulled into a scowl, watching your own movements as you carefully slid from the top of the desk only to look back up at the stern glare the lich was giving you. It stunned you, confused you, and wiped the furrow from your brow as G spoke clearly.

“It is clear you do not favor him, and I cannot blame you for that bitterness.. But he is my companion, we observe the other and provide care when deemed necessary. It seems as if he requires my assistance, I will not abandon him. It is not like him to not return to our bed.”

It took you a few moments to digest what G was saying, and you couldn’t help but scoff in disbelief, “He *beats* you, calls you names and just because he brought you a near dead kitten that now lives mostly outside you *actually* worry about him? *Why?* ”

A slight, barely noticeable twitch tugged at the corner of his lips. With a raise of his chin, he eyed you while replying with a flat tone, “He receives equal beatings, hence why he likes to remain clothed to hide unsightly bruising and bite marks. I call him insidious things, such as a malicious, lithium-deprived lunatic, with a hunger for cock-” your lips pulled into the grooves of your cheeks, the lich rarely used such words and it was startling, yet he just kept eye contact with you as he continued, “-and even when he is bound and tied, gagged by my seed, I worry for him.”

You stared at him, blinking in a slow, rather disturbed motion. The only response you could formulate was a dry, curt, “...ew, G.”

This caused him to fully smirk, the softest of smiles and while the rare sight caused you to relax, loosening up your weirded-out expression, his amusement was gone just as soon as it came. He spoke once more, “Stay here, the night is drawing in and I must at least see to his whereabouts. Should he return before I, you are to make haste to the hidden room in my study.”

An idle sigh pressed through your nose, still not fully enjoying the idea but nodding anyways. He turned, stepping to the door, which was wide open for once. The stillness of the house was peaceful, and you didn’t want it to end just yet. Things never lasted in this place, always getting jolted and shaken about from whatever Voidster’s antics were at that point in time. Life would have been wonderful with just G. Quiet afternoons, soft conversation and even nice, satisfying intimacy that didn’t leave you feeling empty and hateful. Still, you were soon left standing alone in the office and folded your arms, feeling unsettled as you listened to the lich calmly make his way down the hall.

At first, you felt a bit crestfallen at hearing the front door open and close. The lich making his way across the lawn, jaws parted, tasting the air. He left you utterly alone, and the thought was uncomfortable before you remembered the kitten. Surely it would be time to feed the

grey, quickly growing feline G had ceremoniously named... “Chips”. Neither you, or Voidster, understood the meaning, but let it be. Without any further dawdling, you stepped from the study, closing the door behind you out of habit before traipsing along down the hallway, softly clicking whispers between your teeth to call for the cat.

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He stared at the mirror, at the deep purple hues rimming his eyes. Old blood crackled and itched against his hide, but he saw no reason to remove it. The stale, coppery scent gently fanned the flames that smoldered within him, that burned away his reason, until only his most primal urges remained. He had spent a day roaming the property, before locking himself in the laboratory beneath the house, where their test subjects had been kept before meeting an untimely demise as a part of his own experiments with the feral lich. Here, he wrestled with his precarious self control, with desires that would only bring to ruin his weeks of careful restraint, of attempting to mend things after G’s rut had come to a close.

It hadn’t even occurred to him that the lich might take exception to your frightened cries until the man had appeared to tell him so. The fact that he had not realized it before the fact was disturbing to him, as he was normally easily able to predict and manipulate the behaviors of those around him. He could no more explain his sudden inability to gauge G’s moods than he could the way that your scent scratched at him, beckoning him to wonderfully violent deeds. Your resistance only tugged harder at his loins, demanding that he rise to the challenge and dominate you.

He wanted to hurt you, to frighten you, but more than that, he wanted to breed you. It had been a humorous joke at first, the threat of pregnancy, watching the fear light in your eyes, seeing how tense the lich became. He had half thought that G would sterilize you before such a thing could occur, and the thought of that unnecessary surgery was even more amusing. Now, something hard and possessive drove him. He wanted to have you in every way, mewling under him, heavy at his hand, growing large with *his* offspring. Even now, the thought of

you, gravid and compliant, submissive to him, grew a heavy ache in his groin, and scratched at his instinct.

This heat was unlike any he had experienced since before he had fallen into his creation. He could feel the mania eroding his slippery sense of self, bringing to the forefront of his mind how he craved the sensation of flesh against him, of fresh blood against his fangs. Snarling, he dragged his claws against his own chest, staring as new crimson welled within the trenches he had inflicted. He dipped his fingers in the determination-laced blood, smearing it like war paint across his features. The aroma was heady, and sparked his arousal.

Before, it had been enough to have the other man beneath him, compliant and catering so skillfully to the tender violence within him. You would hide away in that quaint little room while he carved his passions in the flesh of the lich, bending his mate to his will as you quivered tantalizingly just out of reach. The extent of this new heat would not allow such a thing, this time. He would have you both, and he would have all that you had to offer, until you both lay broken and submissive beneath him.

Yes, he realized, he was all too quickly losing the battle for his sanity. Perhaps if he had gone to G sooner, perhaps if he had recognized the signs, but now it was too late. Even the thought of letting the lich dose him with some of that dreadful medication to suppress his rut was abhorrent, now. He wanted nothing more than to dominate the both of you, keeping the lich broken and submissive while he sowed his seed within your soft, fertile body.

Some newer part of his soul rebelled at the thought of the destruction he sought to enact- the same part that was pleased at G's acceptance of his gift, the kitten. That part of himself recognized that when the mania faded and he was left with the consequences of his actions, it might not be what he had desired. But that part was easy enough to silence, now. Desire quelled his already limited sense of morality, the passion of the rut burned away his hesitance to do further harm to his mate.

The man in the mirror curled his blooded hand against his face and smiled.

Chapter End Notes

G named his kitten "Chips," awww. It's because in LWAL, Sun's cat was named Chip, and that's the only cat G has ever met.

Voidster's Rut (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

> Really bad shit goes down. You guys wanted this. THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED. I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY.

Chapter Notes

> And YOU get a ride to hell and YOU get a ride to hell, EVERYBODY GETS A RIDE TO HELL!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As the setting sun stretched your shadow far along into the living room, your voice higher-pitched and friendly as you searched, a second much larger silhouette stalked after you. Silent, foreboding, and dangerously patient. You were unaware, as you searched out the small, gray feline. The lich was gone, treading the property in search of the man who stood in the shadows, watching you. He observed as 'Chips' came running, butting hard against your legs as he waited to be fed.

The cat didn't interest him. It was too small and fragile to be either a threat or potential prey, but it was a useful distraction. He waited until you had finished refilling the food dish before he crept up behind you, stifling your scream with one large hand as he ground his arousal against your back. The other caught your flailing arms easily, pinning your wrists together against your chest as he drew you with him back into the house.

[If you scream, I will tear out your tongue,] his deep voice rumbled ominously against you, and you shook in his grasp, fresh tears tracking down against his hand. He nuzzled his face against yours, flicking the tip of his tongue out to catch the salt on your cheeks as you wept. **[The lich will be gone for an hour or two at least. Do you understand?]** Hesitantly, you nodded your head. If he was right, and G really was out of hearing distance, screaming would only enrage the male at your back, and you didn't doubt that his threat would be carried out well before G had returned. **[Good.]**

He removed his hand, eyeing you as you shuddered in his grasp. **[Your soul is weak, still. I am unsure if you will be damaged by this. But we won't know unless we try, will we, pet?]** The breathy, manic humor in his voice was new, and frightened you more than his threats. He sounded...insane. Far less calculating than usual, with unusual energy in his tone. You had no idea what he was talking about, but possible damage was still less of a threat than certain mutilation at his hands; so you remained silent.

[Ah, finally learning. Good. I like my sluts...obedient,] he murmured, his hands caressing you roughly. **[Tell me to whom you belong.]** His fingers dug into your hip, grinding you back against his hidden arousal. "Y-you," you choked out, squirming against his restraining hands, then gasping as your stitches pulled. The game wasn't new, but the intensity with which he played it was. He was truly frightening you, and you felt a hard sob catch in your throat as he bit lightly at the juncture of your shoulder.

[Mmn. You taste of fear, but your heat is waning. Only a day or two remains. Come lie with me pet, let me flood you with my fertile essence. Then, you will truly be mine.] You panted harshly, attempting to break his grip on you, but it was futile. You still remembered his threats from some time ago, but never thought he would actually act on them. G had warned you that Voidster was rutting, that his heat was something new and dangerously intense, but it hadn't occurred to either of you that he might take the opportunity to carry out a far more sinister deed than rape alone.

"Please," you gasped, twisting in his hands as he growled and held you tighter, "Please don't do this."

He eyed you curiously, pausing in his movements to drag you toward your bedroom. **[If you choose to fight me, it will be only to my great amusement,]** he bit out with malice. **[I will not be persuaded otherwise. Now, on the bed like a good slut.]** He lifted you effortlessly, tossing your flailing body onto the soft mattress and

slamming the door behind him, the lock turning by itself. He was shirtless already, and unfastened his trousers easily with a single hand, kicking them and his boxers away to land at the foot of the bed as he crawled above you. The heat from his naked body was sweltering, rivaling that of the lich, and his skin was slick with sweat.

You gasped in utter terror, flinging yourself to the side too late to avoid his arms slamming down at your sides, caging you and jostling the mattress. Summoned hands appeared; darting forward to relieve you of your clothing. You struggled to no avail against the bony appendages that hooked into your jeans and tank top, tugging the fabric over your resisting arms and legs. Voidster merely watched as another spectral hand unhooked your bra, while still another dragged your panties down your legs. You couldn't remember the last time he had summoned his hands to deal with you, rather than take the pleasure of undressing you himself. It was an unpredictable move that left you nervous and shaky, any shred of confidence you thought you had was now dashed as those predatory eyes gorged themselves on your bare skin.

Whimpering, you felt his velvety tongue tracing a path between your breasts, leading up to your neck. His violet eyes were clouded with lust, his conscious mind seeming to falter as he bared his fangs at you in a feral display. **[Submit to me,]** he muttered, bracing on his forearms to free his hands and hold you still. Long fingers tangled in your hair, while his other hand pressed flat against your belly, pinning you to the mattress. His mouth closed over your nipple, biting it gently before turning to give the other similar attention. Your body shivered in reaction, a gasp tearing through your lips as he pulled at your scalp, urging your spine into an arch beneath his affections. Despite his attempts at intimacy, your mind kept urging you to resist. Fear sparked into adrenaline, and you wrestled against him even as his long, adventurous tongue lapped across your quivering skin.

He seemed to be agitated by your struggles, but you couldn't stop yourself from fighting any more than you could stop drawing air to breathe, even when he snarled against your sternum. He sat up suddenly, the crack of his hand across your face startling you out of your panic. For a moment you lay dazed, staring off at the wall with

his fingers still gripping into your hair painfully. Slowly, you panned your gaze back to the center, meeting the dilated slits of the demon hovering above you. Heaving, you stared up at him, vision blurring as an aching pain bloomed across your temple. **[Darling,]** he purred malevolently, leaning back down to move his mouth over your body, his breath skipping down the valley of your breasts to you stomach. **[Do not force me to waste time obtaining your compliance.]**

You shuddered as his tongue then swiped against your folds, flicking against your clit with skillful strokes. “I-I don’t want-” you choked out, thrusting your hands downward to press the heels of your palms into his skull with as much force as you could muster. He simply kept hold of your scalp, giving a rather hard yank to earn a pained groan from your lips and he then chuckled darkly against your sex. **[Shh, I know, pet. Only submit, and I will ensure you enjoy it.]** You whimpered, biting onto your bottom lip as you winced through the pain. You didn’t want to enjoy this. You didn’t want what he was doing- what he was going to do to you. And yet your body betrayed you, your arousal slick between your thighs as he toyed with you.

Tender, calculated rolls of his tongue slid effortlessly between your folds. His tongue moved with an unnatural sense of control, the tendril churned in on itself in heady waves that not only brushed against your clit but tested the resistance of your walls. You closed your eyes, knowing full well he wouldn’t be persuaded otherwise, and bore the embarrassing, instinctual shudders of your muscles. He sought deeper within you, his fingertips twitching against your skull as his free arm pushed up beneath your leg. With a short snarl, he hoisted your inner thigh against his shoulder, his large hand gripping possessively at your waist as he lashed his affections with an aggressive growl. He crammed the length of his tongue within you, stretching your walls to accommodate his testing and garnered a rather heavy moan from your lungs, a wince crossing your features.

This was far from the last patient, controlled oral that he had attempted weeks ago. It reminded you of the lich during his rut, how he had sought your flavors with fervor and left your legs trembling in ecstasy. You could lose yourself to G, who was careful about his touches. Voidster was an entirely different beast, demanding and

assertive. In the end, this was to satisfy him and you knew that. Your involuntary noises, soft and sewn with anxiety, merely fed his own feral sense of pride. He shoved and twisted within you, dribbles of translucent violet slipping over his bottom lip as he gave you no grace period, no rest. He was overwhelming you, and the shiver in your legs was evidence of it enough as your lips parted, a pant beating from your chest.

He could feel your walls tensing, reacting to his service and it spawned a subtle smirk to tug at the edges of his mouth. His warm fangs brushed against your folds as he slowly withdrew, working his tongue in agonizing detail that left you flushed and frustrated. He coated you well, going so far as to slather his warm tendril up against your sensitive nub before yanking his tongue back within his mouth. His saliva was thick, warm, and yet left you feeling so empty. You were in such a haze from his attentions, you hardly realized he was pressing back over the top of you until his wetted lips fastened against your throat. A whine slipped through your throat, his fingers loosening the hold on your hair while the other pulled at your hip, pressing your pelvis up against his twitching, hard stomach. Quickly, you shoved your palms into his chest, attempting to push him back.. but he only seemed to enjoy the way your fingertips dug into his scarred flesh.

You couldn't control the shaky groan that stole itself from your lungs, your soft, delicate breath brushing the side of his neck and cheek while his fangs buried into your flesh. A subtle, deep rumbling radiated from his ribs; the start of a growl. You could only wriggle in his grasp, an act that only inspired him further to bite deeper, holding you still beneath his sweltering form. His impatience was growing, and he clawed his way down your hip, groping along your ass to only twist his wrist upward and grind his fingers between you soaking thighs. His hand now replaced his lips between your legs, easily parting your flesh like his favorite blades. A whine pushed from you now, discomfort causing your teeth to clench as his thick knuckles pressed inward two at a time. He bent and carefully pistoned his fingers, sliding in and out of your throbbing entrance in order to better prepare you.

It didn't matter, your conscious mind reminded you. He was painfully large, and while his preparation would ease you a little, it wouldn't soften the pain of his length striking hard against the pit of your stomach when he finally took you. These thoughts were fleeting, for he pulled his head backward, dragging his teeth along your neck before finally releasing to tilt his head inward. Your eyes were closed, but you could feel his gaze drinking in your expressions with the taste of his breath simmering on your lips. His thumb then idly rubbed over your swollen nub, and you groaned against the parted lips that hovered before you. He took the opportunity to thrust his tongue into your mouth, kissing you harshly as you panted beneath him.

[That's it…such a good little human,] he murmured as you lay trembling under his touch. Surely by now the lich had to return, he wouldn't have left you for so long, not with Voidster missing. Would he? This calculated affection was scaring you worse than the careless violence he so often bestowed upon you. Nothing he was doing was predictable, and it left you feeling off-kilter in more ways than one. His shaft brushed against your thigh, and you whimpered, broken from your trance by the movement. Your body simply reacted once more, flinching beneath him you immediately took your hands from his chest, as if his hide had shocked you.

[If I were the lich, you would be mewling for me to fill you,] he uttered ironically, his movements still slow and deliberate as he slipped his hand up from between your thighs, teasing the flesh of your belly with the softest of touches. **[I'll have you begging for me yet, *my dear* .]** He traced the neat stitching on your side, moving back slightly to examine the lich's handiwork. His mate's scent was strong on the wounds, and he found it unacceptable. With a sudden, angered snarl he ducked his head down, shoving his brow against your ribs as you squeaked from the harsh nudge. He took no time draping his long, violet tongue against the cuts. Lapping and licking at the sutures until the scent of the other male was almost eliminated, the tinge of copper tickling his palette. Better. You were beneath him and you were satisfyingly compliant, attempting to catch your breath as sweat began to build upon your skin. The lich would not interfere this time, not before his claim was staked.

Smirking, he had a summoned hand draw out the jar that had been in the pocket of his trousers. He righted himself once more, his fingers leaving your belly to accept the token he brought himself. The sudden, odd movement caused you to finally open your eyes. Your eyelashes were damp as you peered up at him, swallowing dryly as he twisted the cap off, displaying the contents to you. **[Seem familiar, pet?]** The cooling scent of herbs wafted over to you, and you recognized the cream that G had once given you for your pain, after he had reacted to your "heat" for the first time. **[It's a sedative.]**

Voidster was watching you closely, drinking in the sight of your confusion like a sweet wine. "N-no," you stammered, staring at the jar, "G said it was for pain."

[Ah, it is. But that is hardly its primary use. Come now, who did you think he had developed it for? That human slut of his?] He saw the answer in your eyes, and chuckled darkly. **[Well now, it seems he is hardly trustworthy, doesn't it pet? What other things has he lied to you about, I wonder…]**

He smeared some of the cream on his fingers, his gaze raking your disheveled form. **[It is most…potent, when used on sensitive flesh. For then you see, we can enjoy the last effect. Enhanced arousal.]** You whined, shaking your head and pulling away from him the best that you could. The last time you had experienced this substance had led to a rough time that took days to fully heal from. It may stifle pain, during. But afterwards, after the effects had worn away, your body ached as it would otherwise from coupling with either monster. It was of little comfort, seeing this concoction generously gathered upon his fingers as he studied your reaction.

[What?] he asked with mock offense, **[Now that you know its true purpose, you don't want it used on you? How surprising. But you don't have a choice, pet. I will not lie to you, nor will I allow you to refuse me. The lich can say only one of those things without proving the other false, regardless of what you may have believed.]**

You fell silent, quivering and helpless to stop him as he sensuously smeared the cream between your thighs, feeling it melt from your heat as he played with you, again. Slowly, an insidious warmth began to curl into your belly, a deep itch that was kindled with every stroke of his fingers springing up within you. You panted, your hips involuntarily thrusting into the hand that pleasured you, sliding over your slick folds and hitching against your sensitive nub with precision. When he slid a long, knuckled digit into your entrance, you moaned, caught between arousal and fear. You bit your lip as a second finger joined the first, curling inwards and pressing hard against your aching walls. When his hot breath spilled over your face, your lips subconsciously parted, eyes glazed as he smirked and took the invitation, sliding his scalding tendril into your mouth to delicately explore it as he worked.

He lacked the control of the lich, his thick, twisting tongue easily overtaking your mouth and smothering your loud, shaky whining. The heat within you spread into want, to *craving.* Your body was a beast of its own now, and your spine bowed obediently beneath this Master. The rough, reverberating breaths of the demon bearing down atop of you only further sparked this newly lit desire. His need, his will, was becoming one with your own as he suddenly shoved his digits deep within you, hilting your sex against his jagged knuckles, and the cry that was forced from you soaked his bones in euphoria. A hard shudder wove down his spine, the throbbing pain in his groin becoming too much now. He had you mewling, all he needed was to hear you beg, as he had promised.

When he withdrew from your walls, your body shivered, staring up into his eyes with a spellbound, distant expression in your own. He remained just a hair's breadth away from your lips, a soft pant welling within his own chest as he murmured, **[Such a pretty, dainty little thing...look at how you plead with those soft, doe-like eyes shimmering with pleasure. Do you want more, precious plaything...?]** Some part of your sanity, tucked far in the back of your mind, was screaming for you to be silent; to be strong. But the way in which he shifted, easily hooking both of your inner thighs with his own legs, his twitching shaft mere inches from you, was too much to bear. He lifted a hand, the scent of cooling herbs and your own

flavors gracing your senses as he cupped the side of your face; passively sweeping his thumb over your cheek.

There was no room for thinking, for questioning or even resisting. You were caught, trapped in the power of his gaze with the deceptive act of affection so gently kissing the skin upon your face. You were on fire, a soft whine pressing from your lungs as you hiked a leg up his waist, tilting your hips beneath him wantonly. The act naturally drove the monster to lean further over you, the blunt end of his shaft digging against your soaking folds while a deep, burdened growl wove through his throat. His eyes sharply dilated, breath cutting from between his glistening, bared fangs as he continued with authority weighing his words, **[Sing for me, little songbird. You wish for me to ravage you with all of my power, all of my glory, don't you-?]** His fingers then curled rather harshly along the side of your face and neck, gripping at your skin.

A fearful, exhilarated breath left your lungs, carrying with it the answer, "Y-yes..." He loomed above you, jaws parted, skin searingly hot as he tucked you further beneath him. His cock pressed dangerously tight to your entrance, and your body reacted by carefully lifting and hooking your legs over his spreading stance; better bracing himself in anticipation. He paused, and it was all it took for you to slip your hands up along his back, allowing your eyes to close as you released all inhibition and groaned, *"Please, Void-!"*

Instantly he thrust himself forward, a malicious snarl etching over his facial features as you gasped and writhed beneath him. The head of his shaft easily popped within you, yet the rest of him was another matter. His patience had reached its limit, he pulled his hips back only to buck them forth once more. Your walls ached and burned with his urgency, a shiver coursing through your spine as an involuntary cry left your lips, your head tilting back while he worked himself within you repeatedly. He seemed frustrated, and shoved his free arm beneath you, propping your upper back against his muscular forearm while he stretched his other arm upwards. His fingers combed through your hair before reaching outward beneath a pillow, and this is where he dug his claws into the sheets, the muscles in his arm twitching and flexing as he pulled himself into his rocking.

It wasn't long before you felt him strike into the pit of your stomach, your form so small and fragile beneath his towering body, glistening with sweat and reverberating with the evolving snarl that urged his pacing. He kept you trapped beneath him, against him. His weight pressed into you as he suddenly hilted, sparking agonized pleasure throughout your entire body. He held himself here, feeling you shudder and hearing your panting turn to breathy, uneven whimpers. Mewling. His wicked snarl plucked at the edges of his mouth, turning it into a manic grin.

Selfishly, he hoarded you beneath him, too low to bite or to kiss, he simply allowed his chin to tilt slightly upward as he rolled his body down against you. Shallowly nudging his hips against your mound, your walls fighting every movement he gave you, and yet it only filled you with the sweetest sense of satisfaction. He sparked along every sweet spot, causing your fingernails to claw at his back, hardly even leaving any sort of visual damage on his dense hide.

A groan left his lips, honest and sultry. A rare noise from this man, your form was so tight around him, the perfect woman to pillage. Soon, his hips picked up the pace, his thrusting true and needy. He would not withdraw until he felt the resounding barrier at your farthest depths, causing you to squirm and yowl so wonderfully beneath him. Slathers of sticky, violet precum further built within you as he rested his weight in his waist and elbows. With each buck he sent you further into the mattress, powerful and dominating. His lust was unlike any other, and he panted heavily just above you, his rhythm leveling into an animalistic rutting that left his eyelids fluttering and your throat sore with heavy cries of passion.

[That's it,] he groaned above you, caught in the pleasure of having you squirm so willingly beneath his massive form, **[Accept me, take all of me. Let me fill your needy body, pet.]** A moan tinged with fear ripped from your throat; you had remembered his earlier threat. Yet what could you do, now? Your legs were spread wide and pushed up as far as they would go, allowing him better access to pillage you with. Human men had never made you feel so small before; he was

massive, and you had no hope of defying his will. The salve he had rubbed into you made you compliant, made it impossible to rouse the fear and anger you knew you should be feeling at his promise to breed you. Instead you bent dutifully beneath him, only desire in your thoughts as his cock struck through your much smaller body, stretching and filling you to the brim with pleasure.

"I...can't…" you moaned as the flame within you narrowed to a deepening itch between your legs. His large shaft rubbed hard against your sweetest spots, and your vision blurred as your walls began to flutter and clench around his manhood. Gasping, you felt yourself begin to orgasm just as he gave a guttural snarl, a hard tugging on your soul almost distracting you as waves of pleasure swept through your body. His hot, thick seed spilled into you just as you crested, his hips violently bucking against your small body before pinning themselves hard against you. He had gone so deep that barely any of his essence spilled from you, creating a stirring warmth in the pit of your belly instead.

"Wh-what did you do?" you gasped, the spell of intimacy only partially broken as he panted above you.

[Mmn, I kept my promise, pet. Don't worry, I've not finished with you yet,] he purred malevolently, eyeing your flushed and sweat-slicked form. **[After all, your heat has not yet ended, and it pleases me to breed you properly. You are mine now, and if the lich dares lay a hand upon you, he will lose it. Nothing can supercede this claim, my darling human slut.]**

"You can't," you moaned fitfully, attempting to pull away, only to have him nudge his hips harder against you, his throbbing shaft keeping his seed deep within your body. **[I can,]** he said laughingly, bending to lick the sweat from your cheek, **[And I have. You'll see, little pet. You're filled to the brim with my magic right now. I am looking forward to seeing your small body ripen, growing soft and heavy beneath my hand.]**

“G won’t let you do this,” you snarled in response, shaking slightly as a wave of fear swept through you. Voidster looks unimpressed, a slight smile on his lips as he bent to whisper in your ear. **[Trust me my dear, the lich will be in no shape to prevent me from doing *anything* once I’m through with him.]** You turned away, a tear tracking down your cheek as he watched.

“You said you loved him,” you whispered. “You were *trying* to be better, what happened to you?”

An unwelcome feeling pierced his soul, invasive and constricting. The back of his throat burned, and he found himself blinking rapidly as he swallowed the pooling saliva within his jaws. **[Did either of you truly think to tame me?]** he hissed with malice, gripping your hips and pulling you down against him until you squirmed and moaned in discomfort. **[Do you think I care what you think? You are a female, not only that, but a *human* female. Fit for nothing but pleasure and breeding. You don’t need a tongue for either of those things, pet. Think carefully before you seek to manipulate me again. I won’t tolerate it from a bitch in heat like you.]**

Snarling, he drew back his hand and slapped you hard across the face, on the same side he had struck earlier. You cried out in pain as the already tender flesh was abused once more, and knew that it would leave an ugly bruise, with or without G’s intervention. **[Now…]** he breathed, withdrawing from your ravaged body with some effort, and gathering his clothes. **[I must prepare for G’s arrival. You will remain here.]**

Like hell I will, you thought silently, glaring up at him while you lifted a hand to your tender cheek. If there was any chance at all that you could warn G, you were taking it. The monster that gazed down at you in just his trousers was not the man that the lich had grown to love and trust. Something was wrong with him, and you couldn’t let G be tricked by this creature again. You hadn’t counted on Voidster’s thorough planning, however, and were startled out of your thoughts by the glint of light on a needle he held in his hand. “No, you don’t need to do that-!” you exclaimed in a panic, backing away on the bed.

[Oh, I think I do, pet. The cream we used is already wearing off, or there wouldn't be such fear in your eyes right now. Do not fret, this won't harm the...process occurring within you. It will simply help you rest, as expectant females should be doing...] he trailed off with menace, striding to your side and gripping your arm tightly. You shook as the metal approached the crook of your arm, but surprisingly hardly felt the needle before he withdrew it. A spreading warmth in your arm was the only evidence that he had injected you with anything, as the needle had been inserted so skillfully that not even a drop of blood had spilled.

The anesthetic worked quickly, and you soon lost sensation in your limbs, your thoughts becoming hazy and distant. Your last conscious thought was regret at the pain that was surely in store for the lich. Then you were pulled under, into the dubious comfort of unconsciousness.

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The lingering scents of the Earth wafted through the lich's open zip up. He moved with a lithe swiftness, a bare whisper through the trees; a flicker of moths wings. The gait in which he crossed the ground had purpose, passion, and yet hardly left a mark upon the grasses. Lips parted, tongue searching within the confines of his glistening fangs he sought after the flavors of his mate. Any, and all traces of this male were fleeting. He had been here, once before, but it had possibly been days since his free roaming. The lich crossed to and fro around their territory which bordered the property line, many rolling acres that this monster knew fondly. However, the longer he lingered within the foliage, the more adamant his tracking became. It had been too long since he had seen his mate, and this sudden oddity in his behavior could only spell disaster.

Voidster had his routine of movement throughout the week, and hardly ever deviated from it. The lich knew that he himself had a similar schedule, easy to predict from their closeness. They knew each

other's patterns, and would hardly ever go a day without speaking casually, or showing a simply form of affection. A light touch, the ebb and flow of a kiss, the simple caress of cheek against cheek. The absence of such normalcies was peculiar, for the first day.. But then, as the lich slept unmolested through the night to wake alone, he felt an inner emptiness. Loneliness. He found it difficult to contain his instinct while out here, among the forest. His worry was translating into his expression, firm and unwavering, while his throat made the occasional soft keening at every trail lost. G found this scent to be old, and it would fade in and out until it banked back around the landscape, towards their home well shaped in the setting sun.

It was strange, he had checked every room, every hiding place imaginable and had found nothing. Not even below, in the labs could he track down his partner. Although, little airflow could be the culprit as the stinking remains of bleach bit his tongue and made it impossible to follow a scent for long before coughing. Besides, the areas of the lab were too quiet to house his companion, who commanded a presence wherever he went. A mounting frustration was dawning upon the monster, an idle itch causing his fingers to flick and curl into fists as he ran past branches. Ducking, swerving and eventually rounding to the flat, manicured edges of the lawn behind the building. This is where he fell into a soft jog, the hood of his jacket patting the edges of his sharp features as sweat trickled down his broad, tattered chest.

G cast his gaze side to side, his jaws parting all the further to try inhaling any glimpses of his companion and found none. Slowly, his paced eased into a brisk walk, the pads of his feet were well dusted with dirt and the grass only added their own pastel soil to his skin ridden with scars. He took his time crossing the yard to the back door, the lights within the building were still on. It was possible the girl was awaiting his return anxiously, or merely left them lit for his sake. He would check on her, then leave once again. He would not spend another night alone in their bed, the residual scent of his lover lulling him to a false sense of comfort. Linens were not the real thing. They were thin, and soft. Unlike the flesh he had grown accustomed too, defined and strong. It was growing to a point where the lich was missing the dark, sultry murmurs against his neck; a usual irritant, but now a wanted luxury.

The lich cast his hand out for the door, turned the knob and stepped inside silently. He was greeted with stillness, the soft flow of air coursed through the room as it normally did and he could not help the disgruntled, uneasy sigh that reverberated through his lungs. An eerie sound, near a groan, with the creaking of his jaw in the socket. He stepped without care through the living room, casting a side glance through the dark kitchen before he came to the hallway. The girl must be asleep, otherwise she would have waited for him here on the sofa, draped in blankets with a novel in her delicate hands. The silence made him frustrated, enough so that he jerked his body around the corner only to stop, frozen in his tracks. He stood panting lightly, the tension in his form melting away as he soaked in the sight of his mate taking careful strides towards him from down the hall.

Clad in a crimson turtleneck, eyes bright and hands in his pockets, the lich gave him no time to finish crossing the distance between them before he breathed, “Ah, my dear.. You must have slipped just beneath my nose-” relief flooded his expression, quickly then stepping forward towards the other man who curiously furrowed his brow, a fine grin pulling at his lips. “-I did not notice you were home, you have been unusually silent as of late and I had thought you were seeking entertainment through hunting.”

They stopped a mere few feet away from each other, and Voidster let loose a soft chuckle, his predatory, dilated eyes following the beads of sweat trickling down the lich’s strong neck, hugging the rugged scar of his breast. **[Well, you are not wrong. It seems a few days left to my instinct was the perfect resolution to my…aggression-]** his words were cut as the lich suddenly lurched forward, the man’s eyes grew wide and he braced himself for a blow, but merely received the draping of G’s arms around his shoulders. The monster let out another sigh, bowing his head into his companion’s jaw and closed his eyes. Voidster stood still, peering down at the lich with an odd squinting, he felt a stirring in his chest and promptly removed his hands from within his pockets to rest them at his partners back and hip; his usual hold.

The lich breathed in deeply, the fabric of his mate's shirt was rich in his spiced flavors and it eased his troubled mind. He fully relaxed, then. Bearing the way in which his partner was possibly gloating at such a sign of love, of concern. G continued to press himself against the other man for a few moments, soaking in his reunion before tilting his face inwards and pulled away. He allowed his knuckled, long hands to carefully pass along his broad shoulder blades, curving down into his biceps while his white eyes flicked upwards into the rather wide eyed expression of his mate. "I understand you were not...feeling yourself," he began, rather enjoying the sharp edges of his companions claws at his back, "But if you leave me guessing on your whereabouts again I will have your head, understood?"

The cold chill of his words merely drew a deeper smile across Voidster's lips, the sharp edges of his fangs peeking outward as the eyed the lich in his arms. The monster was sweltering, and the sweat only enhanced his natural, Earthy scent. It was overpowering, and made his jaws water all the more. **[So, you are saying that you have missed me dearly?]** he teased. The inquiry made the lich's eyelids twitch, and even his fingers, which gripped all the tighter to his arms. Voidster couldn't help himself and tucked the lich more tightly to his chest, a growing arousal already building in his groin at the coy mannerism of his mate. Unconsciously, he also bowed his head, inching his parted lips ever closer to the warm flesh that smelled so sweet to the deepest parts of his soul. This was his to take, just like the girl.

"I admit, my days are...rather dull without you." he stated, glancing away for a moment as his mate tentatively brushed his chin and jaw along his hooded temple. "But do not feel as if your pride trumps my frustrations with you, at this moment. Hmn.." the lich dropped his hands, attempting to step away as he turned his attention down the hall, but his mate could not find the will to release the man in his grasp. It was of no real import to G, who was used to his partner's clinginess, "I must check on the girl, I do not rightly remember if I had fed her before leaving."

A hard, violent pang filled Voidster's chest. Possessive, dominating. It nearly made him lose face before he could muster the words, bringing

a hand quickly beneath the lich's chin to turn his attention back towards himself, **[Not to worry, my love. I had spoken to her mere moments ago, as I had to inquire about where you had gone to. She is fine, and quite full- if I may add.]**

G snorted, a brow raising as he stared his mate directly in the eyes. Neither of them moved, nor blinked, as the lich studied Voidster rather harshly. Yet, he was swayed, the touch of his companion too much to ignore for he had missed it rather deeply. "If you are saying she is getting plump, that is not at my fault for you know I do not allow unhealthy diets in these walls." It took all of Voidster's willpower to force his hands to lift from the lich, the edges of his claws ripping soft holes in the fabric as G turned his back to head towards their bedroom. "Nor do I allow 'snacking' of such sugary human confectionaries...gummy candies, for instance. Dreadful, those dyed boiled bits of animal carcasses.."

[But of course,] Voidster fully grinned, a wicked, knowing expression crossing his features as he stepped after his rambling mate. He had never seen G so easily distracted, especially from something he felt was a proud responsibility. He knew that the lich had a fondness for the girl, otherwise he wouldn't be so accepting of her quiet presence as he worked within his study. And the fact that he did not recognize the traces of her scent upon his concealed flesh was also interesting, though it was a ruse he would not be able to keep up. He had expected G to take longer to return, a shower would have done wonders for his 'story' on his whereabouts but he could work with this. The lich was practically excited, an unfortunate rarity for him. The only thing Voidster could focus on was the confident strides of his mate, how he whisked himself through the threshold of their den into the inky darkness of the cold room.

Calmly, Voidster shut the door behind him, his eyes glittering against the manic smile etched across his face as he found his mate open, and alone. Though he was hardly given a moment to think of his next move, for the lich suddenly spun and pressed himself against his companion, a hard bulge riding up along his thigh. A deep, warbled growl tremored through the lich's throat as his hands were quickly ducking beneath the crimson turtleneck he wore, pushing the fabric

up to reveal his hot flesh. Voidster was not expecting this sort of reaction, and was left smirking while a satisfied rumbling took hold within his ribcage. His eyelids fluttered to the sensation of G's flat tongue pressing hungrily against his sternum, traveling downward in greedy laps. The lich could taste roses upon his mate's skin, and it caused him to bristle.

"Of course you merely 'checked' on her.." he spat, his lips twitching to brandish the obsidian edges of his gumline against the bare abdomen before him. The flowery scent coating his tongue was abysmally fresh, and it caused an inner stirring within the monster...jealousy. He had been rejected ultimately for the flavors of a small, soft, human. G's brow twitched, turning into a glare as he lifted his lips from the man to stare directly into his expression which was more than simple amusement, a cruel sort of cynicism.

"Undress. *Now.* " the lich growled, an eerie creaking radiating from his back as his spine shifted oddly. Though, Voidster remained still, his shirt pressed up over his pectoral muscles from G's own doing. Instantly, his pupils dilated, his smirking drawing into a sneer as he bowed his features down towards the lich who remained firm in his stance.

[You dare take dominance over me?] he breathed darkly, lifting a hand to cup the side of the lich's face, his thumb pressing into G's lower lip. He could feel the shaky breath puffing against his skin, even as the lich continued to feign anger by brandishing his fangs. It was unimpressive, and with a roll of his own hips the monster before him shuddered, an ease releasing tension in his eyes. **[No, it is you whom will shrug your clothing, then kneel at my feet-]** the lich snarled loudly, though Voidster just used this to shove his thumb forward, into the monster's jaws. Instead of being bitten, his mate panted, his tongue bowing to the probing digit and curled against it longingly. **[-it is none of your concern as to whom I choose to claim first, for in the end it is all the same. Now, you may either obey and do as you are instructed...or I will take you anyway, and deny you release. And judging by your cock pressed against me, you are in no position to refuse.]**

The man continued to slowly move his thumb in and out of the lich's mouth, coated in translucent, hot saliva that dribbled down G's chin. He eyed the creature thoughtfully, observing the realization enter his hateful eyes before a heavy sigh pressed out through his open jaws. The pain in his groin was almost unbearable, abstaining for as long as he had was extremely unusual and his hand did little; for what he truly craved was flesh upon flesh, sensuality. It was evident as Voidster then fully withdrew his thumb, pressing down along the lich's flat, hole punched tongue that tried to chase after him. A hazy, near drugged expression was erasing the remnants of irritation from G's features, and it caused Voidster to lift his chin with authority, and pride.

[Good boy…] he murmured, pressing down along the lich's bottom lip before allowing his hand to drop from his face. **[This is the last time I will tell you, remove your clothing…all of it.]** A soft snarl tugged at his lips as he finished, a fire working within his belly that set his veins aflame. It left room for very little patience as he watched G slowly unbutton his slacks, allowing the fabric to fall to his ankles before kicking both his pants and boxers aside. It was when he carefully pinched the edges of his zip up, staring defiantly into Voidster's eyes, that he was met with swift punishment. The cracking of his hand across the lich's face permeated the stillness of the room, and it startled G enough that he allowed his face to fall with the direction of the blow; staring wide eyed off to the side.

[Gazing at me like a stiffed whore was not in that description, neither was taking your time.] Voidster growled, a hearty thundering echoing in his chest. He noticed how the lich paused from being struck, he didn't want G to get any ideas of their game coming to an end just yet. There was nothing stopping the lich from walking away, ruining his fun. It took all of his waning sense of control to curb the shortness in his voice as he continued, **[Remove that hood, so as I may see your handsome face and lithe, quivering body.]**

The lich slowly panned his gaze back to the man before him, an odd tightness gripping his throat and deep within his breast as an ache

began to bud within his jaw. The firm, cold look that his mate gave him was enough inspiration to then quickly flick his wrists backwards, his hood drawing from the crown of his skull to fall with the rest of the fabric to the floor. The grey zip up caressed his arms before laying in a heap on the floor. He stood rather timidly, and bare. Sweat still rolled downward along his body, hugging along the various scars and muscle tones that lead Voidster's attention to his well endowed manhood. The lich was pleasantly excited, his hard, dark shaft throbbed with need; as evident by the monster's tender breathing.

[Good…] he purred, suppressing his snarl as his tongue rolled outward across his own lips, wetting them. **[On your knees, my love.]**

G didn't move, at first, but the second Voidster's expression twisted into impatience he felt his legs slowly buckle beneath him. However, the lich kept eye contact, his stubbornness knew no bounds and it only fueled the pleasure of the break that was sure to come. Adrenaline coursed through Voidster's body, narrowing his focus to one thing; the lich. He allowed the monster to get away with his avid staring, a challenge was always interesting when it concerned G. When the lich's hands came together, unbuttoning his slacks, he allowed himself to lean back against the door once more. The cool wood was a sharp contrast to the steaming breath of the lich that huffed and snorted at the flavors of a woman coating his lower belly, and twitching shaft. G carefully placed his fingertips along the base of his mate, yawning his jaws open to slide his tongue outward in a long, needy lap.

The lich's oily tendril pressed tightly to the underside of Voidster's violet shaft, and he winced at the obvious signs of an earlier entanglement. It left G feeling bitter, for some odd reason. Against the slight ache in his cheek, he wasted no further time and hastily shoved his tongue forward, threading his mate's cock and drawing his lips upon his hardened flesh. Voidster released a soft sigh, the edges of his shirt drifting back down his ribs while he parted his jaws, pooling in saliva. He watched the lich carefully, drinking in the sight of the other man shrinking back, to only duck his head forward once more. He was becoming thoroughly coated in hot spittle that dripped along the edges of G's lips and neck, a soft moan summoning from the lich as he

hugged a hand up around Voidster's lower back while the other ventured downward.

The intimate suckling sounds were hardly a distraction to the man, even as his hips instinctively nudged forward; his cock striking down to the lich's throat. G hardly skipped a beat, accepting this length with teasing rolls of his tongue along the throbbing flesh stuffed within his wide jaws. Then, the lich curled his long fingers around his own shaft, beading with precum already. He was only able to get a few strokes to his aching groin before Voidster's hand fell upon his sensitive, stinging cheek. G's eyelids twitched, and he withdrew his lips halfway, opting to run the length of his tongue eagerly across his mate's flesh. The taste was bothering him, the scent of a fertile female was frustrating and not even his hand could ebb the obnoxious itch it sparked in the depths of his heart.

Voidster's fingers tensed, a soft pant working through his lungs. Gripping the side of G's face, he violently bucked his hips forward, plunging himself as deep as possible with an earnest moan riding his next command, **[Please only me, not yourself.]** This act not only caused the lich to lightly cough and sputter, but growl as well. The vibrations dug into his master's aching cock, threatening to bring him close to the edge and Voidster merely dug his claws into the lich's skull. G refused to be intimidated, his hand still firmly locked around his painful erection while he glared upward once more. His lips were stuffed up against Voidster's flinching abdomen, and the man would have found it pleasurable if it weren't for the horrendous lack of obedience on the lich's part. It made him angry, beyond lusting desire.

[Cannot wait..?] he chuckled, **[very well.. If you insist-]** Voidster drew his hips back, staring back into the lich's dubious glare while his free hand idly lifted to the side, **[-I have the perfect thing in mind for such an impatient, porcelain bitch.]**

He withdrew from the lich's mouth with an audible popping, webbing of oily spit continued to cling to G's lips as the monster panted quite heavily. The need, the extreme heat of the man on the floor before him demanded for proper action, for deserving attention. And

ultimately, punishment.. For those eyes which he wielded against him were treacherous, it summoned an unwanted feeling locked away within the back of his mind and he fully planned on ridding of it. Suddenly, without warning, his hand struck outward again and cracked horribly across the lich's face. This time, the monster winced, releasing a grunt and shutting his eyes just before a merciless kick caught him straight in the gut.

G wheezed, easily being knocked over onto his back from the blow. He grasped at his midsection with both hands, his eyes hazed and clouded from pain. Voidster then fell on top of the lich, his knees hitting the floor with a hearty thudding that echoed through the entire room, jostling various drawers in a dresser nearby. He fell just between the lich's legs, his stance broad and forceful, capturing the lich's thighs against his waist. He threw his hands forward and clasped onto G's throat, thumbs overlapping, his heart racing with the excitement of the moment. With all of his weight, he leaned into the act, effectively cutting blood, and airflow, from the lich beneath him. Instantly G reacted, attempting to shriek and snarl but was only able to gurgle. Wet, and pathetic.

Voidster's anger grew tenfold from the twisting, creaking form of the lich beneath him. Flinching and snarling through the effort of pinning the monster against the cold, wooden floor. G gasped in vain, choked and wrung from air he was left with no other option. He flung his hands upward and clawed at the forearms of the man he had trusted, the skin beneath his fingertips was easily parted, sliced into shallow ribbons that ran deep crimson rivers along his forearms. The sticky, flowing blood pooled up around Voidster's hands, trickling down upon the heaving, strained neck clasped within his malicious fingers. But, in the end, his powerful strikes and thrashing body fell into a sort of desperation. Instead of batting his assailant, the lich thrust his hands outward and grasped onto the man's shirt, pulling the fabric while his eyes stared upwards. Voidster drank in the betrayal crossing his partner's features, G's lips were pulled back, baring his fangs in an eager, nearly terrified frown.

[Hold still, my pretty little possession-!] he barked, gaining the monster's fading attention as he gaped wide eyed at the shadowed,

manic expression beaming down at him. A tight, soft wheezing pressing through the lich's throat. **[I will have you yet, but we must finish this foreplay, must we not?!]**

Then, the lich's eyes grew wider. The tinges of some far removed emotion began to creep inward, for no matter how he tossed his body against the ground, fighting against the hands taking consciousness away from him, he could not break free. It did not take long, the struggle was harsh yet Voidster felt no pain, only euphoria. He took the blows from the lich's knees catching his ribs in dutiful strikes, simmered in the growing incoherent expression growing upon G's face.. His manic grin grew wider, baring his gums in a wicked smile that allowed a quick, sudden, delirious laughter to break his lips apart farther and farther. G soon was unable to focus, he gasped dryly, nothing was able to puncture the pressure applied to his throat and his eyes began to roll back into his skull. The vicious kicking he had attempted fell to a pathetic writhing, and the last thing he felt before the final waking moment was stolen from him, was fear.

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He woke to the dull ache of clotted blood on his abdomen, the scalpel tracing idly over his skin as Voidster contemplated the body beneath his hands. The light was harsh, fluorescent and bright, and he realized that the other man had taken him down into the laboratory beneath the house. Into the room where he found release from the buildup of negative emotions, a process they both ironically called "therapy," which was closer to torture than anything. But it helped. Except he didn't need it right now. Having found his mate, he had felt relief, even contentment and a small flicker of happiness. Until Voidster had turned on him, choking his consciousness away with a deft grip.

As his awareness returned, so did his fear. He shouldn't be here, strapped to this table, under his mate's knife. In Voidster's current state, there was no telling what he would do, how far he would take things. **[Ah, you're awake.]** A brief pause followed the words as G's eyes adjusted to the bright light, and he saw the other male standing over him, wearing a manic expression of near insanity. **[It was very**

rude of you to fall asleep, I had to carry you here and risk disturbing the rest of my human. She needs it, you know. Her rest.] His violet eyes glittered queerly, and G swallowed.

"Why?" he asked hoarsely, the only thing he could think to say. Perhaps if Voidster could be persuaded to talk more, he'd better understand what he was up against. **[She grows heavy by my hand,]** the other man replied simply, resting his splayed claws briefly on the lich's belly to illustrate his words. G felt a brief wave of nausea sweep through him, then dread. If Voidster had truly mated with you, any semblance of control was gone. He knew that G was vehemently opposed to such a thing, and had not only done it, but was bragging about it.

Swallowing again, he struggled to sit up, only to find that his arms and legs were strapped to the table, just as if he were here for a session of 'therapy.' "Untie me," he growled, fixing his wrathful gaze on the other man. "You had no right, you know that we share an equal claim to the human, you know I forbade you to breed with her."

[You may forbid me *nothing,]* Voidster returned with a snarl, his hand coming to rest rather heavily on the lich's chest. **[She came from *my* timeline at *my* hand. *Your* human is dead. I shared this one with you by choice, and I've rescinded that decision. If you go near her I will end your miserable life, as you have begged of me so many times. Or perhaps I'll simply let you live it at a new level of pain you had not even imagined.]** His other hand came down hard, in a fist against G's chest, and he felt the shock of impact before he realized what Voidster had done. His breath was stolen in a harsh, quick wheeze from the act, a cold, sharp edge had been swiftly planted within his hide. The scalpel was embedded up to the handle in his flesh, driven in by the other monster's fist. Black blood welled up around the blade, and Voidster laughed, a silken, deadly sound.

[Your body will repair the hole, won't it? Just as well, I'm in the mood to penetrate your flesh with more than just my cock, beloved.] G shuddered, his eyes widening at the scene before him. He was used to pain, but this merciless stabbing left him shaken. His eyes

wandered the glinting edges of the scalpel as Voidster's fingers shifted to a tighter grip, bubbling oil oozing from the puncture. The chill of metal was not only in his breast, but also in his back and it was then that he belatedly realized that he was naked, still, though Voidster was fully dressed. G licked his lips, before muttering through his pained wince, "Don't do this. You are...not yourself. Don't destroy what we were building together." The brief shock in the other man's eyes was a blessed relief until it melted away, replaced with cruel calculation. **[You are mine, just as the girl is. I will do what I please, and you will thank me for the privilege of being my victim.]**

Voidster glowered down towards the lich, his fangs nearly fully bared as he then wrenched the scalpel from G's flesh, accompanied by a howl of pain as the blade twisted upon exiting. **[I much prefer your screams to your self righteous prattling,]** the beast commented with a wicked grin. When he brought his hand down again, G flinched, shutting his eyes in preparation for another stabbing.. but the man simply caressed the skin with the blade, a thin trickle of blood following the path of his fingers. The black, pungent life force of the lich was steaming from the monster's sheer body temperature. Voidster certainly appreciated how the billows of soft smoke twisted and danced up along his blade, gathering soft dew drops upon its cruel surface.

[You're clearly in need of therapy, my dear,] Voidster murmured, his bladeless hand reaching up to cup the side of the lich's face, tearing his attention away from his scalpel to stare longingly into his lover's eyes. **[Your disobedience earlier was unacceptable. You should know better than to test the limits of my patience. Know that I do this for your benefit. This guidance is what you need. Your soul was crying out for discipline.]** Suddenly, with a flick of his wrist he tore open another section of the lich's skin. A new, deep cut that crossed the divide in his pectoral muscles, Voidster's head tilted as he then observed the flesh attempting to knit itself back together. The process was much faster in these types of cuts, the ones he exclusively adorned the lich in. Though, the open puncture in the monster's chest would be an interesting addition to the collection.

G moaned, his head turning to the side in pain and grief. His mate was out of control, and he could only hope to survive until sanity found him again. And that was highly unlikely, he was trapped now.. his foolish illusions of his mate's recovery had led him to this situation. A game with no correct answer, no winning path. He was left panting, heaving beneath the interested fingers of his companion, running wildly through possible outcomes, possible ways to dissuade the mania in his mate. But he knew, there was none. G's brow furrowed as he stared upwards at Voidsters expression, intricately laid in sociopathy.

[If you escape, you can go to her. I'll carry you myself if you're unable to walk.] The deep voice interrupted his thoughts, dragging him back to the present. G's lip curled, and he closed his eyes. The fog of trust had been lifted, he knew the type of creature he was now dealing with. A narcissist, a manipulator, an untethered murderer.

"I'm not playing that game with you, my love. We both know you only wish to see me struggle." He may not have many choices, but there were still certain cards he could play.. so, he decided to fold, entirely. This was all for his partner's amusement in the end, and he would grow bored soon enough. Besides, a fight would possibly set off another bout of mania from his mate and he would surely not be walking away from this table by the end of it. G balled his hands into fists, feeling how the tight leather around his wrists bit into his flesh as he stubbornly stared upwards at the ceiling. The lights above were blinding, yet his jaw went rigid and he refused to further look at Voidster, something inside of him was turning ill by his crazed appearance. It was not only his throat that ached.

[True, but at least my way you would be able to cling to the illusion of valor, instead of allowing me to slowly break your will to my own.] The other man paused in his taunting, dragging the scalpel down the length of G's shuddering body as he walked down toward the foot of the table. **[And I will, if I must. Struggle, my dear. Entice me. Or I'll fetch the girl to make this more entertaining. You know that I threatened to cut out her tongue if she screamed? She doesn't need it to be bred like the slut that she is, perhaps you would like to watch the maiming?]**

“Leave the girl be, she’s done nothing to deserve this,” he growled, almost against his better judgment. If Voidster knew he cared, he would continue using you as a taunt, but if he said nothing, the other man might fetch you simply to force him to admit it. He would have to find some way to help you...to… terminate the abomination sown within you, but he wouldn’t be the reason for you to suffer further pain and humiliation.

Voidster frowned as a stubborn expression fleetingly crossed his mate’s face. He was content to leave you where you were- resting and recovering for another round of entertainment, but the lich might force his hand if he continued refusing to respond. A slight smile twitched his lips upward as an idea came to him. Gently, he laid the edge of the scalpel against the sensitive arch of G’s foot. This was nearly virgin territory, marred only by the almost invisible scars from that night so long ago, the first time the lich had sought the refuge of his blades. Slowly, he cut into the sole of the foot, parting the flesh easily until the tendon was laid bare before him. He was so focused on his work that he hardly noticed that G was screaming, had been screaming since he began cutting. Wonderful.

[As for your screams...they fall upon me like music. Never would I think to silence them, my love.] He removed the blade and watched the oily black fluid ooze from the wound as the lich’s scream faded to a pained moan and then a muffled sob. So many nerve endings in the hands and feet, but G’s hands were already so scarred. This was almost like a fresh canvas, begging for the stroke of a master’s brush. The lich’s body could heal itself, but a scar would linger, and pain, pain remained nerve-searingly fresh after the fact.

Thoughtfully, he trailed the blade against the delicate toe-pads, pressing just enough that G flinched beneath his touch, but not enough to do any real damage...yet. **[Ah, your flesh is so sensitive here,]** he murmured with delight, tracing the blade back the other way as the other monster panted and twitched. **[I had nearly forgotten.]**

“Please *stop,* ” G begged, hoping to appeal to whatever trace of his beloved remained in the monster looming over him. “This is unnecessary. I don’t want this.” **[Nobody ever does,]** Voidster remarked almost offhandedly, **[But it pleases me, and thus it is necessary.]** He smiled down at his panicked mate, pressing the blade harder against the cushioned pads of his toes, the skin opening like a rose blooming beneath his hand. A whining keen left the man on the table, struggling against his bonds despite himself. **[You see? Even your dignity is cast aside, you tremble like a *human* beneath my touch. How pathetic. Remember the option was there, if you think to despise me for it. Although I will admit that I prefer this way. I always have.]**

The tenderness in those violet eyes nearly undid him. It was hard to remember that it was a tenderness borne of insanity; nothing more. But how that expression tugged at him, how he wanted to yield to it. He knew that expression promised nothing but pain, and yet it seemed to offer comfort, respite, if only he yielded. His arms naturally strained against the bonds keeping him tied to the table, his muscles winding as the hurt within him piled into something more.. Into rage. He couldn’t keep these words back, he couldn’t keep silent, this was no meditative session. It was flat out torture, betrayal. “Before you disappeared, something had...changed, within me..”

Voidster allowed his eyelids to droop, nonchalantly tracing his blade’s edge dangerously up between the lich’s toes to his protruding knuckles. He allowed G the time to talk, a deep set grin stained upon his face as he listened. “It was the first night in which nightmares could not find me, the most restful sleep I have had in.. what feels like centuries.” He flinched, pulling reflexively at the ankle bound in leather by Voidster’s incessant prodding. Slowly, he swept his tongue across his lips, locking his gaze with the man at his feet and breathed, shaking his head, “what you are feeling now, it is blinding you-” without hesitation, Voidster curled the blade inwards, hooking within his toes to slice open the subtle webbing there. G gasped, a suppressed groan seething between his teeth while his features contorted into pure pain.

[Your attempts to manipulate me will get you nowhere, my dear.

I am not one so easily fooled, as you should know. You will bend, and bow, to my instruction…Feasting upon every gift I lay upon you with the same sort of tenderness you instill in your loving necking.] He casually blinked across the writhing form of his mate who was pulling uselessly at the thick, blood stained straps that kept him exposed, and deliciously vulnerable. Voidster then lifted his blade, pressing the pointed tip downward into the top of the lich's foot, between the straining bones protruding behind their assigned knuckle. Still, G continued with his attempt at breaching the insanity caging Voidster's soul.

"How far-?" he growled out, still in obvious agony as his skin was thinly sliced towards his ankle. The question still took hold of his mate's dwindling attention span, and their eyes locked fully once more. The lich lunged against his bonds, nearly jostling the table- much to Voidster's satisfaction, his grin revealing the sharp edges of his teeth now. "How far can you carry us, before this all falls apart?!"

Slowly, the question fizzled bitterly on Voidster's tongue and his brows creased inwards. His smile faded, a stern, near angry expression crossed his features but before he could dare speak G continued. The lich snarled, yanking heavily at his arms and legs in unison, his lips curled into a wicked sneer, "At what point do we balance, and at which point do we falter?! Because you are treading this line-!" The man returned the lich's angry glare, his hand easily falling to the side, his blade flaying the side of G's lower calf in one long stroke. The monster let out a short cry, a new gush of blood beginning to well and pour along his ankle onto the shimmering metal surface of the table. **[Your rambling is driving you clearly mad, and your tone is hardly appropriate for your situation-]**

"I will not forgive you for this-!" A harsh exhale was drawn from his lungs as another quick pair of cuts became acquainted with the first upon his calf, Voidster was playing the limb like a well tuned violin, and the chords he struck certainly rang true down to the lich's heart. He continued to squirm along the table, his inhales audible wheezing as choked cries beat out from his lungs. He was losing blood, too much blood. G could feel himself growing colder the more his body heat escaped the numerous vents having been sliced into his body, the

hot trickling of oil was little to hide this side effect.. One that normally only settled in until the end of a session, where his mind remained high, and his being relaxed. This, this was a bloodletting.

[Have you learned when to remain silent?!] He bellowed, clasping onto the limb beneath his blade with his free hand. The man cupped the appendage right beneath the thigh, pulling the leg into a soft bend as he hovered the scalpel farther up the scarred flesh beneath him. G was forced to squint through the tears clouding his vision, staring outward at the man who was hunched above him. The pupils that honed in on him were thin diamonds, constricting all the further while the glinting of the scalpel in his hand alerted the lich to the next cut that was soon to come. Voidster slowly tucked his equiped fingers beneath his mate's knee, and the lich knew he could not prepare himself for this. There was a hearty pang in his chest from staring into the eyes of the man whom he had intimately kissed, lied with, and painted in breathy, loving whispers amidst the softest of linens.

Whatever that being had been, whether it be a truth or a fiction, was now just a pure uncertainty within the lich. He began to realize that the violence that inhabited this man, whose touch used to be so controlled, thoughtful in a most passionate way.. It was always there, residing deep within the roots of his personality. Controlling, vindictive, powerful.. Selfish. Had they really had each other, or had this man simply possessed the lich for himself? He recalled a word, a subtle, resounding vibration within the fibers of his being, *'forever'*. G seemed to find it harder to see, a deep ache bundling into a knot within his breast as he murmured, "Oh.. How I had *loved* you.."

This seemed to strike Voidster, his brows twitching as an itch began to scratch and burn at the back of his mind.. But it was not powerful enough to douse the all consuming rage of such a thing to say, *"loved"?* No, another game, another trick of the mind. The lich was his, and he did love him. He knew of it, certainly.. 'Forever'. The man slowly twirled the scalpel between his fingers before suddenly snatching onto the metal, and with one powerful stroke of his arm he slashed the underside of G's knee. Severing the tendon, splattering blood across the table, applause to the lich's wicked shrieking of pain. His spine bent, back arched impossibly up from the table as he

writhed and stared at the flickering lights above them. The lich's cries were too wild to call a soul, yet they still impeded the electricity around them. It did little to hinder Voidster's wrath, however.

[YOU DARE LIE TO ME-?! You. Are. Mine! Everything that you are, everything that you feel, is *mine* - and mine alone! You attempt to strike me with words, but it will get you nowhere-! You cannot manipulate *ME!*] The man was utterly seething, hardly hearing the agonizing outbursts of his subject as his blade led his fingers. The stained bit of metal flew repeatedly beneath the lich's leg, succinctly laying lash upon lash down the back of G's calf. Boiling, slick sludge soon coated his hand, and arm. The wet splatters of blood striking the metal with enough force to sing through the table. Flashes of bright white would cover the both of them, only to send them back into darkness as this blade's victim continued to scream, and scream. He was helpless against the taunt bite of the leather wrapped around him, even as the material burned and ate away at his hide until deep black rungs remained. Slipping the undersides of each belt with sticky, chemical infused blood.

Soon, slashing was not enough. And Voidster drove the wedged, sharpened blade repeatedly upwards, peppering the lich's thigh in deep gouges that wept profusely; much as he did, gasping and shaking against the table. The lich's body instinctually was contorting, attempting to break itself to become free from the sadism that gnawed on his leg. His bones, and body, beat back against the metal table. The noise was simply drumming, music flowing to the beat of whatever life continued to course through the weakening heart within G himself, the fissures in the foundations of what was left of him came bursting apart. And he sobbed, truly, pathetic and weakening beneath the sweltering violence of the demon delivering upon him blow after blow. His form was on fire, the entirety of his right leg was nearly maimed, ribbons of his meat hung beneath his tremoring, near convulsing, limb.

The table beneath the lich was being shaken to it's core, the thundering of metal against meat, against blood, against concrete, reverberated through the halls of the basement. Booming across the empty cells, and lobby. The noises of madness even ascended the

stairs, and spread outward through the open door concealed with the closet. Perhaps, even, the scent of blood slipped across the hard wooden floors. The lights up here dimmed now and again, a flicker here or there. But the light within the girl, collapsed in the tousled sheets, switched with a start.

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Your heart gave a heavy beat, an indescribable weight was pressing against the pit of your stomach horrendously. You gave a moan, clutching to your fragile torso as you twisted onto your back. A hissing breath stole from between your clenched teeth, your fingertips stuffed against your abdomen. Cramps, that was a light way to describe it. It more so felt as if a horse had kicked you straight in the guts, soft tissues left to bruise and swell. Faintly, bits and pieces of imagery flooded into your mind, reminding you of what happened. The way he played with your body, growled against your shivering body, and rode between your thighs with a heavy lusting that left you exhausted, and beaten down. Your stomach flipped, suddenly feeling extraordinarily nauseous you jerked your body to the side of the bed to cough and wheeze towards the ground. Luckily, you hadn't eaten, but it didn't stop your body from attempting to rid itself of pollution.

"Oh god.." you groaned, your ribs heaving as air racked through your tender form for a few more moments. It took a bit for the fit to subside, and you remained hanging off the edge of the bed, gathering the dizziness swimming behind your eyes. You breathed deeply, drawing a hand up to your features to cover your mouth. Though, as you rolled over onto the mattress once more, falling heavily, a noise continued. At first, you thought it was the last bits of air escaping your tired throat, but then it wound up again. A distant, muffled, howling. Wolves..? Maybe a coyote? No, you've heard it before.. A gasp suddenly took hold, your eyes flinging wide open as you recalled how the lich somberly called after you during his own rut. It had stolen his sanity, left him nothing more than a beast.. A pure, meaningful misery.

"G-" you wheezed, a pang resounding within your chest as you

forcibly fought your tormented body into a seated position. The sound continued, and moisture welled within your eyes. It took longer than you would have liked to stand, clutching your stomach with one hand while you stumbled and caught yourself against the open doorframe. Gazing down the hall, you instantly took noticed of the open closet door, and your panic only mounted all the further. The lights on either sides of the hallway were flickering as you quickly changed, not bothering with underwear as you dorned a t-shirt and some sweatpants. You were trying to move too fast, and nearly made yourself dry heave again as a light headed spell swept over your form, leaving you useless, leaning against the wall as blackness faded into your vision. It took only but a few moments for the sensation to ebb, yet the longer you stood, the more and more uncomfortable the pressure in your stomach became.

You braced an arm across your abdomen before throwing yourself out into the hallway, a stumbling, tripping mess as you flew to the open door. You didn't bother pausing, or even thinking for that matter, as the distressed, wet, gargled howling was only louder. It sounded as if he were being crushed to death, desperate, miraculously still conscious. You had to get to him, you had to help him. Not even the ever encroaching illness of your stomach could stop your feet from flying down the steps, pulling the heavy metal door open with both hands only to jump inside. The sound was deafening, and you had to wince through it, bearing the horrendous volume as you pressed further inside.

The hallways were a maze of corridors and useless rooms, frustration began to mount as you did not feel all that close before you started to hear a voice, a voice that made your tongue sour. It was muffled beneath the weakening cries of the lich, having worked down to a pitched, exhausted whimpering. **[See, isn't that better..?]**

Gasping, you stumbled around the corner, eyes wide as you took in the scene before you. Voidster wore a crazed, triumphant expression, his hands and forearms splattered with black blood, a dripping scalpel held in one hand. G lay barely moving, strapped to the table, his body a welter of oozing cuts and slashes. His leg was a mess, and you soon felt a new wave of nausea overtaking you, forcing you to your knees

in the doorway as you began to retch and heave. A keening moan left your lips as the heaving of your stomach made the cramping in your belly worse, and you wrapped one arm helplessly around yourself, using the other to stay propped up against the floor. The two men in the room were forgotten, until the crisp sound of Voidster's dress shoes interrupted your misery.

Frowning, he knelt, taking in how you quivered, grasping your abdomen and panting. **[Ah, I see the sedative wore off. But brooding females should remain in bed, shouldn't they, pet? Especially one so fragile as yourself.]** He reached for you, and you cried out, lunging away in a futile effort to escape him. Sighing, he easily gathered you into his arms, the scent of G's chemical-laded blood stinging your senses and making your nausea worse. Luckily, it seemed that he had wiped off the worst of it while you had been sick, but the stench was still more than you could handle right now. Cold sweat broke over your skin, the heaviness in your belly making it hard to focus on anything.

Angrily, you growled, much like the two monsters would with your teeth bared. "You psycho! Let me go-!" Your voice was shrill, kicking and fighting against the man who easily held you against his broad chest, sticky with sweat and splatters of blood. Clawing against his arms, his shoulder, you stared past him towards the table, absorbing how motionless the lich was and felt all the more ill. You cried out his name, tears welling in your eyes as Voidster pressed out of the room to the hall. He was swift enough in his gait that you were too late to notice how G responded, his head slowly rolling to the side to gaze incoherently towards the open door. The room around him was spinning, and he laid still while the softest whispers of his breath passed through his lips.

Still, you screamed, clinging to Voidster's back and chest as overwhelming emotion crashed into you like a wave. Your ribs shook, nearly convulsing from the depth of the mind searing scene you had walked into. "You killed him-! Y-you *killed* him!"

The man simply continued to grin, the lich's blood was acidic and bit

at his skin, surely leaving behind burns but he didn't mind. He kept his focus straight ahead, his gait an elegant stride that you hardly felt as he whisked you back towards the stairs. **[No, of course not…not yet, anyway. The lich's endurance is rather incredible, I look forward to examining that trait further once you have been returned to your proper place.]** While he spoke, he could still hear your pathetic whimpering, repeating your woes like a broken record. It irked him, his bled anger threatening to spike once again as he gripped you rather painfully. **[Fussing over the lich, again..? Mnn, seems as if you need to be reminded of your loyalties to me, your lord.]**

"I don't owe you anything-!" you shouted, knowing it was useless to try to fight him, and the ache within your guts caught and twisted in on itself as you squirmed. It pressed you to settle down, physically. In a soft sob, you bowed your head and closed your eyes tightly. The smell of G's blood was thick, nearly suffocating. "I *hate you* , I've *always* hated you- *you fucking lunatic..* "

[We'll see about that, pet..] he murmured, shifting you ever so slightly before bringing his leg up to kick the door to the stairwell open. The blow jostled you horribly and stole your breath, a light cry leaving your lips but he just chuckled, slipping through the opening to ascend the staircase. **[We shall see.]**

The doors slowly came to a close far behind him, the soft clicking of metal permeating the stillness of the lab as the lich's limp, half curled hands slowly began to ball into fists once more. His arms trembling under the strain. He had his chance, now. And it was either he took it, or he would die here, useless and tear stained. He refused to end that way. At one time, he was the most powerful being on this Earth.. And he wouldn't give up that title so easily. He was the last force able to save not only himself, but you, from things worse than death. It was his responsibility, after all. His promise.

Chapter End Notes

"He could escape while Spot is riding Void to save him."

Voidster's Rut (Part 3)

Chapter Summary

It gets sad, then sadder, then sadder.

He strode down the stairwell, leaving you sedated and tied by the wrists with his belt to the bed frame. It was irritating that he had to restrain you, but with his magic inside of you, your reaction to drugs such as the sedative was unpredictable at best. Another interruption was the last thing he was in the mood for.

Irritably, he made his way back to the room where the lich would be lying strapped to the table, freely bleeding and awaiting the touch of his master's hand. Except when he returned to the room, G wasn't in it. Oily black blood dripped from the table's edge, coating the restraints which appeared to have been bitten through. He would have to use stronger rope next time, he thought, baring his teeth in fury and frustration.

[G!] he roared, his voice vibrating throughout the small, tiled room, **[Where have you gone, you wretch?! Return to me at once!]** Silence answered him, laying heavy on his mind as he snarled and paced. Oh, he would find his wayward mate, and when he did, the punishment for his treacherous, sly behavior would be far worse than anything the lich had experienced thus far. The memory of his lover's final words burned in his mind like a brand, searing away his logic and reason. *How I had **loved** you.* The lying bastard. His love wasn't something he could withdraw so easily, not when Voidster was the one who had claimed it. His mind refused to believe that such a powerful, valuable thing was so easily lost, denial weaving through the haze of his rut until he was quivering with the effort not to scream.

There were no footprints. He noticed it offhandedly, and then his attention sharpened, honing in on that fact. There was no way the lich

hadn't left some kind of trail in his effort to escape; he was bleeding too profusely to hide it. With the heightened gaze of a predator, Voidster paced around the table, his lips curling against the harsh scent of the chemical blood that filled the room. Saliva welled in his jaws, and he swallowed hard, before a spatter of something wet and warm hit the back of his neck.

Growling, he glanced around, his eyes eventually trailing upward, to where the lich's blood was slowly oozing from a vent that happened to be positioned directly above the table. A space the lich could fit into, with his ability to bend and contort his body. A space that Voidster's broad shoulders had no hope of entering. He snorted in disdain, eyeing the dripping blood and wondering how far the lich could have traveled in the short time he'd spent restraining and sedating you. Surely he couldn't have left the house, and Voidster doubted that G would abandon you now, even if he had been capable of walking.

[Crawling in the vents like a spider suits you,] he muttered bitterly, turning away from the room. **[Only mind where you scurry, little spider, or you'll be crushed.]**

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You lay in a drowsy half-sleep, resting on your side and staring out the window as the day lengthened into afternoon. Chips had enough food to last a few days at least, you hazily remembered, sighing restlessly as you fought against the effects of the sedative. It wasn't as powerful this time, perhaps because he had tied you up he hadn't felt the need to drug you as harshly. Still, you were distantly aggravated at him; at all of this. The weight in your belly was like a stone, and while the cramps had eased; your misgivings had not.

Frustrated and fitful, you almost missed the quiet sound of the door opening, the stealthy footsteps approaching the side of the bed where you lay. "What do *you* want?" you mumbled, turning your face away from the thumb that caressed your cheek. **[That's no way to greet**

me, pet. After all, we have been so intimate lately…] His warm breath washed over your face as he bent to brush his lips against yours, his caressing hand tangling in your hair to keep you still as he kissed you.

"You are a sociopath and I hate you," you pronounced clearly when he released your mouth, turning your head to rub your face against your bound arms. **[Yes, you've said that already,]** he responded, unimpressed. **[And yet your body has accepted me, it seems.]** "Wh...what do you mean?" you asked warily, heart caught in your throat. **[It means what you think it does, my dear. Clinging to ignorance will not change the fact that you seem to be in…discomfort.]**

"Bastard," you spat, paling slightly despite your bravado. Had it really happened so quickly? You didn't know how the process worked with monsters, but there was no denying the sense of "fullness" in your abdomen, or the cramps and nausea you had experienced earlier. You hadn't really stopped to think about it, but now it was easy enough to put two and two together. "Why did you even do this, was it just to fuck with G?! Just another sick game you're using me as a pawn in-?!"

He growled then, crawling over you on the bed and lowering his face to nuzzle against your throat. **[You are a female in heat. I have merely claimed my right as the dominant male. Do not overthink it.]** You hesitated, wondering how much of this had been caused by him rutting, wondering if he would change his mind after his rut had finished. Would he be angry? Would he hurt you, or would he merely think it was some entertaining game, as he had seemed to before?

For the first time, you really considered the behavior of the man hovering above you, and you realized how feral and unstable he seemed. Was he reacting to your presence the same way that G had when he was rutting? The lich had kept you secluded, protecting you from Voidster and mating with you every chance that he got. Voidster had said that he wasn't of a conscious mind to breed a human, and yet it seemed that Voidster himself, was. Was this what would have happened if G had been more coherent and less of a feral beast, or was

it simply Voidster's perverse nature that had brought this about? It troubled you greatly, but there was nothing you could do now.

[Speaking of which, you do care about the lich's welfare…don't you?]

An odd question, one that instantly made you wary. "He's alive?"

He frowned, pausing in his movements. **[Of course. But he suffers for his folly, and if you would buy him a reprieve, there is something you could do for me.]** You had a good idea of what that 'something' might be, and grimaced. "Why don't you just force me like you always do?" He chuckled against your throat, lowering one hand to caress your breasts and belly. **[My dear, you wound me. The actions that led to your…condition, were brought about as a result of you *begging* me to take you.]**

"You drugged me," you responded flatly, flushing despite your cold words. Your body was responding to his gentle touches, and a faint whimper escaped your throat. Smirking, he lifted his head to look at you, violet eyes gleaming. **[But you enjoyed it. Just as you enjoy this.]**

"I d-don't," you gasped, your words sounding ridiculous as he dipped his fingers between your legs to find your waiting heat, impatiently shoving aside the thin panties you wore. He laughed again, dragging his tongue up your throat and breathing into your ear, **[No? Interesting…]** He slid one knuckled digit into your slick folds, easily parting them to press against your walls, then adding another finger as you squirmed. His thumb idly toyed with your clit, while his other hand brushed over your breasts, against your hardening nipples. He inhaled the scent of your skin, rubbing his face against your shoulder as he did.

He was so focused on you that he didn't notice the lich braced against the doorway, covered in wounds and panting slightly as he and you stared at one another. So, he really was alive. G raised an eyebrow as if in inquiry, and you shook your head ever so slightly. Even if he did intervene, there was nothing he could do while so horribly injured. The worst had already happened to you, and with a regretful glance at the lich, you turned your attention back to Voidster, allowing a partially unfeigned moan to slip through your lips. It kept the beast distracted, and when you dared to look back at the doorway, G was gone. You tried not to think about how terribly sad and tired he had looked, and wondered how much had been on your behalf, or whether Voidster had truly broken his heart this time.

You were distracted by his fumbling at your hands, releasing the tight bonds that held you captive. Once you had been released, he rolled off of you, onto his back. He watched with a half-lidded gaze as you rubbed at your wrists where the blood flow had been restricted. When you ceased in your movements and looked at him, he beckoned with one hand. **[Come here, pet.]** You bit your lip and glanced at the doorway, which remained empty. G needed time. You knew he healed fast, but he was in bad shape, worse shape than you were. And Voidster seemed to be in a gentler mood, or at least his actions were leading you to believe that. You knew how dangerous it was to underestimate him.

Reluctantly, you knelt at his side, biting back a squeak of surprise as he lifted you effortlessly, and settled you over his lap. You could feel a hard bulge grinding against you, and your skin prickled as he smirked, his hands resting on your thighs. Your oversized t-shirt and panties didn't afford you as much coverage as you would have liked, and soon even that was removed, as he pushed your hands aside and lifted it over your head. Left only in your panties, you flushed and folded your arms over your breasts, glancing away. He chuckled, bringing one hand under your chin to raise your eyes to him. **[Attention on me, little human. You know what to do, I believe, based on your actions some time ago with the lich.]**

What? You gazed at him in confusion, before your position over him as well as his reclining form, woke a memory within you. It felt like

years had passed since that quiet morning you and G had spent together in the living room, enthusiastically rocking your hips together as you straddled him, working toward mutual bliss. You flushed in sudden realization. “You *saw* that?” You squirmed in his lap, distinctly uncomfortable with where this was heading, but his hands had settled on your hips, holding you firmly in place.

[Of course I did, pet. And I will not have you withhold from me the same luxuries you have bestowed upon him. After all, my claim on you is far more permanent than his, now. You would do well to remember to whom you owe your loyalty.] He exhaled, the soft sound of his zipper pecking at your ears as you felt a scorching heat through the thin fabric between you. **[Take me,]** he intoned, reaching down and hooking one thumb against your panties to push them aside. Now nothing was between you and the blunt head of his shaft rubbing against your sex.

You hesitated, and his face grew impatient. **[Having second thoughts? I can fulfill my needs with the lich, if that would please you more.]** Swallowing, you shook your head, and carefully reached down, gripping his length in one hand as you tilted your hips to fit him into your entrance. His breath hissed through his teeth when you sheathed the first few inches, hard muscles shifting beneath you as he restrained himself from thrusting upward. **[Mmn yes, keep going,]** he murmured, voice strained and breathy.

You rocked your hips upward, then down a little further, taking more of him in. He was uncomfortably large, and you wondered if you would be able to fit all of him on your own. He seemed to share your thinking, for the hands on your hips tightened, pressing you downward slowly and inevitably. Nearly hilted, he was stuffed against your cervix, and you braced your hands on his massive chest, panting. You had to take control again, or he would do it for you, and you weren’t sure you could take such roughness right now. Straining slightly, you lifted from his cock, beginning to work yourself along his length at a slow but steady rhythm. Surprisingly, he let you, dropping his hands to brace himself better on the mattress, drinking in the sight of you riding him. Because you were able to go at your own pace, you relaxed slightly, glancing up at his face to see his eyes hazy and

unfocused.

He swallowed, saliva welling behind his jaws as your tight walls embraced more of him, sinking deeper within your small body. It was a challenge to restrain himself from taking control of the situation, but the ecstasy of having you on his cock, wet and willing, eased the frustration. He hadn't understood the appeal, watching the lich let you ride him, at first. Now he began to appreciate the sensations you bestowed upon him, urging you onward with a slight, instinctive bucking of his hips. Allowing you to take control helped you relax, and he found himself more deeply hilted than he had ever been before. His fangs itched, and his tongue tossed restlessly behind them, aching to taste the salt of your flesh.

Hearing you pant and moan despite yourself scratched at his primitive instincts wonderfully, igniting a blaze of desire within him. How soft and delicate you were, scented like roses, his magically enhanced seed already softening and ripening your small body. Another scent, that of your newly developed pregnancy, spilled over his lips, and he rumbled deep in his chest with feral pride. You were his, now and forever, and he wouldn't let the lich near you to interfere or couple with you himself. Each of you belonged to him in your own ways, and his rut pushed him to an unusually possessive state. Like G, he felt a driving need to protect you from other males, letting none encroach upon his newly conquered territory.

He exhaled softly, bringing his claws up from the mattress to carefully caress your breasts. For the last few days, he had not slept or eaten at all. The exhaustion that another monster might feel only resulted in blunting the edge of his need, allowing for an almost tender moment between the two of you as he stroked your sides, and you arched beneath his touch. He was dimly aware that without the strain on his body, such lovemaking would be near impossible, despite how his rut pushed him to care for you, in his own way. He had spoken truly before; it pleased him to breed you properly, and knowing you were already heavy by his hand was no deterrent to the pleasure of mating. It was an instinct he catered to without reservation, and he had been lucky to have a female already in heat, waiting to be used as instinct dictated.

Finally, his hands dropped back to your hips, rocking his own pelvis upward while pulling you down to meet his thrusts. Your slow pacing had been enjoyable for a while, but he needed a faster rhythm to reach completion; and you did as well. Your body accommodated him with only a little pain, having been prepared by your easier tempo for a deeper, harder drop onto the cock that speared you. He did not take you quite as roughly as he desired, and the tiredness that tugged at his mind helped moderate the blaze of hunger that burned in his belly. A heated, sweat-slicked female in his lap was an enjoyable sight, and he urged you still harder, feeling your walls clench and flutter around his aching shaft. When he felt you tighten deliciously around him, when you moaned and quivered in his hands, it was enough to tip him over the edge, following you into the throes of bliss.

He pinned you against his lap, spilling scalding ropes of his essence deep within your small body as his hands on your hips gripped tightly enough to bruise. It slipped from your folds, filled to overflowing, and dripped down between your bodies. You panted and slumped, resting your forearms against his heaving chest while you tried to catch your breath. It had been an intense experience, and surprisingly pleasurable. Voidster had been far more restrained than you had expected, especially given his current state. Swallowing, you started to climb off of his lap, but were restrained by his grip on you. Without warning, he rolled onto his side, bringing you with him, still intimately joined as his hands released your hips to hold you against his sweltering body. It was almost like...cuddling?

“Wh-what are you doing?” you mumbled against his pectoral muscles, raising your hands to push ineffectually at his chest. **[Be still,]** he replied, slight irritation in his voice. Then you felt his jawline rubbing against your hair, marking you with his scent. This was getting really weird. You cringed in his arms, and felt his hold around you tighten, forcing you to comply with his demand. He wasn’t hurting you, but this behavior was...strange, even for him. Finally seeming satisfied, he stopped huffing and rubbing against you, holding you more loosely as he relaxed. One arm curved under your side, curling around so that he could rest a clawed hand on your belly, heavy and possessive. The other followed the line of your back, keeping you close without pressing you as roughly against his broad chest.

You gave up on trying to struggle; it only annoyed the monster holding you, and every moment he spent distracted was another moment for G to recover his strength. Despite his gentle treatment of you now, you couldn't forgive him for hurting the lich like that, or for what he had done to you. Even now the heaviness in your belly returned, cramps cuing a soft whine of discomfort, which prompted the monster holding you to tuck you more firmly against himself. "This is your fault," you muttered bitterly. **[Be quiet,]** he retorted, sounding so like G for a moment that it startled you.

Silent and resentful, you let him hold you, his fingertips flexing against your skin as he shifted to better breathe in your scent. The stillness and near peace of the moment was surreal, his steady breathing the only thing that broke the silence. "Voidster?" you ventured, prepared for another surly reply, yet all that answered you was a faint growl. "Hey," you tried again, leaning away to try to get a glimpse of his face. His eyes were closed, features relaxed in what looked like...sleep? He had fallen asleep? Frowning, you wondered if he was simply playing a trick on you, but he didn't respond when you reached up and tentatively patted his cheek.

Well, at least you could go check on G now, if you could get free without waking him. Carefully, you tried to lift his heavy arm from your side, where it pinned you to the mattress and against him. He remained still, but you could barely lift the limb from the awkward angle you were working with. Sighing, you tried instead to slip out from beneath the arm. A deeper growl startled you, and you glanced back at his face to find him still asleep. Almost there. You tried again to squirm out of his restraining embrace. This time, a low snarl answered your efforts, his arms unconsciously tightening around you, dragging you back against his warm chest as he nuzzled into your hair and sighed, before relaxing again.

This wasn't going to work, you thought with clear irritation. Voidster wasn't a man you felt comfortable around normally, let alone when he was pressing over your back in such a vulnerable state. It was too weird, too foreign, and never had it happened until now. G was

different, he could be soft, you could relax with him.. But not Voidster. Never Voidster. For now, though, there was nothing else you could do. He was already gripping you so tightly, tucked within the cage of his arms; a beast lying with his prey. For now, you'd have to wait for him to fall deeper into sleep, where he could not be roused. Easier said than done, for his body was slick with sweat and the heat pressing from him was nearly suffocating. You wouldn't be getting any rest, that was for sure.

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Elsewhere, the lich had managed to carry himself into his bedroom, a slippery mess of oil left within his wake. It was hard to see, agonizing to move, let alone balance and put one foot in front of the other. Really, he had to drag his right leg with him and keep his weight against the wall. He wasn't sure what energy was left within him to continue like this, to press forward, to try to take care of the damage wrongfully done to him. G didn't bother with the lights, he prefered the darkness, and the inky trails left from his mangled body merely added their tones to the shadows haunting the room. Everything was still, so.. Cold. The softest whispering of the lich breathing was all that there was, the only tangible evidence of life as he passed through to the bathroom. He fell into his rhythm, blocking out, forgetting- and ran the water of the bath, nearly collapsing to the floor but settle to sit down upon the large tub wall.

The tile was sheer, and frigid, but he hardly felt it. Instead, he allowed his body to slump, bringing his hands to his face and let his right leg sit straight before him. His body was on fire, yet the numbness of his skin and lowering internal temperature kept him from recognizing the signs of shock and abuse. Even the cascade of rushing water was not enough to ease the newfound memories scalding his mind. Unwanted flashes of fangs, familiar violet eyes and the torturous moment of being torn asunder beneath their ire. A harsh realization, one that he should have known from the beginning.. That Voidster was certainly as much of a demon, as he was a monster. Yet, that comfort, and that love, had seemed so real.

Slowly, the lich's features pulled and twisted, his fangs baring within the holes of his palms while a timid shiver wound through his back. He could feel the sludge-like strings clinging to his wounds before pattering against the smooth floor, his blood was so weighted, attempting to seal the atrocities done unto his leg met with little success. He knew his injuries were far too vast to attend to them all himself. The pain alone was abysmal, it left him light headed, dehydrated. Bleeding out was little concern for the lich, he knew death was not so easily attainable through sheer practice, and a single attempt months ago. No, that would be too...convenient. Another tremor wound through his back, and he felt lead within his breast, deep beneath the surface coated in blackened slick. He knew this feeling, it was loss.

Carefully he lowered his hands, blinking through a hazy film to peer into the tub, which was rapidly filling. Good enough. He refused to let this new bereavement consume him. He would push it away, as he always had. This weakness of the heart, of the soul, would only let this sensation linger; unlike a human, it would never kill him. There was no point on marinating further in his thoughts, and without a word he allowed himself to slip backwards into the scalding water. It accepted him, embraced him with loving arms, but it spit like salt and stung with acid against his leg. He heaved, new tears glimmering within his eyes to only spill down his cheeks. The ribbons of meat that clung to him somehow re-lived their dire lacerations as the lich forced his leg beneath the water.

A choked series of grunts and whimpers left his throat, and he acted quickly, trying to distract himself from how his limb was being eaten alive with pain. He was thankful for his own laziness a few days past, for he had left the herbal treatment on the side of the basin. The mixture not only smelled pleasing, but would help coagulate his wounds, cleaning them in the process. There was no more finesse left within the lich, however, and he simply tore the top off of the glass box and dumped all it's contents within the water greedily consuming his upper body now. With a swift toss of his arm, the container went sailing to hit and shatter across the bathroom floor. He brought the hand back towards him, a series of twitching and near convulsions muscle spasms taking hold of his very core.

His blood had turned the water a deep grey color, rapidly succeeding into pitch blackness, and the green mixture fizzled with its contact. He could silently bear the flames engulfing his maimed limb, but now, with the healing concoction instantly surging forth to bury within his open flesh, he couldn't hold it in. The hot water sloshed around his rigid body, lapping the sides of the vast tub to spill onto the floor accompanied by his deep, reverberating snarls that lended themselves into woeful, choked cries. This was his life now, pain.. Pain upon pain, upon pain. He slammed his balled fist into the side of the tub, his jaws yawning open as far as they could to release a fitful roar that shook through his ribcage. The water around him teemed with vibrations until the outburst faded to a soft, keen, whine. He allowed his head to drop backwards, his throat bared to the room as he heaved and panted. The sounds of fizzing, hissing, was drowned out against the background of rushing, clean, near boiling water from the faucet.

Agony was something he knew, intimately. Yet this, this was more than just a physical sensation. More than acrid electricity eating away at his marrow. This was the sign of an ultimate injury, like the one across his chest, seeming to melt into the slurry that was his new bathwater. He knew he wouldn't lose the leg, and he reaffirmed this fact as he gulped down air and focused on his breathing. But he did not know how it would fare, if it would cripple him. And that thought alone brought further noises to stretch through his throat, hissing against his fangs as he brought up his free hand and bit into his knuckles. He shut his eyes and panted, his other hand reaching out across the tiled edge of the tub to dig his nails into their stony surface.

The minutes passed by, and the longer he soaked, the medicine began to truly work. Eventually, he released his hand, and allowed his form to slump within the tar-like water. The heat relaxed his body, now. He succumbed to it. There was no more feeling in his right leg from the hip socket downward, peppered with not only gouges from a blade, but deep stab wounds that even licked his femur. His mixture did what it was supposed to, and now, he shuffled his free foot along the bottom of the tub, snagging the drain and tipping it to allow the heavy sediment on the bottom to escape. Flushing the ill water out, while new continued to waterfall downward. He hoped it would be enough to consider cleaning the wounds of his leg, for the ones on his chest were still heavy with clotting.

In any other instance, he would have felt annoyed at the filth coating his hide. Now, he didn't bother wiping away the smeared chunks of blood. He simply allowed his skull to rest back against the warming tile, steam smothering his skin and clouding him from the room. Surely, the smell of his heated, bloody stew would attract his vicious mate, if his earlier cries had not. Although, that was not what troubled him. Idly, he rolled his tongue behind his teeth, and ached for a hard drink. For awhile the pain externally was handled, smothered into nothingness by his own medicines, the ache within his chest was nearly as blinding. He hoped for hallucinations, for possible rest, but received only stillness around him.

Before, there had always been a plan. To recover, to then hunt and reclaim. To feed his pride and establish his territory and possessions.. Though, as he laid here, he came to the conclusion that there was nothing to plot. There was no type of revenge that he wanted, that he felt was just and complete. He allowed his head to roll to the side, his eyes flickering while he stared out across the fog spilled room. Somehow, he found his voice, it was a murmur riding on a soft breath, "What shall you have me do...my love..?" He faltered, beginning to blink rapidly as a dryness clamped onto his throat and he whispered, "I wish to see you...but I know you will not await me, not for what I have allowed here."

He closed his lips, his teeth fastening together in a tight grip as the muscles beneath his skin wound just along his jaws. There was a tugging as his soul, he often felt this when despair settled, when his thoughts became too loud. He longed, so badly, for the touch of light to soothe his turmoil and bring him to serenity. His soul still called, beckoning into the still void around it. Defiant. Alone. He could feel the dim, churning energies of the girl across the house, and the blood red, oppressive aura of his mate... But no other. There never was. Still, this time, he kept searching, and the longer this went on for the tighter his face became until he heaved, a light tremor working into his body. "Please.. I need you.." his claws dug further into the tile, their forms creaking as some even suddenly cracked, splitting along the edges to the blood vessels at the ends of his fingers.

Yet, still, there was only the cold bite of no reply. A feeling he thought

he had grown accustomed to, but the sore, tender ache within him drew him to a new line and he searched fervently. He saw the forest, the small life housed within it, and even the cat lounging on the roof, soaking in the sun without a care or understanding of it's namesake. The world had moved on, naturally, as it did. But he was trapped, suffering in a moment in time that merely repeated itself. His punishment, sorrow. Then, he could feel his ability slipping, waning quickly into nothingness. Like pulling from a dream, much too fast. Attempting to prevent the inevitable moment of waking was futile, and he was suddenly well aware of where he was, again. The heat of the water soothing his body did little to ease his mind, and soul. The warm stone beneath his fingertips was dull, unmoving. A flavor of herbs was in the air, as was the oily musk of his blood, surely to stain the grout around his body. He found himself staring, in no particular place, to no particular thing. There was simply emptiness within him, and his attempts to escape it only left him exhausted, wrung dry and weak.

He spoke, again, his thoughts leaking aloud in a murmur, "what shall I do now…? What is my purpose..?"

A quiet, calm stillness blanketed him. He knew Voidster could survive well enough on his own, as he had for centuries. The girl was sure to die, possibly soon. There was no responsibility left to life, no deed that couldn't be done by any other person. The world would keep going, regardless. As it does, and as it had always done. He did not fear the void, the eternal emptiness of the unknown. He did not fear Death. He knew intimately well how it worked, how to feed it, how to appease it, how to deliver it. It was only a matter of meeting it himself. For a moment, he thought of allowing the water to take him, it would be easy to slip beneath the tide and forget. It was not all that different from drinking, afterall. But an itch, clear in the back of his mind, plucked at the strings of his consciousness and it told him, ' *not yet* '.

It was a response, a brief one, but one all the same. It wasn't her, but it was something.. something familiar. A thought tugged at his mind, reminded of how possessive, how protective he became during his own rut. Despite your fragility, it was possible that Voidster was taking care with you, that you would survive long enough for G to

come to your aid. The thought of your...condition...filled him with conflicting thoughts. A feral, primitive side of himself wanted to challenge the claim of the other male, filling you with his magic instead, wresting fatherhood of the child away from Voidster. It was a thought that was easy to dismiss, for now. He was far too wounded, far too exhausted to have magic to spare for such a deed. Still, it scratched at his feral side to have a female made gravid by another male, in his home. It was his territory, and as such, he should have first claim to a female in heat, regardless of Voidster's ridiculous notions about bringing you from his own timeline.

Another part of him knew what his love would have wanted, for him to aid you...to protect you. He was wounded, he might be crippled, but he still might perform this one task. You had no one else in this timeline, having been stolen from your own. It was possible that Voidster might regain his sanity, his control. If G could keep you alive until then, if he could terminate the abomination sown within you, there was a chance he could send you away. Somewhere safe, if not familiar. He had tried before, and you had adamantly refused, but surely now you would agree.

Or, he could offer you the solace of a clean death.

Softly, he rolled his tongue in his mouth and swallowed dryly. He would only have so much time here, in his comfortable solace. A deep, held in sigh washed through his lungs and purified his airway, allowing his eyes to close once more. He breathed, and for now, that's all he could manage to do. Still, it was a settling sensation. He was alive. The to and fro of his own breath quelled the knots in his stomach, their pace well practiced and easy to fall into. Sleep would not find him, not now, but a light doze would be fine enough to allow his broken, mangled, leg to fuse its clots. Sub par to needle and twine, but it was the best he could do. Just as he breathed, nearly good enough to live. In this moment, things were alright, they were quiet and comfortable. He allowed that mood to lay heavy upon him, he was so tired from fighting...and this peacefulness was easy to accept.

His consciousness slipped, lulled to sedation by the white noise of

rushing water, masking the barefoot, careful footsteps against the tile as a shadow crept inside.

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It was some time before Voidster slept deeply enough for you to slide out from his arms, pushing your pillow towards him when he reached out with a clawed hand, sensing your absence in his sleep. He grasped the pillow hard, tucking it to his chest and burying his face in the fabric, which smelled like you. Breathing a sigh of relief, you found your discarded shirt, pulling it over your head before you left the room, carefully shutting the door behind you. Your movements were purposefully slow, afraid of even breathing too hard before this man came crashing on after you. A soft sigh pressed through your nostrils, your lips digging deeper into the edges of your cheek, he was behaving rather peculiarly but it was a perfect opportunity to go on after G. His bloodied chest and solemn eyes were the last thing you could truly remember, having been caught up in distracting, and satisfying, Voidster.

It wasn't difficult to find where he had gone, for he had left a trail of blood from your doorway clear across the long hallway that parted the foyer and living room. The oily, slick, dishevelled trail made you feel all the more nauseated, and you did your best to avoid stepping in it for you knew how the lich's essences were acidic. Soft spindles of steam twisted upward from these blood stains and smears, the further along you went, the more aggressive this substance was for it even burnt the wood beneath it.

You could feel your teeth sinking into your bottom lip as you were forced to dance around such a horrible mess, almost as if a wounded dog had ran through here, knocking into the walls and scrambling against the floor. Decorative furniture was askew, and there were hardly any clear footprints in the obsidian substance, more so a stumbling, grotesque struggle. This was something you'd never seen happen to G, his gait was all wrong, broken. Not in all the fights he had with Voidster, not even from his most drunken nights, would he ever step like this.

The new, supposedly natural way in which your guts ached and twisted, was certainly growing worse as you hesitantly crossed through the open double doors. A bloodied gouge that had been sewn into the wood at eye level caught your attention, but you continued forth anyways. The bedroom was dark, due to the heavy curtains drawn before the windows, and it made it difficult to navigate around the blood seeping into the floor. It led to the bathroom, the door was opened just a crack, and you timidly set your hand against the warm surface. It took you a moment to gather your breathing, preparing yourself for what could be laying await inside. Your heart nearly stopped when you finally pushed the door open, shyly entering the steam-wreathed room. G was lying nearly submerged in bathwater that had turned murky black with his blood, his eyes closed. Gasping, you swallowed hard before venturing, “G…? Are you...are you alright?”

You bit your lip harder, the tinge of copper spilling at the tip of your tongue as you pressed farther inside. That was a stupid thing to ask, and you winced at your own words. Clearly he wasn’t, based on the amount of blood he had lost. Yet when he cracked an eye open to look at you, his expression held no annoyance; only exhaustion. He seemed to not recognize you at first, his eye squinting as his brow lowered, becoming rigid. Besides this, however, he did not move.

You rushed to the side of the bath, instantly shutting off the running faucet into silence, and fell to a crouch to better see the lich. You rested your hands on the rather hot tile before you, speaking carefully. “You’ve lost a lot of blood,” you murmured worriedly, slipping to your knees, not minding the lukewarm water coating your skin. “Can you get out of the bath?” His eye closed, and for a moment, you thought he might ignore you, or slip into unconsciousness. Then, with a deep sigh, he sat up, black water streaming down his pale chest in rivulets. Slowly, painfully, he struggled to his feet, leaning heavily on the wall. You blushed at his nakedness, turning away to fetch him a towel from the counter. You listened to the sound of the water flushing from his body, even spilling out of the tub onto the floor as he stepped free to the tile. Standing in an odd, hunched manner. Hesitantly, you turned and handed it to him, long moments passing before his blank stare registered what you were doing, and he took the plush fabric from

you.

He didn't bother drying himself, instead simply tying the towel at his waist, hiding the worst of the damage from your worried eyes. You had averted your gaze from his nudity, something he would have found amusing under other circumstances. Now it simply served to prevent you from seeing the mangled limb, although you would likely take the gesture as a token effort at modesty. His grip on the tiled wall tightened, supporting his weight as he limped towards the bedroom. The drain made an odd, gurgling noise, even though it was still mostly full.. His blood, you realized, was clotting the bottom of the basin. This idea was only solidified as you noticed how he walked, your eyes widening and your heart felt sick. You thankfully kept your thoughts to yourself, following behind him as he favored his right leg painfully so. G wasn't a fool, he could feel your eyes on him as he struggled. He had noted your pallor and the way that you trembled. You were struggling in your own way. Likely an effect of Voidster's magic within you, forcing changes that your body was attempting to resist. The both of you were afflicted by him, now.

Carefully, he limped from the bathroom, focusing on his steps until he reached the bed, his side, that is. He didn't disguise his pain, and merely fell to his hip, keeping his right leg straight as he eased back against the pillows and stretched out on the smooth silk sheets. So. He was a cripple, after all. The thought embittered him, and he added it to the tally of his lover's sins, along with your apparent weakness and discomfort as you came to stand at his side. It was unsurprising that a fragile, gray soul was responding poorly to an attempted breeding. It was even possible that your body might reject the process entirely, if you survived long enough. Then again, he didn't like your chances of surviving a miscarriage, either. Altogether too weak, he thought irritably. Such a claim should never have been staked, it was irresponsible and selfish. He let his cold anger at your treatment distract him from the pang of loss he felt at the discovery of his leg's weakness, and his future as a cripple. Time enough to marinate on that, later.

For now, he turned to meet your concerned gaze, asking, "How are you feeling, my dear?" in a voice rusty from his cries of pain. You

frowned, folding your arms and avoiding his eyes. Instead, you peered at his damaged limb, covered in horrible, uneven black slashes that oozed in some spots.

“I’m...fine.” you swallowed, letting your eyes close to shut out the horror just within reach. It was wrong, so wrong. “You shouldn’t be worrying about me. Your leg-”

“Is strong enough,” he interrupted, waving a hand to dismiss the matter as the other came to rest over his chest lazily. “Do not concern yourself with me. I have survived worse, and I will survive this.” *Whether I wish to, or not,* he added silently. Still, he noticed you did not respond, nor did you open your eyes. Possibly trying to regulate your uneven, stressed breathing. This prompted him to continue, “Where is...my mate?” he soured at the word, “I did not think he would leave you unattended so soon after he burdened you with his magic. Such a process would make him even more possessive than he normally is.”

“He’s asleep,” you responded, pulling a face. He studied you as your brows furrowed, but your voice remained soft, “After we...after he...you know, he passed out. I’ve.. Well, I’ve never seen that before.”

“Unsurprising,” the lich murmured, “The rut has driven him fiercely for several days, he will not have eaten or slept during that time.”

“Yeah, he was actually sort of...gentle?” you ventured, missing the flash of pain in G’s eyes at your words. Carefully, you sat on the edge of the bed, opening your eyes with the softest flickering that drew your focus back to his features. His sockets were so deep, so dark, but his white eyes met with you, and you continued. “It’s all just so unlike him. But I can’t forgive him for what he did to you-” Your expression darkened, and you glanced self-consciously at your belly, burdened and tender. “Or me.”

The lich reached outward, resting a shaky hand on your stomach to confirm what your scent was telling him. His touch surprised you, and you quickly looked back up into his expression, which was always so difficult to read. Though, you could gather what he was feeling, a mutual sickness between the both of you was tangible. Sighing, he dropped his arm, the lines beneath his eyes deepening. “If we survive until his rut is ended, I may be able to help with your condition. At this moment, however.. There is nothing I can do.”

“It’s okay,” you murmured, reaching outward to place your hand atop of his. It was his turn to be affected by action, for his eyelids twitched as your fingers slipped between his, holding his hand with courage, and confidence. “I didn’t come find you for, for this-” you gestured vaguely at your abdomen with your free hand, smiling crookedly. “-I was worried about you.. There is.. There is a lot of blood in the hallway, you must be feeling dehydrated, or something.” A nervousness entered your chest, but his gaze softened as he watched you search for the proper words, and you breathed them quickly. “Is there anything I can get you-?”

You broke off as his eyes suddenly flicked behind you, his expression growing cold and hard at what he saw. Flinching, you began to turn, but were interrupted by a strong hand wrapping around your upper arm, dragging you backward, away from the lich and off of the bed. G felt your fingers slip from him, and his hand remained turned upwards, his digits slowly curling towards his emptied palm while he glared upwards at the man towering above the both of them. His voice was deep, clearly aggravated at best. He scowled back down towards the lich lounging across the sheets, vulnerable- pathetic.

[Not only did you bleed all over the floor, but stealing my human as well? Tsk, it seems as if the lessons I bestowed upon you didn’t take, did they? No matter, you are far too weak to compete with *my* claim, and as it happens, I have time to reeducate you, my love.] A summoned hand darted forward, easily capturing your wrists and pinning them to the wall behind you. “Let me go,” you snarled, struggling despite the sickness that still twisted your guts. **[In a moment, pet. I doubt the lich is fit to escape, but I’ve been proven wrong before.]** Baring his teeth in a feral grin, Voidster

stepped forward, the belt he had used to restrain you now in his hands. Deftly, he secured G's arms against the bed frame, yanking hard and ignoring the hiss of pain that accompanied his rough movements.

When G did nothing but slump in his bonds, allowing his head to droop against his raised bicep, Voidster stepped back, satisfied. He snapped his fingers, and the hand that held your wrists vanished, allowing his own clawed digits to encircle your small forearms. Mercilessly, he pulled you behind him, bringing you back to your bedroom. **[You reek of the lich. Tell me, did he breed with you?]** You colored, attempting to yank your arms out of his grasp. "Wh-what? No!" **[If you lie to me, I will know,]** he snarled, **[And he will suffer for your transgression.]** "He didn't *breed* with me," you growled back, irritated. "He's not like *you.* " **[Hmn, your ignorance is amusing.]** He didn't sound amused, he sounded angry, and that translated to the grip he had around your arm. **[Instinct would drive him to claim you himself, if he wasn't…inconvenienced at the moment.]**

"You mean if you hadn't mutilated his leg!" A wave of emotion overwhelmed you, and you found tears standing in your eyes as you were forced to keep pace. "How could you do that to him?!" He snorted, eyeing you neutrally. **[I did nothing more than he deserved. And now, attempting to steal you away…what does he deserve?]** You paled, interjecting even as he tugged you along back down the hallway, "He didn't steal me, *I went to him.* I was afraid for him." Voidster scowled, waving one hand. **[A likely tale. No doubt you would lie to protect him, but I saw how he touched you. *Silence.*]** You had opened your mouth to argue, but hesitated at the malice in his command. You had reached your destination now, and he easily flung you inside before him. He hardly seemed to care as you stumbled, his temper was fired and the muscles within his strong neck were twitching as he growled down towards you. **[You will remain here. The consequences will be dire if you disobey me in this.]**

Over the months, you had grown used to his behavior, but his sheer size was still a terrifying aspect about him. Still, your own ire kept a fire burning within your breast and you kept eye contact, glaring in

defiance as you idly rubbed at your sore forearm. He instantly recognized your lack of submission, a deep, dangerous reverberation building in his core and he took a hard step towards you. This is where you faltered, flinching and averting your gaze as he reached towards you. His hand fell rather roughly against your shoulder, easily knocking you off of your feet and onto the bed. **[If I must break two horses in one night, I shall. Is that what you wish for, my pet?]** He was baring his fangs as he spoke, and you could hear it in his tone. You refused to look at him, instead you shirked inward, wrapping both arms around yourself as you sat there. Head tilted to the side, you shivered as you felt a sharp claw trace the contour of your cheek to tuck your hair behind the bell of your ear.

[Good girl..] he cooed, that tang of aggression still heavy against his tongue. **[Conserve your energy.. It seems as if you will need it. The sooner you give into my will, my magic, the process will go much smoother.]** You shuddered again, your fingertips digging into your arms as you beared through the way he eyed you before finally turning and walking away. The door closed, and you released a shaky breath, easing your posture to look towards the other side of the room and this is when you heard the bolt lock. You were trapped, yet again. While you had an adjacent bathroom, and access to water, food should be the next thing on your mind.. It wasn't. You knew where Voidster was headed next, and he was sure that G was doing things behind his back, to spite him.. To challenge him. The lich was so vulnerable, he wouldn't be able to fight back in his state. It was possible that was the last time you'd see G alive. A pang of regret and panic filled you, pushing your nausea to a new height. Quickly, you flung your hand over your mouth, doubling over as shaky, heaving sobs began to take hold. You were helpless, you were no monster, you couldn't possibly break down the door- and even if you did.. What good would come of it?

For the first time in a long time, your heart reached outward. Hoping, praying, that G could get away again. That he, and you, could survive this. Your grip tightened against the sheets, balling the fabric against your palm as frustration, and pain, flooded your system. It was overwhelming, and after a few moments of this, it left you light headed, temples throbbing, and guts knotted. You had no choice but to trust in the lich, he survived Voidster for so long before all of this.. He could survive this. The thought did little to settle your anxieties,

though it would have to do for now. In the meantime you decided to stand, meandering to the bathroom to get a drink, and wash up. You never knew when things would change, and you needed to be prepared for it. Taking care of yourself was the only feasible plan, and it distracted you from the atrocities that could be unfolding just across the foyer.

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G lay in an awkward position, his shoulders painfully wrenched by the belt that bound his upper arms. He hated his helplessness, but more, he hated the man who had caused it. Grimacing against the pain, he tested his bonds, and found that he was too tightly bound to escape. There was a sick familiarity here, reminiscent of the leather straps that held him to the table nearly an hour before. Even if he freed himself, he would never be able to outrun Voidster. Nor could he simply hide, besides, that was a cowardly thing to do. He refused to grovel in his own home, in his own territory. He was simply exhausted, and he idly turned his head, resting his brow against his arm as he sighed. The dull, numbness in his right leg was fading, and he could feel the pressure of his wounds carved in his hide. He knew the medicine would last well into the night, and he would feel no true agony until then. It was a bitter comfort.

A brief reprieve was what he was given, and he allotted to take it. His eyes slowly closed. The room was cold, and he too was chilled, lacking so much blood and energy that his temperature had lowered considerably. There was nothing to be done about this, besides the softest shivers coursing through his muscles. He did well ignoring it, too hazy, too tired to think. The lich began to slip again, this horrid reality fading away as he dozed, just barely beginning to enter sleep before he was stirred by the heavy footsteps of his mate heading towards the room. It was a sound he had longed for just the other day; now, it filled him with dread. G didn't bother moving, let alone opening his eyes, as he listened to the other male step inward, seeming to ignore the blood splattered across the ground.

Voidster pressed into the bedroom, his pupils constricted despite the

shadowy interior. His lips were pulled back in a malicious grin, and he strode to the side of the bed, gazing down at the man who lay prone upon it. **[Unfortunately, you wouldn't survive another session of therapy. You've lost too much blood. Perhaps instead, I'll remind you of your proper place in this hierarchy. Beneath me.]** G said nothing, refusing to meet the glittering violet eyes that studied him. He laid limp, and stubborn.

[Nothing to say, love?] He knew full well the lich was awake, and he would not be tricked so easily. **[I would think you had learned a measure of obedience, but I know better. The human thinks that I grievously wounded you, but why then, did you think to steal her away from me? It belies your true condition, does it not?]** Still the lich was silent, still as a statue except for the slight shiver that shook his frame. Smirking, Voidster drew closer, leaning down to brush a kiss against his mate's silent lips. The flesh against his mouth was cool, and the lich's breathing was just a soft note of flavor against Voidster's tongue as he murmured intimately. **[I know you miss rutting with my pet. I'll have to find a way to remedy the loss.]**

"Don't," G murmured, barely above a whisper. It caused his mate to take pause, his lips hovering against the lich's. "I have nothing more for you to take." The other man swung himself onto the bed, crouching over the prone form of the lich. The act jostled the mattress, and G instinctively snarled, a hard wince crossing his features. **[Mm, I disagree.]**

The sweltering heat of Voidster's body warmed his own cold flesh. One clawed hand hooked into the edge of the towel, pushing it down and away from his body. The other caressed his face, trailing a thumb against his lower lip, before rising to undo his restraints. This action prompted the lich to crack open his eyes, glancing upwards at his mate just as he fell back heavily against the bed. He was barely able to get his bearings before he was grabbed and flipped onto his stomach, roughly handled and forced into a steep spinal arch. Voidster pressed over the top of him, digging the bulge at his groin into the other man's bare back.

G groaned from the pain of his sore, aching body being jarred and molested. His right knee slipped, being unable to properly feel that limb. Voidster released a frustrated snarl, his hand digging into that hip as he quickly pulled him upwards again. The lich responded by attempting to weakly snap over his shoulder, his teeth clacking together loudly as a dry, warbled hiss wound through his throat. This threat went unheeded, however, as his mate simply continued to grind himself downward, his heavy breath washing over the back of G's neck. **[Do not act as if you don't want this. I vividly recall how wantonly you welcomed me when I had returned. My rejection was difficult to accept, I know. Now I will take you, as you longed for.]**

"You already fucked me on that table," G spat, his chest being pressed down against the sheets and face nearly smothered into the pillows. He twisted his features to the side, gasping for breath as Voidster's arm kept his hips raised, but used his upper body to pin the lich down against the sheets. His sheer weight, and size were always his go-to technique, and this time G lacked the strength of his own to struggle against it. He could feel Voidster shifting, his free hand drawn to his lips, slathering his fingers in saliva before ducking down to his groin. The man had started to chuckle, but was interrupted by his own breathy moan as he freed his cock and prepared himself properly.

Pressing the head of his slickened shaft against the lich's entrance, Voidster paused, removing his hand to lace his fingers with those of the man lying beneath him. He nuzzled against the side of G's face, his breath hot and heady. **[I am going to enjoy this immensely,]** he murmured, his lips caressing the lich's sharp cheekbone. For a moment G said nothing, his expression exhausted as he turned his face away. Then he whispered, broken and defeated, "I will never forgive you for what you have done to us." Voidster pressed forward slightly and scoffed, chuckling as he said, **[Humans are nothing more than toys to deities such as us, my dear. Your sentiment is misplaced.]** A brief pause followed, before G replied, "I was not speaking of the human."

The male was silent, his arm around G's stomach tightening as he pressed forward, into the tight heat of his mate. He buried a few

inches before pausing, panting against the lich's face. **[I do not know of what you speak. Our relationship is unchanged, and that includes your penchant for being dramatic.]** He smirked, shoving forward another few inches, his weight forcing G's injured leg to buckle beneath him once more. His mate panted and heaved, moaning in pain as his injuries were reignited beneath the weight of the man above him. Voidster paused in his movements to untangle his fingers from G's, tenderly muffling the cries of his partner with his hand as he whispered, **[Hush, love.]** He slid a few fingers into wetted lips of the man beneath him, pressing down on the lich's tongue to further stifle his cries.

Tears tracked down G's face unheeded, as the male on top of him pushed forward, intent on taking his pleasure. Soon, Voidster was hilted within him, releasing a faint moan at the tightness that sheathed his cock. He bent his head, biting down on the juncture of G's throat and shoulder, burying his teeth as he buried his aching shaft within his lover. How sweet the lich tasted; of fear, agony, and betrayal. Twisting his tongue along the scarred flesh he had captured in his mouth, the beast withdrew slightly, rocking his hips enthusiastically against the firm buttocks of the other man. He shoved his fingers further within G's mouth, tightening his arm to pull the lich back into his thrusting.

The fear, the trauma and pain were enough that the lich's conscious mind finally faltered, seeking refuge in softer memories as the other man moaned and buried his shaft within him. The first time they had made love; truly, made love. Not the violent rutting of their first encounters; vicious fights for dominance that left them both wounded and exhilarated. The first time he had seduced Voidster, smiling against the curve of his throat, speaking soft words of passion that drew the other man into a haze of bliss. His sharp features softening, violet eyes warm with intrigue and desire. How he had seduced the violent, untameable beast, coaxing him into a bed to tangle for hours of soft exploration and heady lovemaking.

The man that he lay beneath now was not the man he had grown to love. It didn't matter to the heated beast that his mate lay limp and unresisting in his arms. It didn't matter that he drew muffled sobs

instead of soft moans from the lich's throat. He was lost in the bliss of his rut, untouched by the guilt of his crimes, thinking only of how effectively this other male was being dominated, how satisfying it was to punish him for encroaching on the female that he had claimed for himself. The familiarity of G's scent, the way that his body embraced and resisted his length, only goaded Voidster's pleasure. This was as it should be. You both belonged to him, and he could have either of you mewling beneath him.

His breathing turned ragged and he lapped at the blood he had drawn, mingling the coppery, chemical taste with the salt of the lich's tears. The acidic substance burned his tongue, but he was too far gone in feral desire to notice or care. He straightened up, removing his hand from G's mouth and his arm from his waist, to grip at his mate's sharp hips, dragging him back into an erratic pounding that violated and unnerved the lich. Baring his fangs, Voidster snarled, his thrusts turned sloppy and rough as he neared his peak. With a guttural groan, he tucked himself hard against G's rear, hilting fully as he spilled his essence within the other man. His hide shuddered, swamped in pleasure and lust as he rode out the intense waves of pleasure that enveloped him.

The lich murmured something then, his face pressed hard into the pillow beneath him as sweat soaked and dripped from their heaving bodies. Tenderly, Voidster turned his mate's face, to better hear the pain-soaked words he uttered. "The mistake was mine," the other man said softly, "for trusting you." Then he fell still, the strain too great for him to bear. Violet eyes fixed on his burdened, unconscious features with shock. Tentatively, Voidster lifted a hand to feel the warm breath of the lich against his fingers, and wondered at the relief that suffused him at the sensation. Perhaps...perhaps he had gone too far, after all.

The unwelcome edges of sanity crept inward, dulling his mania and inspiring a tightness in his chest that had little to do with the bliss he had achieved, and more with remembrance of his partner's cries of pain before unconsciousness had claimed him. The glistening tracks that had fallen like delicate rivers down the lich's cheeks tightened his throat, and he raised a thumb to wipe away the salt, as if by doing so

he might erase their cause as well.

[Enough,] he murmured roughly, his voice strange to himself. **[No more.]** Recoiling from the limp, scarred body of his lover, Voidster nearly fell in his haste, tangled in the bloodied bed sheets; black stains that stood witness to his crimes. For all the violence they bestowed upon one another, for all the suffering he caused the lich, there had always been an invisible line between them. Something taut and fragile, something that held him back from the trauma he was capable of inflicting on G.

Now he felt something akin to horror, or perhaps despair, that he had not only crossed the line, but obliterated it in the driving force of his rut. The lich lay still, eyes closed, deep lines burdening his features even in sleep, the line of his mouth tense with remembered pain. Fresh blood seeped from the mangled mess of his leg; a damage so severe that only surgery could correct the poorly healed tissues now.

No, the lich had brought this on himself. He denied the guilt that welled within his soul, rubbing the back of his hand against his bloodied mouth in an anguished, unconscious gesture. G had *known* how his rut pulled at him, and he had betrayed him...seeking to steal you away...although even at that, your words echoed through his tormented mind. *I went to him,* you had claimed, but he had been too blinded with possession, with jealousy to listen. Now….

He fought conflicting urges, the insanity rising in swells within his breast. To take you away, hide you and breed you while his rival remained here, too wounded to follow. To tend to his mate, who was so grievously wounded, restoring the use of his leg and watching over him while he healed. G would forgive him...he would have to forgive him. They had nobody else in this godforsaken world, nobody understood them as they understood one another.

A memory, a burning in his throat, eyes squinting against the gathering moisture as he recalled how tenderly the lich had lowered

him into the cleansing bath, tending his wounds with compassion, with...love. How he had repaid that trust, that tenderness...with all the violence, all the hatred in his body, letting the rut consume his sanity until only a sadist remained.

[How could you...how could you let me do this?] His voice quavered for an instant, faltering at the steady rise and fall of the lich's chest. **[How could you let me...hurt you-]** a dry sob wracked his frame, quickly stifled. He bent over his lover's still form, plunging his tongue into the slack mouth that parted beneath him like the petals of a flower. Like his flesh had parted beneath his slick blades. Warm and inviting, inside. Desperately, he kissed his mate, inhaling his warm breath; a promise that he would return. The damage was not undoable...was it?

The lich had known the depth of violence that lay in Voidster's heart, and he had failed to protect himself. The fault lay with *him,* not with the beast who had crippled him, had torn at his skin and his emotions until all that remained was a battered husk. **[Why didn't you stop me...?]** he murmured, breath catching as he bowed his head, leaning his forehead against that of his lover. It hurt. Oh, how the pain clawed at his chest, burying into his heart until he thought the agony alone would still the beating organ.

The lich would wake up. He had to, or the hurt would be too much to bear. Voidster had been the architect of his own destruction, succumbing to the sweet poison of his rut, driving his fangs into flesh without a thought as to the damage that would ensue. You...you were gravid. Bred by him at the height of his feral need. He bared his teeth; he cared not for your fate, or that of any ill-conceived offspring you might bear. Such was the lot of a delicate, heated human in the presence of such deities. No, it was G alone who concerned him, for if that deep, rhythmic breath should stop, Voidster realized that he would lose all semblance of sanity.

The lich balanced him, soothed him, in a way he had always taken for granted. That wry humor, his subtle facial expressions, the way he could turn a phrase so skillfully...if that was lost, then what was the

point of living? G understood him, met his brutality with strength and force, delighting as he did in the violence of their love. The brawls, the sessions under Voidster's knife, the soft caresses the lich favored him with in the privacy of their bed, all of it tore through his body with the intensity of a storm, leaving him wrung out and aching. Your bitter words, planting the seed of doubt within his heart, accusing him of using G, of not *loving* G.

He needed to get out. His hide shuddered with unfamiliar emotion, and he slipped from his mate's ravaged body, standing naked for a moment, heaving as he sought to tame the riot of feeling within him. It was of no use. With an anguished roar, he turned away from the scarred body before him, G's face almost peaceful in repose, and bolted from their bedroom. Scrambling through the long hallways, his claws tore at the hardwood, shredding decorative rugs and knocking over furniture as he fled his lover's side. He needed to get out, to feel the earth beneath his claws, to flee deep into the forest where nobody could see his shame.

He took the unfamiliar wetness on his cheeks for premature drops of rain, but though clouds gathered and blotted out the light of the moon, the storm had not yet started.

Voidster's Rut (Part 4)

Chapter Summary

The damage is done.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was late afternoon before the lich awoke. The warm, golden atmosphere filtered in through the curtains, casting broken bars of sunlight across his limp form. Consciousness was slow to return, but pain...the pain was already there. His leg was on fire, and he had not moved it all night. Slowly, with an aching groan G managed to roll himself over, onto his back and grimaced. He panted. Taking in air deeply, he could taste the lingering presence of his mate, and the memories that came along with it. Despite his better judgement, he pressed himself up into a seated position. Looming over his mangled leg, he drew a hand to his features and rubbed the soreness from his eyes with the pads of his fingers. It had been at least ten hours, judging by the brightness spilling into the room and how the trees rustled loudly in an oncoming breeze.

He had never left you alone for that long. Duty tugged at him, and without further hesitation he pulled himself off of the bed. Somehow, he managed to draw on an old pair of sweatpants. It would conceal his wound, and was loose. Comfortable. As much as he could be, anyways. His right leg was mostly a stiff, oozing hunk of meat, and he limped with a wretched lameness that pecked at his pride with each step.

Thud-thwump..shhht- of his ever lasting disability. How his feet fumbled, uncoordinated and dangerous. The whispering, scratching, of his now useless back right claws. He couldn't feel his knuckled toes, kissing the floor with each pull forward. G attempted to watch what he was doing, shuffling across the blood stained floor with a pained scowl etched across his features...but ultimately, it was of no use. Whether he used the wall for support, making his way to the foyer, or not, crossing it without assistance... That horrid rhythm was

ingraining itself inside of his head. That of a cripple. His steps were not graceful, and never would be again. Frustrated tears blurred his vision, and he took a small break once he was to the other hallway. Leaning against the painted surface, he panted, and a tremble took hold of his throat. He allowed his forehead to fall, lightly tipping it against the wall beside his braced forearm, and swallowed the growing sea of emotion within him.

The lich felt his features contort, it was a foreign experience...this physical attribute of grief. It had not graced him since before the funeral, for he held his stature even at the headstone. It was not just the grave of his leg that he stood upon now; it was the only sense of home he had left. And he stood upon the rubble with insurmountable emotion. Rage, denial, betrayal...pain. He turned his face more towards his arm, a gentle shiver worked through his spine and wavered the breaths he agonizingly drew. G rested his weight upon his left leg, allowing the other to hang loosely from the socket, his foot skewed at an odd angle against the hardwood.

“G..? G, are you out there..?”

He looked up, keeping his gaze down the dimly lit hallway and watched how the door handle jiggled with no use. Of course, it was locked. It took him a few moments to gather himself, wiping his eyes yet again, to be able to see and brace himself for the rest of his trek. Still, your voice spoke through the crack of the door, *“I thought I heard something..? G, please answer me- It’s been hours-”* The monster gave a loud sigh, and trudged forward, keeping his hand against the wall. With the sound of his impaired gait, you choked. He did not blame you for the silence, and soon enough came upon the door. With a deft flick of his fingers, the bolt released and he gripped the handle. He turned it carefully, unsure of what was truly awaiting inside, and allowed the door to slowly swing inward on its own. But the only thing that was waiting for him was a teary eyed, disheveled woman in an oversized t-shirt.

“I thought you were-.. I thought that sound was-..” you attempted, but the knot in your throat kept you from truly speaking your concerns

and instead you pushed forward. Wrapping your arms around the lich, you trembled. He responded by placing his free hand atop your head, idly running his fingers through your hair as he peered around the room. G could smell his mate, it was strong in this room for obvious reasons, but he was nowhere in sight. After a time, you pulled back, wiping your eyes and blinking wildly, “W-what happened to Voidster-? Did you..?”

“No..” he murmured, drawing your attention as you sniffled and pulled yourself together. The lich didn’t look at you, his focus was still on the room itself, “He seems to have gone. To do what...for what...I do not know.” There was a pause, and you shifted onto one leg, idly gripping your bicep. It didn’t take him long to speak up again, and this time he did look at you, “Come...you have not eaten for much too long.” He moved from the doorway, allowing you to step out in front of him. You weren’t really hungry, you were actually quite nauseous, but still you followed his lead. The lich limped on behind you a few steps, and you waited to be right at his side before moving on. Neither of you said a word, and G simply swallowed his pride with each gentle scraping of his dragged claws.

There was a mutual understanding between the both of you. You didn’t need to talk to know what to do. G sat himself at the counter, sighing quite loudly as he eased himself upon the barstool and turned his attention to the living room. This was the first morning he would break his routine of standing at the windows, for an insufferable burning had consumed his right leg and he tried to keep it straight as he rested. In his stead, you whipped up a quick meal of eggs and toast with some fruit while the coffee brewed. The silence was unsettling. You were both braced for the hard soled approach of a psychopath, but all there was to be heard was that of you cooking, and of the wind waving the trees outside. Still, you made do, and sat beside the lich as you picked through your meal. You both drank hot coffee, burning and numbing the sore aches in your throats. G did not turn down his offering, and you couldn’t help but to feel a little better as he scarfed it down.

When he pressed his plate away, holding his cup in both hands, you could feel his gaze on you as he spoke raspily, “You must eat more

than that, my dear."

"I'm not that hungry.." you replied, poking around bits of strawberry into the yolk of a half eaten egg. His eyes were unrelenting, and you tried to ignore them to the best of your ability. Still, he responded calmly, "I know...neither am I." You sighed, stabbing the slice of strawberry to set it on your tongue. You chewed idly, braving a look towards the lich who was eerily still staring. His sockets were deep-set, as they always were, but you could clearly see the pain in his expression. Harsh greys piled up beneath his eyes, and the glimmering light that radiated from his iris' seemed dull. You swallowed, and murmured, "What are we going to do..?"

He hummed lightly, finally casting his gaze away from you to stare at the backsplash of the kitchen. "Finish your meal...we will discuss it then."

A soft smirk rose into your lips, retorting, "Yes, Mom." He grinned at that, a slight tug that he tried to cover up with a sip of coffee but you knew better. You ate with a bit more gumption then, but it was still hard to eat. Every bite felt like piling on illness. When you moved onto your toast, however, the cramping and nausea was easing and you finished off your last bites quietly. You then pushed your plate in line with G's, and he gave it a glance as he took another drink. Rubbing your hands together, you set your forearms on the counter and glanced to the lich who began to speak, his voice becoming more clear, "I feel it is best that you leave."

At first, you simply scrunched your brow at him. But he had nothing further to say. "What..? Leave? I can't just leave you here with him. And where would I go?" G wouldn't look at you while he spoke, and for some reason it was irritating you. He replied flatly, "To the city. You can live a new life, without chains. Mine have always been here, long before you.. And long before Voidster graced my reality."

"That's dumb." You replied, the same tone as the lich. You gathered

his attention now, his coffee cup hovering a few inches before his lips. “ *We* should leave.”

G frowned, “This is my home. And I will not surrender it.” You sat back in the chair, folding your arms across your chest and carefully spun the seat to face him better. “Then I stay too.” He was glaring at you now, but you kept on, not allowing him a moment to respond. “If Voidster didn’t have me as a secondary distraction he would have killed you. Just like how you distract him away from me when he’s too aggressive. We’re a team…in some sort of sick sense…you can’t just abandon me somewhere and expect things to work out.”

He was silent, studying your stubborn features with a scientist’s gaze. Finally, he muttered, “We shall see.” With that, he turned his back on you, leaving the ceramic cup empty on the counter and shakily stood. He hobbled to the living room, and you stood to help- but thought better of it. The lich simply rounded the couch and set himself down on it, so that he could look out the window from afar. You cleaned up breakfast, washing the dishes and taking your time. Surely, you would have thought that Voidster would be back by now, the trees angrily were hissing and rustling in an oncoming swell, but he wasn’t.

Idly, you refilled your coffee mugs, using Bailey’s instead of creamer, and took them to the couch. G glanced up at you, his lids were heavy. Casually, you offered him the drink. At first, it seemed as though he would refuse, but the sweet, alcoholic scent caught his attention and he accepted it. He shifted the cup to the other hand, that elbow resting on the back of the couch and he extended his free arm, inviting you to join.

Silently, you sat beside him, tucking a leg beneath you. There was nothing else you could think of doing. No intricate plan. No clever scheme. No revenge plot. All there was, was silence and the lich. After a few minutes, a few sips, you adjusted to better lounge with him, and his body heat was hardly noticeable while you both sat in the moment. Waiting, watching. Drops of rain pattered into the glass, the sunlight of day struggled against the oncoming grey clouds of a storm. With your mug halfway gone, you murmured, “When will he be

back..? What should we do?"

"I am not sure, songbird." He replied, distant. Answering both of those questions at once. You drank some more, the lich having finished his cup long before you. It was when you set the empty ceramic in your lap that you spoke again, "Even though things are shit right now.. I'm glad you're here with me." The lich was still, and you thought about your words, feeling flushed and a bit stupid, "Not that I mean- that I'm glad you're *in this situation with me.* B-but-"

"I know." He interjected, touching your back with a gentle caress of his fingers. "If you wish to brave the storm with me...then that is fine. It is your decision, and I will not force you one way or the other."

G fell silent again, and you both listened to the trees. Watching as more, and more rain drops hit against the large windows. Soon, grey was the sky. Just like the soul within your chest, that mingled with the seal of violet in the pit of your guts. After half an hour, you felt as if it was a bad idea to eat something after all. The lich did not stop you when you jumped from the couch and ran to the bathroom to purge. He felt the magic within you faltering, and internally he felt relief. It was short lived, however, for now the both of you would be ill, and vulnerable.

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When morning trickled into late afternoon, G felt the automatic stirring of concern in his soul. He had had ample time from his position on the couch to study the gouges in the floor, the rugs set akimbo, and the furniture set off-balance. Voidster had left in a hurry, almost as if pursued. Perhaps his sins had finally nipped at his heels. Perhaps his rut was waning. He hoped so, for your sake. Left alone, without the magic of a fertile male to feed your growing pregnancy, there was a chance your body would abort the process. If not, G himself would take measures to prevent further development.

As for his own fate, he cared little, for the ache in his leg and his heart did nothing to improve his mood, and he found himself brooding, mired in the futility of pursuing a life with the man he had chosen for his mate, the ultimate betrayal that had happened too quickly to prevent. His inaction had not only cost him his leg, but put your health and safety at risk in a way that was far from acceptable. Had he known, he would have drugged Voidster himself, would have found a way to sedate him and keep him under control. He had never seen the other man so violent, so lustful and predatory. He should have known what lurked beneath the surface. He had known his mate's appetites, just not the extent of them. He had underestimated him, had underestimated the quicksilver temper that seethed beneath his hide like poison.

You remained at his side, ever the faithful pet, he mused. Not that he truly thought of you in such a way. His feelings were complex, but he no longer saw you as a toy or lesser being, as Voidster did. You were soft and tempting, but also kind, loyal, with a stubborn streak that intrigued him as much as it infuriated his mate. He did not love you, but he felt a fond affection, a sense of responsibility and of course, the desire to protect you. You brought a much-needed touch of femininity to his home; something he had missed since his loss of the woman who had been his love. And yet...it was not safe for you here.

He debated with himself about whether he should truly honor your decision, or simply make it on your behalf. You were attached to him, clearly. Your misplaced sense of loyalty, friendship, or possibly even love, was not reason enough to continue subjecting you to what could be described only as a harsh and dangerous environment. He knew that you feared being left alone in this timeline; familiar yet alien to you, but what other choice did he have? Idly, he reached down to stroke your hair, your small body curled against his as you slept the sleep of deep exhaustion. Voidster's magic was taking a toll on your body, as well as your fragile gray soul. But you seemed to take comfort in his presence, and he himself felt at ease with your warm weight pressed trustingly against his chest.

He wondered how long this peace would last. How long of a respite he could expect. He wondered if even now, Voidster was pacing the property, harming himself or the wildlife he came across. It hurt that even now, he still felt the tug of worry at his heart. What Voidster had done was truly monstrous; unforgivable. He had not been in his right mind, but that did not excuse the damage he had done. G supposed he should call on one of his old employees, perhaps the stoat, to see to his leg. It was possible the limb could be saved, with some skill and corrective surgery. He didn't know for sure. He couldn't bear to look at the mangled flesh that had once been a whole and healthy limb. He didn't want to snap the fragile thread of hope that he might not be crippled forever. If what he saw was irreparable damage, nothing would erase that image from his mind, and the weight of his grief would shatter him.

Perhaps it was cowardly of him not to look, but he didn't care. He felt old; tired. This experience had aged him, grief as heavy as decades of time on his shoulders. And yet, at the same time, he felt a bitter anger. He had taken in this impossible man, sheltered him, shared his home and his life with him. And how was he repaid? Voidster had bitten the hand that fed him far too many times, and it was not in G's heart to forgive him. Resentment settled in his soul like a cold stone. Mutilated, raped, even the female that Voidster had claimed to have brought for him, pregnant. Your scent scratched at his temper, despite how well he hid it from you. To have you, gravid by another male, in his territory, was unacceptable. And yet there was nothing he could do, at the present time.

Oh, he could push you beneath him, sow his magic within your frail body, competing with Voidster's claim on you. But you were already weak, and he was as well. His desire was muted, a poor second to the smoldering fury that burned within him at his mate's betrayal. He growled softly, the sound disturbing your light sleep as his arm around your torso tucked you more tightly against him.

"G…?" you murmured sleepily, shifting fitfully in his grasp as you tried to settle back down. "Shh my dear. Go back to sleep, you are safe," he murmured softly, the light thrumming in his chest abating as he sought to soothe you. He relaxed his grip slightly, and you sighed,

beginning to drift off once more against his slowly returning body heat. His earthy, masculine scent was as comforting to you, as your muted, altered scent was aggravating to him. He nuzzled into your hair, rubbing his cheek against your head as you dozed, but he could do nothing to alter the presence of Voidster's magic stirring within you, the scent sharp and spicy like his mate. Heaving a sigh of his own, he settled for gently petting you, watching the droplets of rain streak down the windows of the living room. It would be a long vigil. He did not know when, but it was only a matter of time before Voidster returned.

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Another day passed, and while you did not improve, you did not become worse, either. The same could not be said for G's leg, which was stiff and inflamed at best. At worst, the weeping sores oozed black fluid, and a burning pain suffused him that could only be numbed with copious amounts of scotch. He drank heavily and with purpose, dulling the physical and emotional agony with the ease of long practice. He kept you close at all times, and coaxed you to drink a tangy ginger tea that soothed the upset of your stomach. When you asked, hesitantly, about his leg, he made no reply. Long, hot baths helped soften the healing tissues, but his tendons were damaged, severed in some places, and he could no longer gauge how bad the damage was, under the mass of scabbed flesh.

When he drank enough, the muted lust that smoldered in his soul flared, and his careful touches became more bold, his fangs itching as he eyed your soft form. You wore loose clothing in a small attempt to ease the discomfort of your changing body, but it did not deter the drive he felt to dominate you, to erase Voidster's claim with his own. Only the trust in your eyes, the way you nestled against him for comfort, stayed his hand. He had known betrayal too intimately, too recently, to betray you himself by giving in to his feral urges.

Instead he kept you wrapped in blankets, cuddled against him as he lounged on the couch, watching the front door with an absent, predatory gaze. He did not know what he would do when Voidster

returned, but he wouldn't risk the man finding you unguarded and vulnerable. This was *his* territory, and he would not allow another male to threaten his last, precious possession. You were the only semblance of family he had left, and without your soft warmth, he would surely drive himself to madness, alone with the pain of his crippled leg. No, he had to keep you near, covered in his scent, beneath the aegis of his protection.

It was as well that he kept you nearby, for Voidster returned that night. G was lounging in another herbal bath, the hot water and powder no longer stinging his wounds. Indeed, he had lost feeling in some areas of that leg entirely, and it worried him, as did your inability to keep down food, and the fitful way you tossed within his arms when you rested. His mate was not on his mind, until his keen senses picked up the sound of the front door opening, and the low, intense mutter of the beast. So. He had returned, after all.

He would not leave you to the tender violence of the other man. You were too vulnerable in your current state, and you were all he had left to protect. Grimacing, he lifted himself from the steaming water, wrapping a robe about his damp body and retrieving the cane you had fetched him. Ironic, that he would need this humiliating implement now. Sans had given it to him as a joke, an amusing reflection of his great age. Now, it was a necessary aid for him to use the mangled limb that had once been a healthy leg. With a dark expression, he made his slow, deliberate way to the living room, not bothering to hide the sound of his approach.

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You curled against one arm of the couch, a nest of blankets swamping you as you eyed Voidster's filthy, naked body. He looked haggard, and had a haunted look in his eyes that had not been there before. His jaws parted, pupils dilating as he absorbed how strongly the lich's scent lay on you, and took a step toward your reclining form. **[So quick to run into the arms of another male, despite it being *my* offspring you carry,]** he observed, taking another step nearer. You flinched, but remained where you were. You felt too dizzy to run, and

trying would only excite his predatory instincts. Finally, he stood before you, kneeling and bending nearer until his hot breath brushed against your cheek. **[Tell me, pet. Where is my erstwhile mate? I thought to find him guarding you from me. Since he is not, perhaps I'll remind you who your true master is.]**

"He's nearby," you muttered in return, turning your face away from his caressing claws. "And you don't own me. If I could, I'd kill whatever this," you gestured broadly at your belly, " *thing* is, with my own hands. Doing this to me doesn't make me yours, any more than destroying G's leg made him yours. There's nothing for you here, leave us alone." You had never spoken so bluntly to him before, fearing punishment. Now, there was nothing in you to care. You were sick, your body hurt everywhere, and every movement you made was punishment enough.

Surprisingly, he said nothing for a moment. He seemed too exhausted to even get angry at you. **[Is that so…?]** he murmured softly, beginning to tug the blankets away from your body. He paused as you both heard a rhythmic thumping, dragging sound. **[What is that sound?]** he cocked his head, violet eyes unfocused as his claws stilled. You felt fury rising in your breast. It was bitter and dark, and saturated your next words. "That. Is what you did to G."

At that moment, the lich rounded the corner, his expressionless gaze taking in the other man crouched before you, touching you, attempting to take possession of you once more, in his home. "Leave her be," he enunciated clearly, in a voice so cold it took your breath away. "That is no longer yours to take." Voidster sneered, rising to his feet shakily and spreading his stance. **[How could you possibly stop me? Your leg…]** at this he seemed to choke, regret filling his features as he took in the elegant cane G leaned on. **[Why did you let it heal so poorly?]**

A tremor passed through the lich, a cold sneer touching his features as he gazed at the other man. "Get out of my sight." You held your breath, the two men staring each other down for long moments. Then Voidster bowed his head slightly, his mouth twisted in an

uncharacteristically grim manner. Wordlessly, he stalked out of the room, toward the shower on the other side of the house. A deep sigh escaped you, and you began shaking, not from cold, but from stress. G limped over to you, settling with a sigh of his own on the couch. “Did he harm you?”

“No,” you whispered, feeling unwontedly emotional. A tear trickled down your cheek, then another. Frustrated, you scrubbed at your face with your hands, leaning toward the comforting heat of the lich. “I’m sorry, I’m just. I don’t know why I’m crying. I hoped he wouldn’t come back.” You felt a strong arm settle around you, tugging you against G’s side as his other hand stroked through your hair. “There was never a question of him returning,” he said quietly. “But I won’t allow him to harm you. This is my home, and you are…under my protection.” He had seemed about to say something else, but you were too tired and worn to question it.

He pulled you with him, settling back into his characteristic lounge on the couch, tucking the blankets around you both. You let him pull you back against his scalding chest, one arm hooked firmly around your torso, and sighed, letting the strength at your back warm and comfort you. “Stay with me, G,” you murmured softly. “I can’t bear to be alone right now.” The lich was silent for a moment, acknowledging the loneliness in his own heart, that had settled into a form of despair. Then he responded, a promise to comfort you both. “Of course, my dear.”

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The hot water hit a myriad of scratches and bruises, causing the massive monster to hiss in discomfort as streams of filth trickled down his naked form. That night he had fled…when the rain had come. He shuddered. He was adverse to most forms of water. A shower was small, contained, harmless. The storm that had struck had not been. It had been a raging tempest, torrents of rain piercing the thick foliage of the forest, as he sought futilely for shelter. In the end, he had passed the night beneath a small outcropping of rock, cold and miserable, staving off the visions of G, lying limp and bloodied

beneath him. He had gone too far, and the unwelcome knowledge of his crime battered against his soul with bruising force.

Sleep had not come. Instead, it had been hours of damp soil, freezing rain on his skin, and the memories of his insanity. Again and again he returned to his moment of manic obsession, flaying open G's skin like a living canvas beneath his blade. The sickly, mangled mess of flesh his leg had become beneath Voidster's touch. And then later, the betrayal, the rape of a man he claimed to love, who he had made a cripple.

It was the first time guilt had ever touched his soul, and he recoiled from it. G should have known. He should have taken precautions, should have stopped him…. But the words felt empty, even as he repeated them as a mantra, a shield against the barrage of grief that assailed him. It was his fault. And deep within his soul, he knew it to be true. Shuddering, he wrapped his arms around himself, and keened, low and heartbroken. A sound of mourning, of loss and pain. The soft cry was lost in the staccato of rain on the stone, and the rushing of wind, but he felt it trembling through his throat, and that made it real.

Thus did he pass the night, locked in his suffering as surely as G had been beneath his knife, with just as little hope of escape.

The next day was a confusing blur of pain, violence, and ferality, giving into his rut without anything to hold him back. He bled his lust into the slaughter of wildlife, into destruction and chaos. Blood and filth coated his hide, and he left gouges in tree trunks and in his own skin. He remembered little of this time, and the hot steam of the shower helped erase the remainders of that adventure. He still had some open wounds, but they would heal in time, and without intervention. Unlike G's leg.

He scowled. The sight of the lich, leaning heavily on his cane like some kind of invalid, had shocked him to his core. The damage he had done to the leg while lost in ferality had been bad, but it also wasn't

permanent. Somehow, some corner of his subconscious had stayed his hand enough that what had been done could be repaired...and yet the lich had not done so. Why? He seethed, scrubbing hard enough at his hide that he reopened old scratches, crimson trickling down his pale hide like dark droplets of rain. Had he let himself heal poorly simply as a way of getting back at the man who had wounded him? Was G that petty, that he would let himself become a cripple, in some misguided attempt to make his mate feel guilt?

Voidster didn't think so. He knew G, and he knew how such a disability would grate at the lich's pride. And yet that horrific sound was embedded in his mind. The burdened shuffle of a cripple, the lithe grace of his mate interrupted by an ugly, dragging limb. It made him angry. Even as he let the hot water sluice away the last traces of soap from his tattered hide, shutting off the water to stand braced against the shower wall, he trembled with fury. Droplets of moisture clung to his scars, ran down his face like the tears he had shed the night he had left their home.

If he had been familiar with such things, perhaps he would have realized that the anger he felt was directed mainly at himself. That he felt guilt, pain, and even remorse at his actions. But such feelings were alien to him, and the confusion only made him angrier. A large part of his anger was directed at G, and he bitterly blamed the other man for being so spiteful. Refusing to take care of himself, per usual. Just as he drank himself into a stupor after his therapy, despite Voidster's clear instructions. Dangerously thinning his blood, taxing his strength, making him sloppy, careless of his stitching. It was disgraceful, that such a beautiful, elegant predator be reduced to a pitiful drunk, dulling his keen senses and letting his aching heart make him weak, vulnerable.

Voidster detested weakness in his mate. In you, it was different. It was a part of your allure, how helpless you were before him. Your fragility sent his blood singing through his veins, exciting his instincts in anticipation of making you his prey, crushing you beneath him. Such was your nature, as a human. You were soft, delicate, and vulnerable, bending to the whim of creatures far more powerful and worthy. Saliva welled in his jaws, and he swallowed carefully, his arousal

evident as he pictured your bruised, rounded hips, cherry red scratches on your soft breasts.

Though the worst of the rut had passed, staking his claim had changed something within him, and some part of him wanted nothing more than to drag you from the arms of the lich, somewhere safe and private, where he could ravage you and erase the offensive scent of another male. Surely the scent of your pregnancy, by the hand of another male, scratched at the lich's instincts as well. He was surprised that G had not claimed you himself. Then he remembered the leg, that limping, dragging, *useless* limb, that G had flaunted before him so carelessly.

And he remembered the cold, cold look in G's eyes as the lich had studied him. The ice in his voice when he had told him to leave you be, despite the fact that Voidster had claimed you, that you were *his*. That would have to change. He wouldn't endure the other man's ire, *couldn't* endure the hatred that had so clearly been directed at him. G had pushed him during a time that his control was fragile. The man prided himself on being observant, well and so, he should have realized how Voidster had struggled with his temper that night.

He slammed his fist against the wall of the shower, shaking loose a shower of scattered droplets as he snarled. Groping for one of the large, plush towels they used, he tied it around his waist; more to absorb the streaming water from his powerful body than for any care of modesty. Violet eyes hard and furious, he strode from the guest bathroom, crossing the open foyer to return to their shared bedroom so that he could dress. He was startled by the sight of you, alone at the table with your back to him, sipping at a cup of tea, his long strides slowing before stopping entirely. The loose shirt you wore hanging just off your shoulders. His jaws parted, and he inhaled. Ah, ginger. Nausea must be plaguing you. The thought made him smug, and erased his prior anger almost entirely. And how interesting that the lich had left you unattended, so quickly after daring to tell him not to approach you.

Clearly his mate intended to hoard you to himself, until he was strong

enough to stake a claim of his own. What better time than now, to reinforce his magic within you, and correct the abhorrent scent of the lich on your skin. He only regretted that he had showered first, which had somewhat muted his own scent. No matter, he would drag you somewhere quiet...private...and fill you to overflowing with his magical seed, strengthening his claim and dominating you to soothe his own instincts.

Though his conflicting emotions regarding G still tugged at his mind, it was easily ignored as he stealthily approached your seated form. Human women were so small, he mused, reaching out a clawed hand to lay heavily on your shoulder, as he bent and inhaled the scent of roses in your hair. **[Pet,]** he rumbled softly, tightening his grip on you as you jolted beneath his touch.

“Get off of me,” you muttered, just as quietly. For all that hated the man, you didn’t want to alert G to his presence any more than he did. The lich was too wounded, and a fight between them now could prove fatal. Unsurprisingly, the man at your back ignored you, bending further to press his jaw against your face.

Raspily, he inhaled. The softest hissing of air sucking in between his rows of sharp, jagged teeth whilst his violet tongue rolled hungrily just behind them. He ignored your plea, only pulling at your shoulder to tuck you beneath his broad chest as he marinated on your delicacy. **[Sore...? I am sure of it, for you are so tense songbird. It is natural. All but the spices of my mate upon your skin, which are... unsavory.]** Despite his low tone, there was an eerie grin tugging at his lips. He dipped his face against yours, and his exhale graced your features with musky heat, and the softest pricks of his fangs caught your cheek. You quickly set down your mug of hot tea, a wholesome sickness constricting your throat and you leaned forward, away from him. He chuckled, deeply, borderlining a growl.

Still, you swallowed and kept your gaze strictly on the steam floating up from your drink. “Piss. Off- You make me *sick*. ” The words ground out from your molars, nearly mimicking his growl, but was nowhere near the strength for a heavy reverberation ignited behind, and above

you. His hand slipped from your shoulder, stroking alongside your ribs and side, his long, knotted fingers splaying outward to hold your belly possessively. The magic within you stirred at his hand, drawing a wince into your face while he simply felt the energy as static pecking his instincts. **[Oh, I noticed, pet.]** He muttered, roughly nudging his jaw inward to growl against your soft face with an air of malice. **[You shall present yourself over this table for me. It will allow me to rectify your pains, your scent. Your body, it is singing to me. You crave the attention of your Lord..]** As he spoke, his other hand slipped up beneath your arm, gripping onto you without hesitation. Easily, he lifted you from the chair and with a swift motion he hooked his foot around the wood, and flung the piece of furniture out from under you.

You had no choice but to abandon your drink, bringing your hands inward to try clawing at his hands with a snarl. “Voidster-! *Damnit-* ” He handled you easily, your fatigue being your downfall as he kept his hand over your stomach but used the other to press you down, over the table. He didn’t care that the wood shuddered, spilling hot tea from the mug to splash across the surface. You squirmed, lifting a leg to try kicking back at him but it was of ill effect. Voidster closed the distance, his hips meeting at your backside in order to grind his prevalent bulge up between your thighs. Even with his hand protecting your cramped, pained stomach, tears pricked at your eyes. Anger, frustration, uncertainty.. It was all too overwhelming. You couldn’t deal with being just an object. Especially for *his* satisfaction. But you couldn’t just cry out. You couldn’t call for G to be the brunt of his aggression again, he could barely get around as it is. Voidster was then leaning over the top of you, his heated, damp chest pressing in from above as he kept himself propped up on his elbow. Smothering you.

The man rolling his hips against you from behind shushed you, burying his lips in your silken hair. He kept you like this for a moment, even pressing further down above you to feel how your small form wriggled beneath him in a tantalizing display of misunderstood lust. Nestled deep against your scalp was the lingering scent of lich, and Voidster flexed his fingers against the wood, the surface creaking as his claws pierced the polished barrier. For just a split second in time, he felt the dense, lifeless hide of a monster beneath him; instead of the woman in his hands. A snarl broke through his throat, and he

shoved the thought away by forcing himself off from atop of you. He needed to sow his claim, re-establish order. Any display of care was forgotten. The hand at your belly slipped downward, his fingers angrily digging into the elastic of your sweatpants in a hasty attempt to expose your flesh.

A sharp yelp left your lips, and you jerked to look back over your shoulder, grabbing onto his wrist while you met the piercing, predatory gaze scrutinizing you. Regardless of your attempt at sabotage, he shoved the heather grey fabric down your thighs, impatiently grinding the bulge just beneath the towel against your heat. It was clear, his mind was still hazed. The look he was giving you was that of pure hunger, of greed. His lips were parted, and a soft panting was beginning to build within his broad, glistening chest. So lost in the moment, he did not hear the subtle, distant, stumble down the hall. His voice raising above it. *Thd-thd.*. **[Lie submissive, my pet.]** He rolled his tongue outward across his lips, wetting them as he shifted his stance farther apart, basking in the glow of your widening gaze. *Thd-thd.*. **[Breeding is quite the responsibility. I must bestow only my best unto you, it should not hurt.. Too much, that is.]** Voidster held your bare hips with one hand, his fingers cruelly digging into your soft abdomen while the other went to the towel around his waist, about to pull the sheet free. **[I cannot promise anything, for your form is usually so sweetly wrung about my cock, like the pretty slut that you are.]** *Thd-thump.*

Suddenly, a loud *CRACK* rang out through the room and Voidster's head jerked clear to the side. A loud, pained grunt left him, his features scrunching into a wicked grimace and within that moment his hold on you faltered. Quickly, you scrambled along the narrow space between you, pulling your sweatpants back into place and made your escape to the kitchen counter. Both you, and Voidster, turned simultaneously to see an embittered lich standing strict and tall. The evident arousal Voidster held was of no interest, or distraction to the monster that slowly brought his cane back down to the floor, leaning upon it heavily. A harsh, throbbing pain was smarting at the back of Voidster's skull, and as his jaws pulled apart in clear anger G cut him off before he could formulate the proper words. His tone was dark, and the metallic vibrations to his speech were all the more apparent as he sneered. "Your selfishness holds no power here, in *my* home. You own nothing, you are owed, nothing. Now- get dressed, you

embarrass yourself.”

For a moment, Voidster stood motionless, his expression fading to a more calm, controlled appearance. You carefully shifted behind the counter, further away from the scene and leaned back against the granite by the sink. The sickness taking hold of your guts was only further upset, and a wince lingered on your features while you idly adjusted your waistband into a less sensitive position. Voidster looked G slowly over, he was also in sweatpants, and his hoodie hung limp and open across his shoulders. Though, he could clearly see how oddly G stood, his right foot in a peculiar angle. The left leg was his true balance, the cane only assisted in that. A tool that the lich grasped to with white knuckles, a tool that brought a crease between Voidster’s brow. Not only had he been distracted from his claim, but now he dare have a cripple chastise him. A cripple who belligerently became such by ignoring his wounds. The cold, unfeeling glare G was giving him, was simply a reflection of his own obvious self-hatred. **[My love, the only embarrassment is that of a Doctor who neglects himself purposefully.]**

For a moment, G’s eyes simply narrowed further and the air became chill. “Ridding of the limb, is no solution.” You swallowed dryly, not knowing whether G was bluffing- or if he was telling the truth. That he had lost feeling, and control, of that leg. This seemed to hit Voidster similarly, and he paused. He truly, halted. The lich was in no mood to deal with him, and slowly, he drew forth his left leg, pulling the right after him in a harsh, painful limp. His cane, and foot, hit the wooden floor rather loudly. G passed by his mate, Voidster’s lilac eyes twitching, widening as he watched. Voidster was gobstruck, and his hands curled into fists. The sound was deafening. *Thd-thd.. Thd-thd.. Thd-thd…* G refused to look at Voidster, merely rounding him to the table and eyed the mug of tea upon it. He shifted awkwardly on his feet, and under the eyes of the demon at his side, G simply lifted the cup, unaffected by the heated ceramic.

Then, gift in tow, he continued to round the table. He was shed of grace, of poise. Forced to a slight hunch while in motion, the lich limped towards you. It took him a moment to reach you, and his eyes seemed to soften ever so slightly as he extended the mug outward.

Carefully, you took it from him with both hands and blinked curiously at him. You tested a sideways glance towards Voidster, who was staring explicitly at G, his arousal lost. G's voice was low, a murmur, private. "You must drink, ginger is an anti-inflammatory and may soothe your aches." You simply nodded, bowing your head to peer within the honeyed liquid warming the palms of your hands. Oddly, you stood before the lich as he raised his head and cast a look out over the kitchen. He caught the eyes of Voidster, who had been staring at him as if he were some pitiful sob. In any other it may have caused a feeling of insecurity, but the lich was not built that way.

You stood quietly, an uncomfortable silence falling over the room before finally, *finally,* Voidster shifted his footing and made his retreat back across the foyer; towards his original destination. His mind a coagulated cluster of ever pressing emotion, bleeding, wretched like a tumor. It bundled deeply within the back of his mind, each step an effortless gait and he moved- dressing himself without thought. The softness of his expensive turtleneck slipping his skin, dyed to a crimson sheen, a usual satisfaction; brought him nothing. All was still as he stood before the dresser, shutting the wooden drawer to a whispering, hushed close.

There was no way that G was damaged to that extent. For what kind of lasting wound could ever hinder a Lich? How was it possible..? He glared into nothingness, his lips moving, as if speaking, but it stayed within his mind while his brow furrowed all the further. There was no way for this to be permanent. G simply gave in. Like how he gave into throws of midnight passions, of languid tongues and shared breath. Longing gazes; flesh upon flesh, slickened with effort, pressed by Love. A far cry from the cold, venomous look G had shot him. Continuously berated him with. Judgemental. Convicting. Just like the swelling, throbbing ache in his skull. No. No, he wouldn't accept that the lich's condition was handled. He was stronger than that, he would not allow resentment to fester such a natural asset. Though, Voidster questioned this, for the soft staccato of G's cane, of his limping about the kitchen only became louder, and louder in his mind.

Thd-thd.. You did this. He felt his features crease all the further, an odd, foreign pressure welling within his eyes against his will. Spurring

an infraction of self aware humility, it punished him. *Thd-thmp..Harbinger of wretched, putrid pains, your sins lay upon the pawns you surround yourself with. Falsified God.* Voidster closed his eyes, pulling a knuckled hand to his face and he felt the shield of his fingers block the light from his face.. But it did little to cover that horrid sound. *Thd-thd.. Destroyer. Coward.* A sudden snarl broke through the man, and he lashed out. The dresser took his rage, and was knocked into the wall with a reverberating, stubbornly similar, ***THUD.*** He quickly turned from the wall, a keen in his throat pulling at the deep, thunderous bay that neared a roar.

He would end the noise. And by doing so, purge himself of this unwanted pressure in his heart. Then, those eyes wouldn't stare at him with such cruel removal. He would fix it. A new goal in mind, he hardly gave the front room any recognition as he stormed the hall and flung himself inside of G's study; knowing just which drawer to loot to find a few, clear fluid filled syringes. His claws clicked upon their casing, his brow unknowingly angry as he filled his pockets with further necessaries. All he needed was here, all because of G's efforts of constantly treating your ailments, and wounds. For once, something good was becoming of your presence. If only for this.

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"Are you shaken, my dear?" The lich asked, studying your movements as you rinsed your mug. A grim look was upon your face, and you carefully set the cup down in the stainless steel tub before looking up at G. "I don't think his rut is over yet.."

"You say this because of his fixation, yes?" He murmured. You nodded. You left the cup in the sink and turned to him with a soft sigh. G's white, radiant iris' slipped over your features before he went on. "He merely finds fascination because of your current state. Neither of us are human. There are primalities present within us both, they show in different mannerisms. As long as he does not continue to feed the aging magic within you, your situation will take care of itself. Your soul is too weak alone to continue feeding a force that is so greedy, and demanding."

“That’s why I feel like such shit, huh?” you groan, rubbing at your face. The nausea had been sated from the ginger brew, but it did not halt the cramping, the swelling pain in your abdomen and body as a whole. G continued to speak with a hushed tone, attempting to be gentle. “No. It is simply because you carry a monster pregnancy.” With a heavy sigh, you pull your hands away from your face, looking at him with exasperation. “How do you know for sure? I’ve never heard of this before, I just want it all to stop...”

You stared into G’s eyes, blinking oddly for it seemed like he was looking straight through you. A slight, barely noticeable wince crossed his face, scrunching his brow and narrowing his eyes with a sickly appearance. He then nodded at you, acknowledging your discomfort. Though, the expression was slow to fade, and he turned from you to begin then limping to the living room. Shyly, you followed. Trying to not think about his reaction too much, it was always difficult to gauge what the lich had on his mind. And this type of assumption was too dark to linger on. Both you and G rounded the couch as you heard Voidster stomping around, snarling and knocking things around. Doing god knows what. You ignored him, as did G. The lich involuntarily grunted while lowering himself to the couch, settling in. He allowed his cane to lean up against the arm of the furniture, and invited you to sit with him- as always.

With a soft sigh, you crawled onto the couch with him, reclining against his torso in your usual pose. His slowly returning body heat helped ease the cramps and pain you felt, and his strong chest against your back was comforting. Despite his injury, the lich was a formidable presence, and you felt safer with him beside you, more so when his arm draped heavily over you, not restraining so much as keeping you close. His large palm rested unconsciously on your tender belly, the heat soothing you, and you found yourself returning to the pained expression on his face earlier, when you had asked if he was sure. A brief memory tugged at your mind. *[Sunspot. Isn’t that what she wanted to name the baby?]*

A swell of grief rose in your breast, and you tamped it down, lest the

lich catch on to your sudden understanding. So. Sun wasn't the only one he had lost. You hadn't seen anything about a pregnancy in the journal, but then, you'd only had time to read a few entries before it was taken from you by Voidster. After, it had seemed disrespectful to ask G if you could look at it again. You wanted to better understand the woman who had aroused such tenderness in this broken, bitter man, but what was idle curiosity for you was the very real and tragic story of his past. You sighed again, accepting the bittersweet moment, the realization of the divide that would forever separate you, and a somewhat deeper understanding of the solace he found in a violent, unpredictable being like Voidster.

You felt the lich at your back stiffen, and glanced up to see a violet glare directed at the pair of you. A low snarl rose in G's throat, pulling his arm from you to sit up, before struggling to stand, with the aid of his cane. "What do you want?" His tone was low and surly, permeated with loathing. Even leaning on the silver-headed cane, the fury of the lich commanded a presence, and caused his mate to take pause. Then the beast's gaze hardened, and he clenched his fist. **[I will not accept the guilt for a crime I did not commit.]** He took a step forward, and you flinched, pressing back into the couch, although G, to his credit, did not bat an eye.

"And what crime would that be? Burdening an innocent girl with your offspring? Betraying your mate- your lover?" His voice caught slightly on the latter, and you saw a tremor pass through Voidster's broad frame, his head bowing slightly. **[Aye, I'll accept the guilt of betrayal. As for the human, she is another matter, not one of import. No, I speak of your leg. I won't allow you to make of yourself a cripple.]**

"Ah. As to that, it seems you are too late," the lich said with a sneer, his spine creaking threateningly beneath the thin hoodie he perpetually wore. "Perhaps you forget- I am a doctor in my own right. *I know a lost cause when I see one* ." His double meaning was not lost on the other man, whose lip curled in a snarl. **[Oh, do you now? This is the first I've heard of it, from the man who perpetually gives up on himself and those around him.]** Voidster took another menacing step forward, and while G kept eye contact, your own gaze

took in the glint of metal in his fist.

“G, look out!” you screamed, as the beast lunged forward with a roar, the needle he had concealed in his hand flashing in the afternoon sun. The lich snarled, having to forget his cane in effort to catch the wrist that flung for him. Voidster’s face contorted further, deep lines crossing his furious features. His arm was shaking with the pure force he brought down upon G, though the lich held fast. The glimmering, sharp needlepoint slowly sunk further towards the crook of G’s neck but a pure fury had ignited within the monster’s very core and his jaws parted with a horrid, throaty rumbling. Voidster lurched forward, an attempt to push G off of his feet though the lich simply twisted his hips and locked his left leg behind him solidly.

“What gives you the right-?!” G sneered, a curt growl weaving into his words. Voidster mirrored his emotions, the violet radiation from his iris’ was intense and perfectly outlined the pure pain etched against his eyes. **[Your indifference.]** He replied. Suddenly, he kicked outward and caught the lich’s shin, successfully causing him to slip and the demon fell forward with him. Their bodie’s crashed down to the floor, a fit of thrashing and acrid snarling; but the poison had been sown, the needle fully embedded to the straining neck of the lich. Ice flooded through G’s veins, a stark gasp drawing through his throat, his eyes finally waving their hatred to that of shock. Voidster’s form blocked out the light, his darkened face leering ever closer to his mate’s as he breathed solemnly. **[I will be the hand that houses you, my Love-]** The lich’s pinprick pupils focused in hazily on the man above him, his grip faltering as numbness clouded all feeling. Yet, his lids opened further, the familiar words filtering in above him. Having been spoken only once before. **[-Your injury will heal, with my visage. For you are.. Mine.]**

An uncharacteristic softness entered Voidster’s tone, he sat straddled upon the lich, his hand slowly then pulling the metal from G’s throat. A blackened bead swelled at the entry point, and you could only stare in horror as the lich started to fall limp. He tried to struggle, his good leg shuffling beneath the man above him, but his fingers faltered and fell lifelessly from Voidster’s strong wrist. Carefully, Voidster lifted his vision, disposing of the needle on the nearby coffee table just as a

wheeze pressed from G.

“What have you-” he slurred, his eyes listing up into his brow, his features slackened. Voidster exhaled rather loudly, hooking a hand around G’s upper back, lifting him from the floor in order to get a better hold. G slowly blinked, his iris panning about as his head drifted back. You could feel your heart racing in your chest, pressed back against the cushions of the couch with your knees pulling up to your chest. Helpless, as usual. Voidster took no note of you, instead shifting the lich in his grasp before standing, hoisting him up into his arms. The lich’s scarred arm hung limply by his side, his features soft and hazy. He was still conscious, but only just. Shaking, you wrapped your arms around yourself, tears racing down your cheeks as Voidster’s irate gaze sought you out. Standing tall and unstoppable before you, G placated in his grasp, only being able to growl and wheeze.

[Follow me,] he commanded curtly, stalking off without another word toward the kitchen. Confusion warred with fear, and eventually you ventured to sit up, tentatively standing and slowly following the massive monster. When you made it to the kitchen, the lich was sprawled on his stomach on the large, oak dining table, the wood straining beneath his weight. You could see his slow, steady breathing, and felt slightly reassured. But what was Voidster thinking? The man was now holding a pair of small scissors, which he used to cut vertically up the leg of G’s sweatpants, laying open the fabric to reveal the mangled limb beneath. Nervously, you bit your lip, wringing your hands together tightly as your focus went to the lich’s confused, snarling expression. In some way, it was familiar to you. G then released a reverberating, creaking growl that bordered the groan of the dead. Beneath his hoodie you could see his bones shifting, crackling and popping the joints.

[Stay near his head,] the beast demanded, setting down the scissors and giving you a slight push when you hesitated. **[Inform me if his breathing stops, comfort him, do something useful.]** Tentatively, you situated yourself in a chair near G’s head, his drugged gaze following you listlessly. You heard Voidster pass idly behind you, shuffling through various drawers and muttering to himself. Braving

the moment, you glanced down to G's leg, his sweatpants professionally cut and laid out to expose the haggard mess that had been his right leg. Mangled was putting it lightly. Heavy, blackened gouges crossed through his meat, and in some places there was an obvious loss of flesh that had barely grown over. You swallowed, your guts somersaulting. Your attention was then pulled by G spitting and hissing, his hot breath washing out over the polished wood. He was staring past you, possibly at Voidster as he grabbed quite a few rags and a paring knife.

Carefully, you reached a hand out towards his cheek, speaking softly. "Hey.. G, calm down.." It was as if he couldn't hear you, for he naturally snapped at your fingers. You pulled away barely quick enough, the jagged razors clacking loudly just beyond your fingertips. Your heart gave a panicked flutter, harboring your hand against your chest as the lich growled, vibrating the entire table and ground the side of his jaw down into the wood. As if he were trying to lift himself, but his arms would not obey. The black pupils had left his eyes, and only white, shimmering orbs lay within the pitch tar of his sclera. Voidster stepped loudly back to the both of you, unaltered by G's bared fangs and hissing. In fact, he looked almost bored as he lifted a rag and then lied it across the lich's eyes. G flinched, huffing and snorting as his ability to see was cut by white.

[I told you to keep him calm.] He grumbled, not bothering to shoot you a glance as he set his tools down upon the table, just on the other side of the lich. You couldn't find words, merely glaring at Voidster as he rifled his pockets, placing further needles down as his violet gaze studied the horrid limb before him. In this moment of silence, the lich settled, his jaws slowly relaxing as he quickly sucked in air and huffed in succession. You watched him during this, his cheeks lightly flicking with his draws of breath. Ferality and instinct. They always took hold whenever the lich couldn't think properly, his cognition smothered by drugs. Suddenly, G bared his fangs again, twitching and hissing with a reverberating click warbling deep within his throat. You glanced downward to see Voidster repeatedly inserting and removing a needle, injecting small amounts of some clear fluid into various parts of G's leg. **[Merely an anesthetic,]** he muttered irritably, finishing his work and laying the needle aside. **[I will not say it again, keep him distracted. Otherwise my work will be all for naught.]**

Swallowing, you returned to the lich's expression; half covered by that clean rag. He was panting, stressed. Rolls of fog billowing outward across the cool, smooth surface beneath him. You didn't particularly trust Voidster but it wasn't as if you could just stop him either, for he was already holding a knife. Wanting to avoid the scene beginning to unfold upon G's leg, you reached out to his face, his large iris flicking wildly beneath the cover as you laid your fingertips gently on his cheek. "Shh, I'm here," you murmured softly, doing your best to ignore Voidster's growls and annoyed snarls as he worked. If he was really doing what you thought he was doing, you would do everything in your power to help. G deserved to be made whole again. Even if it was Voidster who did the procedure, as long as he did it correctly.

Under your soft petting, the lich calmed down, drool slipping from his slack jaws to pool on the table beneath him. When you plucked another rag from Voidster's pile and placed it beneath his head, he didn't seem to notice, but you felt better knowing he was more comfortable. The act helped distract you from the strong, chemical scent of his blood, and the sickening, wet sounds of flesh being cut and rearranged. You didn't dare look down again, your stomach already queasy as you listened to Voidster mutter to himself about reconnecting tendons and removing scar tissue. G huffed softly, reminding you of his feral state when he nudged your hand, which had fallen still as you listened to Voidster's litany of corrections. It seemed that the anesthetic was working, for the lich didn't seem to feel the precise cuts that laid open his black, glistening flesh, flashes of white bone and sinew showing briefly from the corner of your eye.

Apologetically, you resumed your petting, stroking his cheek and jaw, much as you would have petted Chips, the gray feline. A faint, low rumble met your attentions. The lich purred. You smiled a little, but worry and fear swelled within you. A thought wriggled deep in the back of your mind, and as the minutes passed into an hour, you couldn't keep avoiding it. The thought that the real reason G wasn't in pain was because his leg was too far gone. It kept you from relaxing. Sitting stiffly at the table, idly tracing the scar down his face, to his neck; moving back up again as he occasionally snorted. It was a long process, hours then passing as you nestled your face on your arm beside G's, and kept up your steady, reassuring touches. His breath

against your cheek comforted you, and in time, you fell asleep, your head pillowed on your forearm beside his parted jaws. Palm limply cupping his jawline, the slightest nuzzling he could muster was not enough to rouse you. Even as he huffed and drooled, the rag shifting down his features, revealing one adventurous eye.

Voidster glanced up from his work to see you sleeping, the lich meeting his gaze in a neutral stare as your scent wafted into his jaws, seeming to soothe him. There was no hatred now in G's empty eye, only wary curiosity. He was too heavily drugged to feel anger, or pain. That would change, soon enough. For now, Voidster corrected the rag, covering G's vision with an irritable hiss and clicking from the monster before the man frowned down at his careful work; delicate stitching reconnecting tendons and nerves. It was by far the most challenging, complex surgery he had ever performed, but he felt satisfied that G would regain use of the leg. It was possible he would have some numb areas, especially in the first few days of recovery, but the lich healed incredibly fast. Even now, the flesh sluggishly roused to begin knitting back together. He had used thread that would dissolve as the tissues healed, yet was also resistant to the lich's acidic blood. He had developed it specifically for G, for their "therapy" sessions often required stitching afterward, and the lich healed too quickly to use regular sutures, which could be permanently absorbed into his flesh.

Voidster was exhausted. Except for the brief nap he had taken with you in his arms, he had not slept in nearly a week. His rut had driven him into the ground, and saving G's leg had been both physically and mentally taxing. His large, knuckled hands, which had stayed so perfectly steady when it mattered most, shook slightly as he poured disinfectant onto a large cotton pad, swabbing up blood and sterilizing the fresh stitches. He finished by wrapping clean gauze around the length of the lich's leg, followed by a paper thin, sticky webbing that held the gauze in place. A honeycombed type of patch, black, just like his scars. He was unable to fix the dents of missing flesh, but those would possibly fill in on their own with time. After finishing his work, he sighed, rubbing at his face to clear the tiredness from his eyes. In response, G hissed. A deep, drawing noise of an inhale. He exhaled just as voidster suspected, in a terse growl. The feral parts of him must still recognize his scent, and finds it unsavory. It was a shame the drugs didn't completely knock the lich out, but either way he wouldn't

be able to remember.

G's growling caused you to stir, slowly opening your eyes as the lich was shifted on the table; your hand falling from his features. The lich did not appreciate being handled, the cover over his eyes sloughing like a mound of snow to the floor whilst he snarled and spat in vivid disdain. Voidster bore these vocalizations, gathering the lich back up in his arms bridal style as you yawned and sat up from the tabletop. The man shifted G, giving his head support against his broad chest, even though he lacked appreciation for the motion by attempting to snap, and bite. His teeth clacked uselessly, unable to control his head except for slight shifting. His piercing eyes flicked side to side, before landing upon the strong jawline of his mate, snarling at the violet eyes that studied him for a moment before turning away. Voidster didn't speak, beginning to carry G back towards the foyer, even as you lifted yourself from the table, sore and uncomfortable.

You didn't wait for an invitation, slinking on after him silently. You eyed his broad back, and the way in which he stepped seemed burdened, G's legs and arm hanging limp from over Voidster's strong grasp. He carried him to their bedroom, and slowly walked around the bed to G's preferred side, the sheets stained with soft splotches of black. Mindfully, he the laid the lich down upon the mattress on his side, despite how he snarled and snipped. The lich continued to make these noises, vocalizing his discomfort by continuously growling and glaring at Voidster as he grasped the bottom sheet and began to shake it free, lifting it up over the lich's form. He paused, however, as he spotted you in the doorway and narrowed his gaze. **[I have no need of you currently, return to...whatever you do when you're not beneath either of us.]** G snarled loudly, and Voidster glanced down, casting the thin blanket over the top of the lich's head and instantly his noises were cut. Though the lump beneath the sheet slowly shifted, a plume of his breath batting the inside of the fabric.

"I can't just leave him with you-" Voidster narrowed his eyes in your direction, rounding the bed as you defied him and stood your ground, mirroring his bitterness. G simply grunted, flattening beneath the sheet. "-You're a horrid cretin. You just do whatever you want and think that just because you *attempted* to fix his leg, that *you* destroyed,

that everything will just go back to normal and he'll love you again-" The man strode straight up to you, his domineering stance towering above you as he sneered. **[I corrected a mistake. There was no mere *'attempt'* , he will no longer limp like the pathetic mess you've coddled him into being. And you cannot speak for the Gods who reside above you, begone-]** He roughly shoved you back, knocking you clear into the hallway as he grasped onto the double doors. **[-I have wasted enough time on a whore.]**

With that, he slammed the doors in your face. You stood agape, but only for a moment before bursting forward and hitting the door with your fist, "Funny, that's exactly what G said about *you!* " Wincing, you stepped back, a slight pant working through your lungs. But there was no response. Aggravated, and hurting, you growled in frustration and paced back to the living room but ended up just hurrying to the bathroom to purge once more. The sickness taking hold of you was like nothing you'd experienced before, it weighed on you in difference waves. And you truly were unsure if the nausea was naturally caused, or simply from the mental exertion of dealing with these two beasts. You weren't one to invite bad company, and knew you shouldn't pester Voidster, in fear that you would suffer an equal punishment done unto G.

Unknown to you, Voidster sat at G's bedside. Having pulled up a chair, one that another human woman had favored, to watch over the lich as he huffed and growled. For whatever reason, the lich was fighting sleep.. A thing that Voidster was unable to defy himself. At first, he had sat with his elbows on his knees, and head bowed. Fingers interlaced and thoughtless. But eventually righted himself, leaning back into the arch support of the chair and allowed his eyes to close. Listening to the occasional snorting and sniffing of the lich, hidden beneath the sheet. He pondered if he should dose the lich again, just as he himself faded from consciousness. His features were stoic, but the lines beneath his eyes were deep. Luckily, G remained beneath his sheet, having rolled onto his stomach, nuzzled into the crisp sheets and managed to doze himself. The trauma his leg had undergone again, gave him urgency to rest.

Chapter End Notes

Aww, G is like a big kitten. You put a blanket on him and he just shuffles around and flattens out. Voidster learned this trick on accident, but it's very useful for feral liches.

HALLOWEEN SPECIAL

Chapter Summary

Things go bump in the night.

Chapter Notes

This is separate from the chronological story arch going on currently in TSM with Void's rut.
It can be taken from an earlier standpoint, or just a separate story in of itself. Enjoy!

It was well into the early hours of the day after Halloween, so early that darkness still blanketed the mansion, filling the walls with shadows, and something more…You frowned, padding quietly out from G's study. You could have sworn you had heard voices, soft murmuring that was unfamiliar and out of place. Those two were usually asleep at this time, although it wasn't terribly unusual for them to stay up later. This didn't sound like them, though.

The night was swelteringly warm, and the thin nightgown you wore clung to your damp body, sweat trickling down the back of your neck. Maybe it was nothing. The kitchen was empty, moonlight casting eerie shadows on the walls as you walked hesitantly further. The quiet hum of the air conditioning was comforting, but a seed of doubt still nestled within you, pushing you to further explore.

Perhaps you should just wake them up. G in particular was terrifying when startled awake, but you couldn't shake the sense that something was wrong. Biting your lip, you crept forward, moving from the kitchen to the hallway. It was there that your fears were confirmed. Male voices murmured from the living room, unfamiliar and secretive. You hid in the shadows, silently observing. Could you alert Voidster and G from here? The men blocked your path to that bedroom.

'You sure nobody lives here anymore-?'

‘Shut up Tommy, nobody goes to- nor leaves this fuckin’ joint’

‘The botha you’s better shut ya’ traps, guys like these always got somethin’ worth not trustin’ a bank with.’

Swallowing dryly you carefully pressed your back to the wall, your heart racing in your chest as you strained to listen in. Shuffling, hard shoes scuffed the hardwood while their conversation continued. Could the monsters not hear any of this..? No, surely they knew. Their senses were too sensitive and violent, they were probably watching. Right?

“Yea’, well if ya find it you let me know-” the clanking of bottles rang out softly, your jaw clenching as you winced. Not the lich’s liquor. “-this guy sure had expensive taste.”

“I swears to god Tom, ya fuckin’ alcoholic.”

Light, muffled chuckling was the background noise to the rapid thudding within your chest. Surely G would have made his presence known if they were snooping in his liquor cabinet, he had many drop points and stashes throughout the house but each one only carried his particular favorites. Finely aged, single malt scotch, the brands you recognized cost hundreds of dollars per bottle.

“Benny, c’mon, live a little-”

“I haven’t lived in thirty eight years ya prick, marriage, am I right?”

Scrunching your brow you carefully eased away from the voices, unsure of what to do you began to gnaw at your lip once more. They seemed like.. Ordinary people. But, in your heart, you knew you

couldn't trust these pigs. Something about them reminded you of your ex. The man with a soft voice and a hard temper. G and Voidster were terrifying, but the cruelty of your own species had not been a lesson lost on you.

"Hey, least Becca has some nice tits- unlike Mary-"

"Ah, see that's what Tommy boy said 'bout Susan but we all know he was porkin' her and her sister-"

"I dunno what you're complainin' about, with tits like yours Ben-"

"Shaadup you nimrods."

Disgust built in your chest. Yes, they definitely reminded you of Alex, a man of lesser intellect with nothing intelligent to ever say. Sweat continued to bead down your back, your fingers curling into your palms as you carefully back stepped, eyeing the entrance to the living room as the footsteps scattered.

Why hadn't G or Voidster woken up by now? The men were speaking quietly, but surely the keen senses the monsters possessed would have alerted them to *something* being amiss. You slept lightly, you had to, living with someone like Voidster, but you didn't think G slept too deeply either. The hallway that led to their bedroom was just to the other side of the living room. If you could just get past these intruders, you would be safe.

Their backs were toward you, a lucky coincidence. They were too focused on what valuables might be found. Unsurprisingly, the priceless renaissance painting, as well as the rare egyptian carvings went unnoticed. G was eclectic in his tastes, but when he found something he liked, he spent freely on unique, irreplaceable items.

Holding your breath, you slipped around the corner, ducking back into the shadows as quickly as you could. Once back into the room you realized their conversation had stopped, yet you could hear the heavy breathing of whom you assumed to be Benny. His physical appearance must have been a heavier set one, as his friends so eloquently pointed out. Trailing along the back side of the couch you stepped with lithe intent, trying to not wince as the footsteps trailed around in the opposite direction. Glass clinked gently a mere few feet away, the third set of footsteps had stopped and you couldn't tell where that individual had gone. But you couldn't just sit here, biding your time was not a good idea.

Taking a deep breath you focused internally, slowly releasing the tension between your parted lips as you edged closer to the side of the couch and peered out around the furniture. The back of a heavier set male was towards you, inspecting the bottles of scotch in the low light of the windows. You scrunched your nose, you could smell his body odor from here as he wore a sweat-stained wife beater and an unmatched pair of shorts.

Flicking your gaze past him you found a shadow moving slowly, inspecting the far end of the room with the third man not in your field of vision. You'd have to make your move, regardless of where that man had gone. You tried to excite yourself, pulling urgency and confidence through your nerves. If those two monsters could perform well under stress, so much so that they created it on a daily basis for entertainment, then you could channel that energy.

With one last, deep inhale you tiptoed forward, keeping your eyes glued onto the back of the pig-like man as he rummaged for sweets in the cabinet. A few glass bottles having already been set on top of the small cabinet. You didn't want to imagine the lich's reaction to such disrespect, you'd just let them take care of it and keep yourself safe and hidden, like usual.

Making your way, exposed across the open space you were so focused

on the end of the room you hadn't noticed the third man having rounded the couch and had his wide, green eyes locked onto your slick, crouching form.

All you heard was a rush, spinning your attention as you gasped. A dark clothed man slammed into you, wrangling you to the floor and covering your mouth with his hand as you tried to scream and flailed against the hard floor. The other men immediately turned, the figure on the far end of the room rushing over as Benny just chuckled, "Well, guess I was wrong 'bout it bein' empty. Lookit this scanty broad.."

Two pairs of hands were on you, kicking and fighting for your life you tore and gouged out at your assailants. Slipping free of their grasp to scramble against the floor, being tossed closer towards the heavy man as he just watched and sighed, "c'mon ya fuckin' morons-"

A hard slap across your face sent you to your side, a wheeze being crushed from your lungs as a strong pair of hands shoved you onto your back with a calloused palm pressing over your lips and against your nostrils. It was hard to breathe, clawing at the forearm of the man you felt a familiar pair of hands grab at your legs, attempting to pin them down.

"Well-" you heard the unfastening of a zipper, your eyes going wide as you instinctively clasped your thighs together and flicked your gaze upwards.

"Fuck off Ben, you got to go first the last time," another man snarled, shoving your assailant out of the way to kneel over you. An expert knee was shoved between your legs, forcing them apart. The man holding his hand over your mouth reached down to grab your wrists, yanking your arms above your head, effectively pinning you down, which freed the man above you to rip the flimsy nightgown from your body, the thin fabric tearing easily as he exposed your breasts.

Hot tears of frustration and terror spilled down your face as he

roughly groped you, rolling your breast in his palm as his other unfastened his pants. He lowered his unshaven face to your own, pressing a sloppy kiss against your throat. You almost gagged at the sensation, disgusted and horrified beyond belief. You had been so close. You could feel fear freezing you, taking away your will to fight as the men chuckled and made crude jokes about what they were going to do to you. It was like a nightmare you couldn't wake up from.

Gathering your strength, you kicked your leg out desperately, one final attempt to free yourself, to alert the sleeping monsters, to do something to stop what was happening. Unbelievingly, you felt your foot connect with the liquor cabinet, knocking loose a bottle of scotch on an upper shelf, which fell to the floor, shattering loudly.

"Heh, feisty little cunt," one of the men laughed. For the first time, grim amusement filled you as well. They still thought this place was abandoned, that you were the only one here. You just hoped that you could hold them off long enough for *their* nightmares to begin.

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The shattering of glass caused the lich's sockets to fling open, his white pupils pin pricks deep within the dark pits of his skull. A heavy, reverberating growl wove through his chest as he pushed himself upward from the broad figure of his mate. The tender aches in his neck, side and loins was no hindrance to him as he stretched out an arm, protectively covering the sleeping male beneath him. Hovering above Voidster, the lich's fangs glistened in the darkness, fixating on the door as soft, asymmetrical sounds rallied up through the hall.

[Mnnph, what is that..?] Voidster breathed, the male flicking his sockets open, turning his violet pupils upwards at his mate who still bared the beautiful drippings of blood from the numerous bite marks coating his hide. Their passions had been exquisite tonight, sleep had not encompassed them that deeply in weeks.

“Fresh meat..” the lich breathed, his chest quivering as he turned his gaze towards his mate beneath him who was lifting upwards from the sheets. His hide was also indented from the loving gouges of fangs within flesh, yet his pale skin was licked clean. Soothed by the numbing effects of G’s saliva and passionate affection.

Moving as one the lich pressed over the top of Voidster, crawling on his hands and the balls of his feet while his mate swiftly tossed beneath him to slide off of the mattress. They both rolled their shoulders yet the lich remained hunched, clad in only dark briefs they pushed for the door out into the hallway. Their claws clicking against the hard wooden floors as the shadows welcomed them, standing on their toes they both padded silently down the hall.

“Hold that bitch still-!”

Tempered whispers, muffled cries and shuffling greeted them. The jagged vertebra of the lich rolled within his back, contorting and misshaping his figure while Voidster just passed his tongue across his lips. His eyes glittering as he stepped forth, G shrugging away, into the shadows as the monster announced himself, **[And what...pray tell-]**

Relief flooded through you, you couldn’t help the slight smile that crossed your features as that bastard’s voice filled your ears and made the chaos around you halt. **[-do you think you are doing, in my home, with *my* female?]**

The men were utterly shocked, the monster pressing further into the room to be bathed in the soft glow of the moonlight across his tattered skin. He wore no clothing at all, his pale, scarred skin covering lithe, rippling muscles. His palms faced the scene as he lifted his arms outward, a manic grin pulling at his lips while he tilted his chin upwards. His eyes were a deep, excited purple hue that almost glowed. He looked like an incubus raised from the very depths of hell.

Then, a deep, reverberating clicking noise drew from behind the group, off to the other side, causing all of you to jerk your attention towards it. If Voidster was an incubus, G was your deepest, darkest nightmare given physical form.

Hunched, feral and heaving the lich stood peculiarly. One shoulder shrugged, the other uneven with his collarbone. The sharp bones of his hips and ribs protruding in a sick, disturbed image of a mutilated corpse while dried rivulets of black blood had stained his neck. Unholy bite marks embroidered his hide, encapsulating his neck, throat and even one had been placed upon his side.

[Or shall I say.. Our, Home.]

“Oh, f-fuck…” the man known as Tommy breathed, the lot standing around your body as you lay on the floor, taking in the wheezing form of the excited lich through the legs of the men surrounding you.

“L-listen,” the third man laughed nervously, holding his hands up to the monster’s starting to draw closer into the room, slipping around the group in a slow, calculated circle, “we didn’t know this was your h-house.. W-we will just be goin’, no offense meant, no harm done.. right boys?”

[My companion seems to disagree with that idea,] Voidster purred malevolently, lowering his arms and glancing at his mate in silent communication.

You raised your voice from the floor, glancing bitterly upward at the terrified group of men as they found themselves being huddled closer from the tactical entrapment, “They went through the scotch, G- The twenty year old, single malts.”

The lich shoved his shoulders forward as he paced, his claws grasping angrily at the air as his arms were held out to the sides, as if ready to grasp at the nearest intruder. A spitting warbled roar pressed into the room, startling the men while beads of black spittle drooled from G's maw. The sound was terrifying, your own heart pounding in your chest and spurred a pant to beat through your lungs.

Slowly you raised yourself from the floor, eyeing upwards at the men too distracted with the show of the monsters. You clung to the tatters of your nightgown, covering yourself as best you could. Carefully, you pressed backwards across the cold floor, slipping silently away from them just as Voidster's light, clicking footsteps drew back around to your position while he chuckled.

[The Macallan, my love.]

The lich rolled his shoulders, snapping and catching of bone trembling through the air as he replied, "Dreadful.." the harsh popping of static caressed his fangs as he stepped ever so slightly closer. The jagged ankles of the larger male at your back caressed your spine, snagging the soft fabric of your nightgown as he trailed around the group idly, "it seems they know not what is appropriate to fondle with their hands.."

"N-now," Benny panted, sweat trickling down his wrinkled, flushed face glistening with grease, "We's made a mistake-!"

Tommy nodded quickly, unsure of who to keep his eyes on as now the men had switched places, disorienting and unnerving the intruders to new heights, "You, uh.. Gentlemen, can- can just forget ya' ever saw us-"

“Y-yeah,” the third man swallowed, his eyes flicking over the predatory gaze of the lich who drew in a heavy breath, quivering in his throat, “Ya can jus’.. continue your.. lifestyle, and uh- ya won’t have ta’ worry about a thing, nobody else will ever come back.”

Lifestyle..? You paused your retreat, eyeing the third man. He was really going to say something homophobic, *now?* It was unbelievable how stupid people could be, to come all the way out here and be so simple minded. You couldn’t help but to scoff, your fingertips digging into the floor beside you. They truly deserved what was coming, the swelling storm of tension would soon crescendo, you knew this all too intimately.

[Now where’s the fun in that?] Voidster inquired lightly, flexing his claws as he spoke. **[After all, fresh prey such as yourselves is an important part of our…lifestyle. Although…it seems your careless words have upset our pet now, as well. We can’t have that, can we, love?]**

Crisp, sharp hissing tore through the lich’s throat as he responded, “Nay.. perhaps a bloodletting should be held, yet this one is fat, an unsuitable sacrifice for beings such as ourselves” he was now drawing towards you while Voidster paced straight across from you. His purple gaze eyeing you, yet you didn’t feel fear, the sensation was.. odd.

“O-okay! We get it, ya got yer point across-!” Tommy trembled, full blown panic setting in on the men as they finally got their wits about them and pressed their backs together, being able to keep track of the duo as the all stood, bent at the knee and prepared to run, “M-monster’s don’t k-kill, unnecessarily, i-it’s against y-your uh.. Your-”

“Soul ch-chemistry,” the heavy man laughed, anxiety dripping from his accent, “You’s guys a-are made of c-compassion, right? Yeah, so’s is we. Jus’ let us go, an’ everyone will be happy.”

You had heard of this, of the status levels of monster souls which were much weaker than a human's soul. If too much of a certain standing, emotion or quality was lost a monster could die. Though, as luck would have it, the violence pooled within these beasts were far surpassed the point of no return and rendered the rumor null, and void.

A bad feeling rose in your gut, flicking your gaze between Voidster and G you pressed back further across the floor until your heated, sticky skin was flush against the wall. Entranced by the scene unfolding before you, you had rarely been a third party witness to the unholy glory of these two monsters, and now you had front row seats.

[Compassion. Interesting words from men such as yourselves. I wonder, can you feel them?] His smile sharp and predatory as he continued, **[Your sins, crawling on your backs?]**

"W-what're you's talkin' about?" the man shook, eyeing the lich who was crossing through his field of vision. They had begun to realize just how large, how broken and tattered the monsters were as they drew nearer still. Creatures of compassion didn't have scars like those. Raised tissue that spoke volumes of the violence they had endured, and inflicted.

G took a few steps forward, eyeing an increasing gap between Benny and the younger Tom. He took his strike, leaping from his position he hurled himself forth, shrieking as his claws tore through the shoulder blade of the heavier set man. The lich was gone as fast as he struck, the man screaming and shuffling away from the impact as he grabbed at his back. The other two men grabbed onto him, trying to steady his panicked form as he shouted incoherently but the man fell regardless. His heavy form hit the ground, the remaining men left panting and panicked as they turned their attention to the lethal monsters edging closer. Picking them off, one by one.

Thick, steaming rivers of blood slid across the lich's fingertips like silk.

Resuming his slow, methodical pacing as he flicked his pin point pupils across from the group towards his mate. The excitement was evident in Voidster's features, the muscles in the beast's neck were flexed, the crimson, cleaned bite marks upon his flesh quivering as he chuckled, **[Perhaps, now you do.]**

Your breath caught in your throat, staring wide eyed at the flayed back of the man. G had torn through him with ease, like a hot knife through butter. Fabric and flesh hung in thick strips from the man's body, pools of blood seeping downward, coating the floor as the man writhed and groaned pathetically. The smell of hot iron, sweat and fear was palatable. Pressing yourself tighter to the wall a gentle shiver took hold of your limbs, flicking your attention between the passing monsters who were picking up their pace now.

[But what fun is such a simple lesson as this..? This opportunity shouldn't be wasted. We haven't had such...rare entertainment in so long.]

G hissed as he inhaled, suddenly breaking forth a sharp, brief shriek that tremored through his chest and throat. The harsh, thick scar crossing his torso vibrating in the violent war cry. You felt a trembling in your soul, your lungs faltered and you nearly choked on the tension winding within your gut. A choked sob escaped your lips, a sound that drew the attention of both monsters.You tried to restrain yourself, but the reaction you were having was purely physical. You shook violently, gasping, pathetic whimpers and sharp inhales of breath punctuating the sudden stillness.

Somehow, the fury in G seemed to increase tenfold at the sound, his dark sockets focusing briefly on you before a guttural roar broke the silence, terrifying the man called "Tommy" enough that he panicked and fled. The sudden movement was just what was needed for the lich to give in fully to his predatory instinct. Without a word, he dropped to all fours in pursuit, claws leaving deep gouges in the expensive hardwood floors.

An odd expression flashed across Voidster's face, as if in that moment he had realized something about the other monster. It was quickly replaced, however, as he ran his tongue over his teeth, stalking nearer the remaining man. The man's eyes flicked down to the approaching monster's groin, the color draining from his face as he mistook the beast's evident arousal.

"P-please d-d-don't," he whimpered, not seeming to realize that Voidster had paused, staring down at him in confusion. Then he noticed where the sniveling creature was looking, and laughed. His laughter was unnerving at best, downright terrifying in a situation like this. The man stumbled back, trapped between the couch and the man who slowly followed, amusement and hunger in his gaze.

[It would be fitting, given what you had intended for my pet.] He gestured vaguely in your direction, ignoring your shuddering, hysterical form. **[But I think we can find a better use for you. Human women are…enticing. But the males, those are the true challenge. More strength than the females, enough to make the chase amusing.]**

He stared down at the quivering fool before him, barely able to stand, and ran his tongue over his fangs. **[Run, little human. Perhaps if you are fast enough, you'll escape. If not…]** He chuckled darkly, raising a brow. **[We can always explore the alternative option you seemed so interested in. One way or another, I will bury myself in your warm flesh.]**

The man seemed too shocked to move, trembling on the spot until the towering creature above him lashed out, irritably swiping one clawed hand in a restrained blow, enough to knock him off his feet.

[Run,] the monster hissed at him, violet eyes narrowing as he crouched, balancing on the balls of his feet. With a panicked cry, the man scrambled to his feet, forsaking his bleeding, lacerated friend as he rushed for the front door of the house. Voidster watched and

waited, amused and contented for the time being. He glanced in your direction, making a fast assessment of your condition as he gave his prey a head start.

[Stay there,] he commanded, as if you were capable of doing otherwise. The shock of your near-rape, as well as the brutal bloodletting had taken its toll, and you were breaking under the stress. He would have to have G give you some kind of sedative later, otherwise it would turn into some kind of disgusting emotional affair, where you followed the lich around like a lost puppy, needing constant reassurance.

Enough time had passed. He balanced the pads of his fingers lightly on the ground, springing up and giving chase to the human he'd set free, running on all fours with surprising grace and agility. The human hadn't gotten far, only to the driver's seat of the vehicle they had all arrived in. Smirking, Voidster circled silently up to the door, observing as the man fumbled his keys again and again, unable to fit the correct one into the slot. He drank in the fear of the human, ripples of pleasure shuddering down his spine. It was a shame that they needed no new test subjects. This one had just enough fight to make it interesting.

It had been too long since he had freely hunted, though. In a way, this was far more fulfilling than the potential days or weeks that he could draw the man's suffering out. A brief chase, the panicked, distracted flight of his prey, and then...the slow realization that he wasn't alone. He wasn't safe, not at all. He saw the moment that realization struck his prey, the moment he dropped the keys from his shaking hands, turning wildly to glance out the window.

Simultaneously, Voidster rose from his crouch, punching through the glass with ease, though it drew shallow cuts on his arm. The human's mouth opened in a silent scream, and the scent of urine stung the air. What a pitiful coward. He wrapped one clawed hand around his victim's throat, dragging the human out through the shattered window of the car. The broken glass tore at the man's weak flesh, leaving deep lacerations that spilled forth the sweet, coppery blood. Still alive,

excellent.

He dropped the human, letting it fall in a crumpled heap at his feet. Crouching again, he idly dragged one sharp claw along the man's face, opening the flesh to the bone. He was entranced by the sight of the pink skin parting, revealing the fatty tissue and wet meat, the bone stained red, glistening. His throat released, the human had begun screaming, but Voidster didn't hear him, lost in a reverie of mutilated flesh. Slowly, he inflicted another deep wound on an unmarked area of skin, watching the crimson rivulets flow from the tender skin.

He tore away the shirt of his victim, leisurely examining him before choosing his next slice, over the soft flesh of the abdomen. The man gasped and fainted. The sudden lack of screaming was distracting, but not as interesting as the way the thick fat of the stomach resisted him, parting slowly to reveal the thin sac that sheathed the human's organs. He watched with interest as the blood pulsed through the man's veins, noticing movement further up.

Frowning in concentration, he ripped the skin away from the man's sternum, contemplating his bare breastplate. Beneath it, the heart still beat, frantically sending blood to a body that was too damaged to continue functioning. He cracked open the rib cage like the shell of a nut, prying it apart to access the meat within. He had never felt a beating heart before. He would now.

Gently, he curled his claws around the throbbing muscle, marveling at the way it continued to struggle. This single part had more determination in it than the creature who had housed it. The sting of blood drifted through his parted jaws, and he hungered for a taste of death. Ripping the heart from the vessels that clung demandingly to it, he held it above him, opening his maw wide.

A hard squeeze sent the lifeforce gushing into his mouth, hot and metallic and exciting. He squeezed until it had nothing more to give, lying like a pulpy fruit squeezed of all its juice in his palm. Shrugging,

he tossed it aside, standing. He may as well see if any enjoyment remained to be had inside the house.

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While chaos ensued around you, the scrambling, terrified chase echoing through the halls to your right paired with the shattering of glass and scurry occurring just outside. You were left alone, heaving, tear stained and falling into shock as the heavy set man, Benny, rolled over and gaped at you. The sight was disturbing, drawing your legs up to your chest you tried to recoil, begging the wall to swallow you whole.

The loud cry of a man jolted your attention away from the bleeding out man on the floor, back down the dark hallway as you watched Tommy attempting to rush back into the foyer. Sliding out from behind the corner was the lich, his legs tense, claws scratching across the floor in a feral crouch. The pale, shimmering hide of the monster gave and pulled as his odd, wretched bone structure tore and ground within his dark, fibrous tissue.

Tommy wheezed as he ran, spit trailing from his lips as he let out another cry with the sound of the lich surpassing him. G swiftly rounded the human, elongating his spine as he stood magnificently before him and released a demonic screech into the face of his prey. Waves of stinging, acidic humidity rolled outward from within his core, burning the tender skin of Tom's face as he backpedaled.

Your breath was caught in your throat, your form trembling uncontrollably against the drywall. The lich's spine was quivering, slipping through the muscle beneath his tattered hide still stained in his own droplets of blood from earlier, similarly violent indulgences of flesh. G's skull was twitching quickly side to side, off center and unnatural.

This horrid sight washed downward through his back, into the tips of his fingers as his claws harshly shuddered and seemed to glitch about in the air. G reached forward, his slender, broken spine twisting his form forward as Tommy cried out, “S-stay back!”

The lich responded with a heavy, warbling and hitching sound. One you recognized as laughter. The man attempted to duck passed the monster, earning a swift backhand to the side of his face that send him careening across the hall and into the wall adjacent of the lich. The reverberating bang echoed in the room, Benny giving out a wet gurgling wheeze as you just shut your eyes and tossed your face towards the wall. This was too much, this was all too much. Dribbling, unwarranted sobs wracked through your chest.

G lunged forth, the man not fast enough as the lich then hooked his claws into the man’s back and tossed him out back into the foyer. The front door was wide open, the sounds of ripping skin filtering inward as the monster stalked forth. Tommy ignored you, and Benny, completely as he scrambled forward. Mindlessly trying to dart down the opposite hall, you heard the lich shriek as he bounded after the human.

Leaping across the huddled mess in the middle of the floor the lich gave chase, again. He loved the excitement, the fear, it shook his frame as if his body was too weak to resist the power of his own magic. Tommy has only just righted himself, scrambling against the wall before G’s hot, melting breath pressed into the back of the man’s salty neck. Soon after, rows of sharp acidic teeth enclosed around the delicate flesh before him.

Tommy was jerked backwards, gagging and crying out frantically as he flailed uselessly. The ground being torn from beneath his feet as the lich used the momentum of his chase to slide across the floor into a light spin, twirling the mass of meat in his jaws and forced the both of them to the ground. G landed precisely as he wished, the human being crushed beneath the weight of his hardened, broken body.

Cracks of bone, of ribs splintering, tore into your brain. A wild sob drawing from your lips as you raised your hands up to your ears, clutching to the sides of your skull yet it could not abate the sounds of wet cries, of tearing flesh and the spilling of hot rivers across the lavish wood.

Tommy fought, he fought with no purpose besides that of instinct. Something the monster could appreciate while he gnawed into the meat in his jaws. Slipping his fangs around to the nape of the man's neck the lich pulled, a giving, stretching noise groaned outwards before the skin was ripped from the muscle beneath. Leathery, wet and soggy the lich snarled, his jaws grinding and crunching the reward hungrily before reeling down for another bite.

Landing into the man's shoulder, through his wild wails, raspy screams of pure agony sung so sweetly to the lich. Mimicking the same motions as before G worked his sharp teeth into the body below him, tearing, pulling and ripping chunks of meat, and even fabric, away to consume them. Feeding his soul with bitter gifts of blood, his hide quivering as he tore delightfully into the living carcass below.

Crunching, snapping and moist tearing shadowed the ungodly screeching of the man beneath the prowess of the lich. Clamoring against the walls, digging into your heart and summoned a ringing in your ears. Hot bile filled your esophagus, having to swallow regularly to avoid heaving yet it could not appease the frantic sobs pounding through your lungs.

The lich lashed out, time and time again. His methods cruel, and precise. Skinning the being beneath him, piece by piece, exposing the exquisite red meat below before the craving of copper, of slippery, steaming meat became too great and he drove downward into the exposed muscle of the man's shoulder. Tearing, snarling and hissing he began to really consume this man. Blood squelched forth, splattering and pooling across the floor clear to the trim.

Eventually, the inhuman cries of the man were cut. An uncalculated bite snapped the man's neck as the lich ground his soaking jaws into the easily accessible bundle of sweet reward. So far gone within himself G continued to feast, growling, repositioning himself on all fours to shake and pull strips of meat from his prey. All consumed in his feral instinct he did not even register the smug, amused attention Voidster was giving to him from across the room.

The monster drew in a deep breath, snickering as he soaked in the sights, smells and euphoria of such pleasantries at his palate. But the only thing you could focus on, was the absolute horror before you. The sound, the smell, of blood soaking through the wooden floors stung your nostrils and grew a terrible trembling within every fibre of your being. Harsh, whimpery sobs pulled and pushed through your lungs, huddling further within yourself as consciousness became the pure struggle to breathe. Voidster paid you no mind, however, and simply stepped forth- blocking your petrified view. The man needn't speak, it only took a crisp whistle to snap the lich's blood dripping features upwards, a predatory snarl baring his fangs. It took only a moment for G to peer through his ferality, realizing the sight of his mate he swiped his black tongue over his jaws; clearing the blood away tenderly.

Slowly, the lich stood. His bones loudly snapping and creaking, righting himself properly. Although, his eyes remained drowned in instinct. The whites of his iris free of any sign of a pupil, and their shimmering surface nearly pulsated. Voidster stepped forward, affectionately spreading his arms as a heady smirk drew his lips back. He placed a careful hand on his mate's bicep, the flesh twitching beneath his fingertips. **[Well hunted, my love. It seems as if we have quite the mess to clean up, however.]**

G growled, lightly nodding as Voidster set his gaze downward, drinking in the sight of mutilation strewn about the lich's feet. The men shuffled, allowing G to step away from his light snack, stains and smears of blood still dripping down his lips and neck. A sight you couldn't fully comprehend, the stress and shock of the situation was weighing down on you like a lead sheet. Smothering, suffocating. The noises you made were involuntary, as were the shudders that took hold of your form. The sensitive senses of the lich instantly drew his focus to your panicked hyperventilation. His voice came as a harsh,

gravelled warble. “Indeed. Take care of our leftovers, the pet had gone into a high state of shock.”

The lich hissed and stepped with a creaking, animalistic stalk, tip toeing his way down the hall towards his study. His passing gathered your watery, blurred attention if only for a moment. Before the sickly chuckle and sound of wet, sloughing flesh dragging across the floor caused you to cringe hard enough to finally shut your eyes. Your face was drenched with tears and sweat, the remnants of your night gown sticking uncomfortably to your heaving frame. It felt like hours. The sound of dead flesh being taken out the front door, as if it were nothing more than trash, was engraved into your skull. So much so, that you did not notice the lich’s return. Hardly felt his scorching breath on your cheek, or the way in which he gripped your arm with slick claws.

A cold pin prick, lasting only a few moments, while your limbs twitched and shuddered through the pathetic weeping that had taken hold full force and untamable. G remained crouched before you, peering at your terrified, bunched up body. He tilted his head to one side slowly, before rolling his chinn in the other direction. He could taste your fear, the salt of your tears, and his hide quivered with built excitement. With time, the sedative began to fully quell your shakes and stole consciousness with it. You were so tired, so completely drained. You did not fight the arms that lifted you from the ground, only slouching in the lich’s grasp as he rose and spoke lowly to the other man who had shut the front door with a reverberating slam.

You understood the words as English, but could find no meaning. The two monsters took notice of your state of mind, and Voidster’s smirk nearly drew all the deeper. **[Take her back to her room, then we may-]**

“No.” G interupted, static lacing his words. “It is best we keep her close, otherwise any other intruder could finish what these sods had started.” He then moved, keeping you close to his chest. His gait was agile, fluid. As if you were drifting through the air, it helped lull you to sleep.

Voidster's smirk fell, but only slightly. His dilated pupils honing in on the lich that walked in front of him. G's joints were still flexible, malleable. Similar to the hot rush of adrenaline coursing through his own veins. So far, the night had been wonderful.. But it was far from over. It would be some further hours before dawn, and the excitement of further discourse stirred a childlike giddiness within the demon. He could only hope for further thrill seekers, snooping about the property. The perfect prey.

Voidster's Rut (Part 5)

Chapter Summary

> Voidster did what he could to make amends in the previous chapter, but was it enough?

CRACK

It was the sudden strike that interrupted his dreams, but the sensation of falling that fully woke him. As his eyes opened, he saw G's face, full of cold anger and righteous fury as he withdrew the fist that had thrown his mate from his chair. Then he hit the floor, the jolt of his impact cushioned only slightly by the thick rug that lay over the hardwood. A harsh snarl welled in his throat, and he glared at the lich as he propped himself up on his elbows.

[This is the thanks I receive for saving your leg?]

"You forget yourself," G returned bitterly, his face hard. "Your 'intervention' would not have been necessary if you had not harmed me to begin with. I didn't ask for your help."

[And yet, you have received it,] Voidster replied blithely, his gaze softening somewhat. **[Will you not at least forgive me the harm I did you? I…was not myself.]**

"And you think that is sufficient excuse for what you did?" G sneered, regarding the man who lay below him, still on the floor. "There is nothing you can do to repay this debt. It's pathetic that you even try." He swung his legs out over the edge of the bed, reaching for the cane that Voidster had propped up against the side. Leaning heavily on it, G tested his weight on the leg, pausing as he realized that he had

regained sensation in his foot and ankle, which no longer dragged uselessly against the ground. Still, his expression remained cold, and he carefully navigated around the large body of his mate, who had made no attempt to stand. The burning pain he had experienced when walking previously was greatly diminished, and while his calf tingled and ached, it was bearable.

He limped steadily around the side of the bed, pausing to don a pair of trousers and fasten them one-handed at the waist. He stopped at the doorway to glance back at Voidster. Anger had settled like a stone in his heart, and he was unmoved by the confusion and hurt that he saw in the other man's eyes. **[G…]** his mate tried, but the lich had already turned away, letting his weight rest on the cane as the doors swung slowly shut behind him.

His first priority upon leaving Voidster behind in their bedroom was locating you, and ensuring your safety. He remembered being drugged, but nothing until waking, with the larger man slumbering in a chair beside him. A quick visual check had confirmed his suspicions; that Voidster had operated on the leg while he was drugged, likely to win back his favor. But the lich was not so easily forgiving, not after all he had endured at the other man's hands.

His gaze softened as he rounded the corner, seeing you asleep on the couch with a book in your hands. Your face was paler than it should be, and beads of sweat stood out on your forehead as he brushed your hair away. Carefully, he placed the back of his hand against your cheek, frowning down at your slumbering form. You had a light fever, but still carried the abomination sown within your womb. Your temperature was too warm, and your scent confirmed the latter. Saliva pooled between his jaws as instinct scratched at him to mount you, to claim you. Your soft cries as Voidster had pushed you across the table echoed in his memory, and he stared down at you, oblivious and peaceful beneath his hungry gaze.

Distantly, he heard his mate leaving their shared room, heard the heavy footfalls stepping carefully in the opposite direction, away to the laboratory beneath the house. Just as well, he was in no mood to

tangle with that entitled, selfish man once more so soon, and any interaction between them would likely disturb your fragile slumber. Instead, he bent at the waist, gathering your small form into his free arm. You would sleep more easily on the couch in his study, where he could keep an eye on you and prevent the beast from interfering with your rest. Despite having to walk with a cane, your weight was no burden on him, and he carried you easily as he stepped carefully into his study.

"G…?" you mumbled groggily as he set you down on the sofa in his study, covering your small form with a blanket. "Yes, my dear?" he responded patiently, meeting your slightly glazed eyes with his own calm gaze. "Your leg?" you muttered urgently, trying to peer past the blankets at the covered limb. Ah, so that was it. The cold anger in his heart flared, and he glanced away, downward. "It heals," he said simply. You seemed reassured, but as he searched his own feelings, he found no such emotion. Were even you so used to Voidster's behavior that you expected the lich to be placated by forced surgery? Did repairing the leg, which still ached and tingled, undo the pain he had experienced? The agony, the humiliation, the betrayal?

No. His gaze roamed back over you, and found you had settled back into sleep, burrowing into the warm blanket he had draped you with. Placated. Unlike himself. Turning away, he limped to his desk, settling down in the chair to rest his forearms on the polished surface. He reached into the drawer on his right and drew out a half-empty bottle of scotch, pouring it into the accompanying glass with the ease of long practice. Grimacing, he downed the fiery liquid, the alcohol only fanning the flames of his rage. His selfish mate, propped up in a chair by his bedside as if he actually cared. You, accepting the pregnancy you carried, accepting Voidster's actions against you both. Perhaps you truly were his creature, obedient to his whims and accepting of his claims, but it was not something the lich would allow in his home. He had been through enough, had been used enough, and he was done.

Expressionlessly, he opened another drawer, drawing out a large syringe and staring at it. Unused, the needle glinted wickedly. Strong enough to pierce his hide. Strong enough to pierce his mate. He

balanced his left arm on the desk, drawing the needle in his right to the crook of the arm. Carefully, he pressed into a vein, feeling the sharp sting of the metal in his skin as he withdrew the oily black substance that was his blood. The blood of a lich, deadly to humans. In monsters, the effects varied, but he knew from experience how it would impact Voidster. Slowly, he set the near-full syringe back on the desk, pressing his thumb absently to the puncture wound, which was already closing on its own. Internally he struggled, though outwardly he remained calm. He was tired, so tired of the eternal conflict between them, and yet his heart would know no peace without vengeance.

This was his home. Voidster, and you, lived here by his sufferance. He was not a charitable man, but the benefits had outweighed the burden. Until now. His mind was a broken record, playing and replaying the moment that his mate had kicked him in the gut, diving down to press his thumbs into his windpipe, strangling him into unconsciousness. Waking up on the table. The burning pain of knives sinking into him, carving his flesh like a slain animal. Voidster's mockery, his demands.

He was startled from his reverie by the sound of his partner's voice, calling him. While he was loathe to answer, if he remained here, Voidster would find you both. He preferred to keep you out of sight for the time being. With a grunt, he struggled to his feet, the cane assisting as he tucked the syringe into his pocket and made his slow way toward the study door. Glancing back, he saw that you still slept, which solidified his decision. He opened the door, closing it behind him. Better that you stay where you were, for the time being. Resting.

He found Voidster in the kitchen, walking slowly through the room as he searched out the lich, holding something in his hand. Instinctively, G curled his free hand into his pocket, around the comforting warmth of the syringe. He had a weapon now. A way to fight back. With a bored expression on his face, he stepped into the beast's line of sight. "What do you want?"

His expression and tone gave Voidster pause. He glanced warily at his

mate before bringing his hand in front of him, displaying a syringe of his own. **[Medication, for the pain.]** G's heart thudded painfully in his chest at the sight, but he maintained his stoic posture, staring back at Voidster with measured disdain. "I require nothing further from you. Leave." He hadn't realized how close to ferality he was treading, how far toward the precipice he had been pushed before Voidster's expression hardened, and he found himself nearly snarling in response. He wouldn't dare.

But he did. Stalking nearer, his mate depressed the plunger, a clear bead of fluid glistening at the tip of the needle as he approached the lich. **[Do not think to deceive me,]** Voidster purred malevolently, not noticing as G withdrew the syringe filled with his blood and concealed it in his hand. **[The surgery will have corrected the worst of your pain, but you need to be medicated. I will not allow you to selfishly abstain, blaming me all the while for your suffering.]**

The lich rumbled ominously, a sound that momentarily shook Voidster from his fixation. But it was not enough to dissuade him. He drew nearer, not bothering to guard himself, not expecting G to be able to fight back. His assumptions cost him dearly, for as he lunged forward with the needle, he found his arm shoved out of the way with the silver-headed cane, a disembodied hand gripping him painfully beneath the jaw as G discarded the cane and swept beneath his outreached arm, coming up beside him to plunge the thick needle into his lover's neck. The sharp metal pierced his hide without effort, and the lich depressed the plunger, flooding Voidster's system with his potent, toxic blood.

The beast's eyes widened in shock, and he drew one hand up to syringe, feeling tentatively at it as he stared at G. **[What- what is this?]** He swayed on his feet, and the lich felt his lips drawing up into his cheekbones in a sharp smile, the last vestige of his control snapped by the thoughtless assault of his mate. "My blood," he murmured vindictively, standing straight and tall without the cane. An uncertain sneer overtook Voidster's features, and he spat in response, **[Your blood will not affect me! I have developed an immunity…]** he trailed off as he felt the icy shock to his system, nerves searing as the

fluid raced through his determination filled veins. “Won’t it….?” G replied quietly, taking in how his violet eyes glazed, his hands beginning to shake so that he dropped the syringe he had held.

Wordlessly, he caught the taller man as his knees buckled, wrapping one arm around the broad chest of the unconscious beast. He couldn’t carry Voidster’s full weight on his healing leg, but he could drag him well enough, and did so, the monsters back claws clicking uselessly on the floor as he was pulled from the kitchen, toward their shared bedroom. A vicious excitement filled the lich, his limp only slight as he dragged the large body of his drugged mate, before finally depositing him on their bed. Voidster was trembling from the poison coursing through his veins, droplets of sweat standing out on his forehead. His eyebrows were drawn slightly together, his lips parted and bloodless. G drank in the sight, brushing a thumb over the lower lip of his lover, basking in the power he held over the other man. He had some time before Voidster would wake, and then the real fun would begin. With a cold smile, the lich left the unconscious monster. He had some implements he needed to fetch.

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Consciousness slowly returned to Voidster, his body aching and mind hazy. Vaguely, he remembered G’s displeasure with him upon waking. Going to prepare a medication for after the lich’s surgery. And then...his eyes widened as full realization struck him. With a jolt, he woke fully, only to find himself naked, bound hand and foot with thick rope. His shoulders were wrenched painfully, his posture similar to how G had been tied to the frame of the bed, but his ankles were tied as well, his legs spread and tethered to the bedposts. A weakness plagued him, his limbs shaky and skin clammy, his body still rallying to fight off the poison of the lich’s blood.

[Wha- G…?] he muttered urgently, glancing around the darkened bedroom. His blurred vision finally found the lich, sitting quietly near the foot of the bed with one of Voidster’s favorite blades in his hands. His pupils were mere pinpricks in the fathomless black of his scleras,

his expression intense and predatory. Upon hearing his name, G glanced up, a faint smile gracing his features before his face fell, expressionless. “It must be strange,” he mused quietly, standing to limp beside the bed, “to wake bound and helpless yourself, for once.”

A tremor of some nameless emotion shook Voidster to his core. He could tell at once that the lich was not himself. This wasn’t the feral insanity of his rut, this was a cold, precise ruthlessness that he had never seen in his mate before. It was almost erotic, almost intimidating. Coercing his features into a stern expression, the larger monster scowled up at his captor, a fine line drawing between his brows. **[Untie me. You are not yourself, the surgery has left you…changed.]**

“The surgery.” G’s lips twitched, an ironic expression crossing his face. “No, my love. It is not the…surgery, that changed me. That was simply the final line for you to cross, the last vestige of my patience for your behavior…obliterated. No, you have had this coming for quite some time now. I have played the benevolent master of the house for far too long now.” He stared down at his mate, idly spinning the knife in his grasp, while Voidster watched silently. A spark of recognition had leapt to the forefront of his mind, and he realized the blade was the one he had used on G’s leg. Surely not a coincidence. For the first time, something like true fear made itself known in his heart. **[What are you doing?]**

“An eye for an eye,” the lich intoned, mimicking Voidster’s own words to you, when he had sliced the tender flesh of your belly. “I am the only one strong enough to deliver punishment such as you deserve. It is my right, and my responsibility.” Anger unfurled in the beast, and he sneered up at the lich, violet eyes narrowed. **[Convenient, how you pick and choose the responsibilities that concern you. Such as ‘punishing’ me. Such as interfering with my human. Yet you neglect yourself, you push me to harm you, and then self righteously-]** *SLAP.* Voidster’s words were cut off by the blow, his cheek stinging as the lich struck him hard across the face.

“Do not disrespect me in my home,” G hissed, withdrawing his hand

to lean heavily on his cane. “The only rights you have here are those I grant you; and I grant you little.” His face hardened, glaring down at the other man with something near fury on his face. “You will suffer dearly for the sins you have committed.” Almost tenderly, he pressed the edge of the blade against the torso of his mate, drawing it slowly down the path of his ribs as the other monster hissed in pain. Red, determination-laced blood leaked from the wound, trickling down his pale skin in a tantalizing display. “I should flay you alive,” the lich said coldly, rallying his magic to imbue his saliva. Setting the blade aside for a moment, he knelt by the bed, meeting the wide violet eyes of the other man as he dragged his tongue along the wound. Something between a roar and a scream of pain left Voidster’s lips, the flesh sizzling as G’s magic burned him.

[S-stop,] he snarled, panting heavily as G raised his head, letting the rusty, tantalizing flavor of his mate’s blood dance across his tongue. “You may beg, if you like,” he sneered with contempt, gripping the knife once more. “But mercy will not be given to one such as you. Your crimes can only be paid for in blood.” At that, the other man fell silent, eyeing the blade that the lich held against his skin. They both started when a tentative knock on the bedroom door interrupted the scene, your soft voice carrying through the wood. “G...are you alright? I thought I heard something?”

A smirk stained G’s lips as he stood, setting the knife aside for the moment. “Interfering with *your* human, you said…” he said softly, while you waited patiently outside the door. “Had I not told you that she is no longer yours to claim?”

[She carries my child,] Voidster replied just as quietly, seething as his struggles renewed. **[She bears my claim, she is mine. Do not think of taking what is not yours!]** Beneath the skin, they were both still feral beasts, G mused, taking in how possessive Voidster had become of you. He couldn’t blame the other man. Were it *his* offspring you carried, he would be just as protective, if not more so. But this, too, was his to take. He would remind you both who the dominant male of the house was, and in doing so, erase Voidster’s unsavory claim on you. The small, broken, “family” he had gathered around himself was damaged, ruined by the violent actions of his mate. He

would start anew, he decided with a grimace, turning to fling the door open and leer down at your startled face.

“Your timing is impressive, pet,” he murmured with a faint smile, gently grasping your arm to draw you into the room. Voidster’s prone form remained hidden in the shadows, and for once, he remained silent, watching as G led you deeper.

You chewed on your lip. Something about the lich seemed strange, different. You had been woken from your sleep by what you thought was G, crying out, but perhaps you had been mistaken. Something in his manner made you uneasy. There was a predatory intensity about him, the instinctual sense that you were the prey, that despite how gently he held your arm, you had walked into a trap with no escape. Halting, you tried to pull away, only to have his hold on you tighten. “What are you doing?” you asked quietly, swallowing your panic as he turned and peered down at you. His pupils were almost nonexistent, and saliva welled fiercely within his clenched jaws.

A movement in the corner of your eye caught your attention, and you turned to see Voidster, tied naked to the bed, staring intently at the two of you. Such a sight gave you vivid memories of another similar situation, when the lich had forced you to ride his mate with such violence that you were sore for a week afterward. Startling, you stumbled back, G’s claws on your arm keeping you from overbalancing. “I don’t want this,” you whispered, quivering in the lich’s arms. Strangely, Voidster held no excitement in his gaze. Instead he seemed angry, yet strangely...submissive? He seemed as uncertain as you were about G’s sudden change in behavior, and your belly churned into knots as anxiety sprung through your veins.

A low chuckle interrupted your fear, turning wide-eyed to stare up at the lich, who was gazing down at you in amusement. “You are mistaken, my dear. He-” he jerked his chin toward the prone monster, contempt in his voice, “Will have no further use of you. Ever again.” Voidster snarled, a low threatening sound, his muscles rippling as he tested his bonds. “A monster pregnancy is developed through magic, and despite my mate’s greater size and physical strength, his magic is

no match for that of a lich. Do you remember what you had asked of me, quite some time ago?"

You flushed, trembling in his hands. You had asked, no, begged him to father a child on you, rather than accepting Voidster's claim. And yet, at the time he had offered a better solution; to avoid pregnancy entirely. Was that no longer an option? Was it too late for such a thing? "B-but what about just...ending it…?" your voice trailed off uncertainly, the lich leading you around toward the bottom of the bed, trapping you between the furniture and himself as he leaned down to nuzzle your hair.

"Ah, little songbird. Do you not wish to be tied to me in such a way? Do you doubt that I would provide for you...for us? Let me take you far from this life of pain and violence. Accept me, accept my claim, and be mine. I cannot promise you the love I once was capable of giving, but I will see that you want for nothing." You blinked, his magic twining seductively around your fragile soul. Why was he saying these things? Sun was the one the had loved, not you. Why would he want a child with someone so damaged, so different from the woman he had given his heart to? Who had once carried his child, made of love, not whatever was poisoning him now.

A faint smirk touched his lips, so subtle that you didn't notice it. His words were influencing you, he saw the uncertainty, the yearning in your eyes. You didn't truly want to be burdened with a pregnancy, but you desired the safety and affection he offered. He didn't care what you believed, as long as you spread your legs and accepted his magic into your body. For his seed to truly challenge Voidster's claim, your willingness was preferable, and he wanted nothing more but to wrest ownership of you away from the other man. To spite him, to hurt him, by taking everything he valued. You were merely a pawn in a game played by deities. A soft, mewling female, early enough in her pregnancy that any strong male might challenge the fatherhood of the child. And if anyone was going to breed a human in his home, it would be G.

"I don't know…" you whispered unhappily, trying to pull away as he

held you firmly in place. His gentle touches both aroused and frightened you, and you squirmed fitfully in his hands as his tongue darted out to taste your throat. “Monster pregnancies progress faster than human ones,” G told you gently, turning you around in his arms and drawing his hands down your sides. “To end it now would be painful...you don’t want pain, do you?”

[Don’t listen to him,] Voidster suddenly snarled from the bed, his muscles rippling beneath the restraints. **[He’s *lying* to you.]**

G simply laughed, his gaze meeting stubborn violet eyes above your head. “Interesting that you claim such things. I am not the established liar in this relationship,” he muttered almost hatefully, his hands tugging your hips back against the growing bulge in his trousers. You didn’t know what to think, seeing how Voidster stared furiously at the man behind your back, feeling G’s soft touches become more demanding. “Please just let me go,” you said finally, twisting against the lich’s hands on your hips. He paused, his long fingers flexing against your soft flesh as he considered your request. “No,” he said finally, his voice almost thoughtful. “I think...not.”

Without another word you were shoved down onto the bed, your hands automatically clinging to the sheets while the monster on the bed above you snarled furiously and twisted against the rope digging into his flesh. **[Release her!]** Voidster demanded, his claws clenching into useless fists as the lich favored him with a slow smirk, releasing one of your hips to tangle in your hair and shove your face into the bed. “G-!” you panted, still struggling against him as he rolled his hips against your mound. “Shh,” he crooned down at you, drawing his hand from your hair down your back almost tenderly. “It will be over soon.”

Your shirt was gently tugged over your head, discarded on the floor. He slowly loosened the drawstring on your sweatpants, drawing the fabric down to expose your panties. You whimpered, and he shushed you again, ignoring the heavy growls and snarls that emitted from his helpless, furious mate. He would have preferred to have you panting and willing on his cock, but the satisfaction of having Voidster watch

made up for the minor inconvenience of forcing you. He was exerting his will not over only you, but the other man as well. “G, please don’t,” you murmured painfully, tears pricking your eyes as your panties followed the sweatpants, but he only paused, then muttered, “Be quiet,” as if you were making meaningless sounds.

You felt the heat of him pressing up against your naked sex, and winced. You were almost pathetically grateful when he halted his motions, reaching up with one hand and fiddling with his groin. When he pressed back against you, his cock was slick with saliva, easing the transition as the head popped within you, his sharp hips driving forward to bury more in your tight heat.

He panted as your body resisted his penetration, your groan of discomfort scratching his temper in his semi-feral state. “Shh,” he murmured, his large hands releasing your hips to caress and arouse you. When a soft, confused whine left your throat, he smiled, and continued his movements. Your tight walls softened slightly around his needy shaft, and he took advantage of the fact to nudge himself further into your warm body, nearly hilting as you shook and mewled beneath him. “Hurts,” you panted out brokenly, attempting to ease forward, away from the pressure building in your sensitive belly. “I know,” he said gently, pulling his hips back to drive harder into your soft, resistant form. A pained keen was dragged through your throat, and dimly he was aware of Voidster watching, aroused despite himself, panting and licking his lips with that violet tongue.

“Pathetic,” he murmured softly, yet loud enough for the other man to hear. His mate’s hungry, confused expression crossed with his own, and G sneered, dragging his length out of you, and shoving it deeper inside. Fully sheathed now, he panted and bared his teeth at the other male. “Even watching me defile the woman you had claimed, you’re aroused. Luckily for you, I know how to deal with wretched, desperate whores.” He punctuated his words with sharp thrusts of his abdomen, which drew pained squeaks and groans from your lips. Voidster growled deep in his chest, and the lich chuckled in response, your own natural slick beginning to coat his twitching shaft. With a growl of his own, he slipped an arm beneath your waist, tucking your rear up to a more suitable angle. Your teeth found the sheets, and you bit

down hard to stifle your moans of pain as he roughly jostled your already tender body. While it was true you had prefered the idea of G as the father of a child, you didn't really want this at all. And truthfully, he was acting more like Voidster than himself, right now. It frightened you.

Precum smeared within you, stinging, then numbing your pain. With a sigh, your body relaxed a little more, and his thrusts began to spark pleasure instead of suffering within you. The small sounds you made beneath him became breathier, less pained and abrupt. He felt his lids drooping in satisfaction, while his free hand curled between your legs to gently toy with your swollen nub. It stroked at his pride, to claim you like this, in front of the male who had dared to breed you, and have you mewling in pleasure as he staked his rightful claim. The way you quivered against him now, he could probably push you to orgasm, all while maintaining eye contact with the loathsome wretch whose legs you had been positioned between.

Your head rested slightly below the level of Voidster's knees, and his cock was painfully hard as you gasped, and unthinkingly gripped at his shins. G knew how voyeuristic his mate was, and had undoubtedly done this purposefully, knowing also how it aroused Voidster to see the lich be cruel to you. Voidster both cursed and secretly admired the ingenuity of the other male, setting up such a tantalizing display, then humiliating him for enjoying it. Yet, despite his arousal, anger was forefront in his mind, that G would dare to claim you, that he would perform such an intimate act simply out of malice and spite, and do so in front of Voidster himself.

The two men held almost daily, small battles for dominance throughout the week. It was normal for them, testing the line of submission, bleeding their aggression out in small doses while maintaining a delicate balance. Voidster had crossed that line during his rut when he had claimed you. And yet he had not been in his right mind, had been clouded by the sexual haze and aggression that always claimed him when he was rutting. G was punishing not only him, but you, although for what, Voidster couldn't begin to imagine. The lich did nothing without purpose, although he supposed that breeding with you may have simply shoved too hard at G's ferality, pushing

him to deeds he wouldn't normally commit, being too strong willed to simply give in to instinct.

A warm itch began to settle between your legs, your walls tightening slightly as the lich worked within you, his cock rubbing against all of your most sensitive spots, nudging against the pit of your belly as he dutifully thrust into your quivering body. His warm arm beneath your hips jerked you back into his thrusts, and as you began to reach climax, he suddenly snarled, bending to bury the pinpricks of his teeth in the back of your neck. You gasped, ecstasy rolling through your body as the lich stilled his hips, gathering your skin carefully in his jaws to hold you beneath him. He felt your form clench and flutter around his buried length, and shuddered, his vertebrae rolling oddly beneath the skin. Pushed further into ferality, he maintained his hold on the back of your neck, and resumed his breeding.

Voidster watched as the other man's eyes glittered up at him, his sockets nearly black as he bucked into your unresisting form. Your cries of pleasure grated at him, as he was sure G knew. It should be *him* you were mewling beneath, not the lich. And he sensed G's magic encroaching on his own, threatening his claim as his mate rutted with you. He sagged in his bonds, observing as you clawed into his calves, overstimulated and too unstrung to voice it. The faint, stinging pain only enhanced his painful arousal. It was unfortunate that G was too far away, for the thought of kicking him in the face was tempting. Trying would just embarrass himself.

Even beneath the lich's dark hoodie, Voidster could fully see his feral display. Each vertebrae rolling in place, leading into how his hips tucked up against you, pillaging your form with eager strokes of his heated cock. G clenched his jaws, having half a mind to bite harder, but he knew better. In sight of the other male, he kept his pitch black scleras on the violet shimmering of the cat-like eyes across from him. Narrowed, hateful, yet involuntarily aroused. The lich could hear the faint pant in the strung up demon, his muscles tense and pulling at the heavy cords biting into his flesh. It brought G a great sense of pride, of ferality, his need spurring a harder pace which ground you into the mattress. *He* was the capable, dominate male. *He* was virile, powerful, fertile. Stronger than the other across from him, glaring with imputent

malice.

You could feel the lich's fangs dig into your neck, warm trickles of blood meeting his forceful tongue as he tasted his bounty. Painfully, your fingernails scratched down along Voidster's twitching calves, a broken cry leaving your lips and the lich responded with a curt snarl. At your outcries, Voidster instinctively reacted, a silent snarl baring his fangs in the low light as he struggled. No matter how he wrestled, sweat dripping down his form, dizziness attempting to blind him from the poison working through his veins, it was of no use. His female was being taken, and he could do nothing but showcase his disdain with drooling, heavy growls. Slowly, G released your neck, the tips of his fangs tinged in bright red, coppery blood. Voidster's pupils dilated, and he instantly roared, yanking at his arms and shaking the bed frame.

You winced, yelping and ducked your face down into the sheets. The lich mounted to you released a deep, odd, clicking noise, hovering further above you in a protective arch. He smothered you, his scar grinding against your back as he elongated above you. Removing his arm from beneath your hips to crawl forward lowely. His bones creaked, a deep hiss trickling out across the bed as Voidster settled to huff and shout. **[You've made your point, I get it-!** ***Enough of this, she is not yours to claim!*** **]** This hardly caused G to even flinch, for he stretched clear over the top of you, and hovered above Voidster's waist. Both of their fangs were bared, and they panted in tandem, the lich continued to hiss and click while Voidster snarled, yanking and tugging as hard he could will himself. Only resulting in shaking the bed, and adding to the lich's pleasure of your body grinding along his aching shaft.

A broken smile twitched across Voidster's lips, a forced laugh entering his throat. Ferality against ferality, the scent of sex laden in the air only wound the tension further between both males. **[I will only take her back, you know this. You might as well let her go, and challenge me properly, man to man- There is no point to this aside from pure spite!]**

“Yess,” the lich growled, yawning his jaws open wider, tilting his head to one side; hot drool dripping down onto his mate’s abdomen. “I am simply taking what was taken from me.”

[You aren’t serious-] He snarled, suddenly jerking his whole body across the sheets, soft whimpers working into your throat as the lich refused to still his pace. The slick, large cock working through you continued to strike against the pit of your stomach, and despite his numbing properties it wasn’t enough to ebb the pressure welling in your guts. But that was soon to be corrected, for the lich’s breathing became ragged, and he drove his hips with purpose against your backside. His tense abdomen nudging and grinding at your softness, winding into a forceful, purposeful, thrusting. G’s eyelids drooped, and his tongue rode with each sweltering pant riding outward across his dripping fangs. You lay submissive beneath him, flushed and gripping onto the bottom edges of Voidster’s calves, near his heavily bound ankles clear down at your sides.

[You’re bestial! Not of your right mind-! Release her- RELEASE HER. *NOW!*]

The enraged shouting of the other male didn’t faze the lich, who simply let his eyelids droop further, running his glistening black tongue along the edges of his fangs. Shuddering, his thrusts became erratic, hearty jerks of his hips driving into you with short, abrupt nudges. A deep growl spilled from his lips, his hide twitching as he began to spill rope after rope of his burning essence deep, deep within you. Stilling, he tucked himself up against your rear, holding himself in place as his magic challenged that of the male laying before him. The thick seed of the lich stung and coated your walls, numbing the pain of his brutal rutting, and you felt a spreading warmth in your belly as the black and violet magics within you twined and twisted in an invisible battle for dominance.

Slowly, the violet began to be smothered, dark tendrils creeping further within you to sow his claim. G sensed this, and ducked his head down to your neck, tenderly licking away the blood he had drawn. Now, he had truly reclaimed what was lost. His female, heavy

with his child. You didn't smell of daisies and sunlight, but you were his, and it was enough. On the bed lay his rival, face blank with astonishment and anger. A smirk stretched G's lips, his black sockets meeting and holding the gaze of his helpless mate. Voidster could sense the undoing of his magic as well, and silently seethed, hatefully meeting the feral stare of the lich. And in the back of his mind he wondered what his own fate would be, for it was clear now that G was not of his right mind.

You heaved and panted under the crushing pressure of G's body against your own, his hide shivering against your back as he remained wedged within you, his cock still hard, twitching and throbbing with his need. You knew you couldn't handle another round with the lich, every muscle in your body groaned in protest as you tried to prop yourself up beneath him, twisting your head to glance up at his raised, focused face. He was staring at Voidster, eyes black and empty, fangs bared in a feral grin that unsettled you as much as it seemed to enrage Voidster.

"G…" you murmured uncertainly, trying to ease your hips away from his. His expression remained unchanged, he did not even deign to glance down at you, but a warning growl slipped from his jaws, and his claws on your hips tightened, pinning himself to you. His thick seed slipped from your folds, and you winced, twisting farther to try and catch his gaze. "G, you're hurting me," you muttered in a raspy voice, hoping to appeal to his reason, to bring him back from this state that reminded you so much of the time Voidster had kept him in the basement during his rut. It was rage and instinct that drove him now, but the results were much the same. Only you sensed that unlike the last time, he was well and truly aware of what he was doing now. It was a choice, and the brutality of it terrified you.

Finally, finally, you felt his hard muscles relax slightly, as Voidster glanced away, submitting to the gaze of the other male. The beast seemed subdued, no longer fighting his bonds, his violet eyes thoughtful, expression grim. "You begin to understand," G uttered, relieving you of some of his weight as he withdrew from your abused and battered form. You realized that he wasn't speaking to you, but a twisting, aching pain in your gut had begun to develop, spurring you

to nausea as the lich lifted himself fully from the bed, studying your prone form with a remote expression. You lay still, unable and unwilling to move.

G bent at the waist, retrieving a discarded blanket from the floor. Carefully, he draped it over your bare form, picking you up and wrapping you in the cloth with a gentleness that belied his earlier violence. He held you delicately to his chest, the heat of his body slightly easing your aches as he stepped around the bed, leaving his silent mate behind. He left the bedroom, walking with a calm, measured gate as he carried you back to your own room on the other side of the house. There, he placed you on the bed as carefully as if you were made of glass, and stood, watching as you tossed fitfully onto your side to ease the cramps. He seemed distracted, tilting his head as he stared at you, through you, as if he were seeing someone else. Finally, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, he turned, closing and locking the door behind him as you became lost in a new world of pain, turning inward to the battlefield your body had become.

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His groin still ached as he made his way back to their shared bedroom, to the man he had left tied up in their bed. Breeding you had settled some of his rage, but what remained had transformed into cold, calculated wrath. Voidster had not the slightest inkling of what was in store, and the thought brought G grim pleasure. For once, this demon he had called his lover would be the one to suffer, to feel fear and pain and uncertainty. There was no room for anything but vengeance in his heart now, and he embraced the lack of pain, of loss that had been a near constant companion since losing Sun. Distantly, his mind knew that she would not have approved of how he was treating you, or even of what he intended for his mate. But it was easier than ever to push that thought aside, and focus on the scarred, prone body of his lover. Violet eyes contemplated his hand, but Voidster said nothing, even as G reached outward to caress his trembling body. Silence became him, G thought with grim amusement.

His flesh was warm and yielding as G sank within him, a gush of crimson fluid spilling over his knuckles in warm rivulets. He twisted the knife, and Voidster groaned in pain, ending in a warbling snarl that sent vibrations through the blade in his side. G had pierced no vital organs, but the pain would be exquisite, and he knew intimately how loss of blood affected the mind. A spreading stain tinged the sheets in dark blotches, increasing when he slowly withdrew the knife from Voidster's body. The man's dense flesh clinging to the cold, bitter metal. The pupils in those violet eyes were mere pinpricks, his breathing rapid and uneven as the demon sought to control his reaction, to give no further satisfaction to the lich, who had bent at his side, contemplating the slick river of his lifeforce. He dipped his fingers in the coppery blood, then raised his hand to his face. Gruesome scarlet warpaint dripped from his features now, the scent of blood filling him with quiet exhilaration and a sense of power he had rarely experienced in his life. Absolute control over the life of another creature, over their suffering. Bringing...justice...to a man who had gone his whole life without ever suffering the consequences of his actions.

[What do you want…?] The other man panted, his features tense with pain as he watched the lich thoughtfully trace the knife over his chest. **[Why are you doing this?]** A choked cry left his lips as the point of the knife dug into the base of his throat, the lich moved so quickly he couldn't prepare himself for the sharp sting wedging against the hollow of his throat. White eyes pinned his own, the dimly churning light within them seemed to flicker like candle light.

"Why did *you* do what you did?" G mused, his jaw tight. Only a trace of bitterness in his tone as he pressed the knife harder into the tender flesh daring to swallow beneath its edge. "For dominance? For fun? Simply because cruelty is in your nature?" He removed the blade, watching as blood pooled in the hollow of Voidster's throat, before he bent and tenderly licked the beads trailing down between his collarbones. He savored the coppery undertones of the slick on his tongue, ruminating on the flavors coating the roof of his mouth before curtly spitting. "I owe you no explanation."

At this, the other man fell silent once more, his expression a

complicated mix of grief and regret. It almost stirred G's heart, to see such a look on Voidster of all people, but he was too far gone to care. Anger had seized his heart, and there was no coming back from this. For so long, he had been without a sense of control, lost in his grief and misery. Tonight, however... Tonight *he* would be the tempest. His lover would be the snapping trees, the bowing grasses to his ire. To his lust, which was anything but passionate.

A cold, distant look drew into G's eyes, and despite the miles between them, only inches apart, Voidster refused to look away. The person he was staring up at, was hollow. He could feel the dark spindling of magic beneath the lich's skin, it pressurized the room, and weighed down deep within his skull. The lingering toxins still sludged in Voidster's veins left him shivering, yet dripping with dew. His bonds were cutting off circulation in his arms, and feet. Instinctively, he pulled at them still.

He had always had an affinity for reading G, studying the smallest behavioral shifts, and while it wasn't always easy to read him, he could infer, and generally understand. But not now. The creature that consumed him with a blank, cruel gaze, was alien.

This moment in time, gazing upon one another, was short lived, but it felt like an eternity. Voidster watched the lich shift, and begin to crawl onto the bed, hovering above him. He was awakened from his trance-like stupor by the sharp, burning puncture wound embedded in his side flaring in retaliation of G's advance. An involuntary hiss, and shudder pulled from his laboring body. A hot, slick ooze poured from his hide to stain his skin, through the sheets and into the mattress, while the lich crawled on top of him, ignoring the damage being done to his prized furniture, his bones shifting oddly in a feral display.

Voidster was a man who could appreciate the finer points of cruelty in lovemaking, but there was no pleasure to be had in this. The look in G's eyes was that of sheer hatred, loathing, as if he were worthy of nothing but contempt. When a taloned fist gripped his cock, Voidster shuddered again, turning his face away from the hot breath of the man above him. His features contorted, nearly disgusted,

nearly...terrified.

"What's the matter?" G murmured, sickly intimate as a sadistic grin pulled at his lips, "I know you, don't pretend you don't enjoy this." His words were a purr, wavering the thick air around them, tickling Voidster's flesh as he slowly began to work the shaft in his unfeeling hand. Enunciating each syllable he spoke with curt, painful, digging of his thumb along the underside of the pulsing cock he felt in spite. "You pathetic, worthless whore. This is all you were ever good for." The lich hovered uncomfortably close, his sweltering breath washing over Voidster's face and only deepened his wretched expression of pain. His lips twitching, fighting a snarl.

An odd, cold feeling settled in Voidster's chest. G's cruel words didn't excite him, didn't stir his passions the way they did when such things were said in loveplay. He had left everything behind to spend his life with this odd, warped reflection of himself. His old timeline, everything familiar to him. This was his home, with this broken, damaged man, and the human girl with a broken, damaged soul. He had done much of that damage himself, he realized, and yet the weight of his crimes had left him relatively unscathed, until now.

Now, they settled like a weight on his heart, and the stranger staring down at him was not the man he had come to love. He felt, suddenly, so piercingly alone. Was this...how G felt? What pushed him to alcohol, what woke him in the night with tears in his eyes and an empty expression. Even when kissed, the lightest of touches, the gentlest of affection, couldn't stir or shake that lingering, residual filth. Voidster had always chalked it up to *her.* Staining the lich, ruining him.

Now, as he dared to peer outward at G, the creature licking his lips and staring straight through him. Grabbing onto the quivering, cold flesh of his haunches, forcibly jerking his body into a lower slouch. Voidster realized the mental scars that had wounded his mate, were more than just deadened skin. They had been festering, infected. Untreated. Reopened, again and again.

A short, sudden grunt wrung through his lungs as the lich held onto him with sharp claws, pricking his nerves and feeling downward along his muscular thigh. The other hand still fashioned to his violet, throbbing manhood. Still finding bodily, instinctual pleasure, even though it was only bile that he truly felt seep up into his throat. G tilted his head down lower, brushing his sharp cheek against his own, which Voidster flinched at, clenching his jaws and struggling to not bare his fangs. The gesture was mocking, a soft sigh leaving the lich's lips as he positioned himself up against his lover's tight entrance. Still slick, and coated in stinging, acidic sludge from earlier release.

All it took was the quick, harsh jerk forward to begin burying himself. Voidster kept his eyes closed this time, turning his face far away from the lich's traveling breath, attempting to find his lips. And the lich seemed to find the game amusing, for a smirk drew his lips farther back, parting the way for a whisper. "What…? Don't you love me?" The tension built in Voidster's throat, and he swallowed against a knot while his brow furrowed all the deeper. The sharp edges of his own fangs glimmering just barely from his parted lips, forced open with another uncaring buck forward.

The pain of accommodating impatience would normally have sparked his passion, but this wasn't like the romance they had built together. Every motion, every breath, was filled with hate. G didn't miss a beat, stroking along him just so- earning smears of beaded essence along his fingers. Lowering his lips to Voider's face, leaving a light trail of kisses downward, as if this were normal routine. As if this was about connection. Voidster would have laughed, if it weren't for the emotion wringing his airway shut.

G began to wedge farther into his mate with short, controlled bursts, and each strike was like the knife that had twisted into his guts. The lich gripped his outer thigh with a controlling, selfish demeanor. Pulling the limb down with each thrust forward, leaving bloody scratches beneath each nail. It did not take long for G to abandon his lover's cock, trailing upwards in a slow draw. Curling each digit into a fist, without warning or mercy, he threw his knuckles into the open

side of his mate.

Voidster gasped, a wheezing, startled sound while his body twisted and caused his bonds to creak and gouge him further. The lich moaned, light, airy. The wriggling against him was unique, and allowed him to sink deeper, hilting with a final, sharp burst. Simultaneously, he beat into the open wound once more, a splash of blood coating his arm and peppering the cold, dark floor. Finally, an anguished cry had been earned from the man beneath him. Honest, pained, his jaws cracked open to bare lilac gums and shimmering carnivorous teeth.

“Screaming so soon?” G panted, narrowing his gaze onto the eyes that refused to open and look at him. He brought his hand up further, coated in slick, metallic crimson while he muttered. “But I’m far from close to finishing.” Voidster attempted to spit a retort, but was instantly silenced by an iron grip locking around his throat, just beneath his jawline. The lich knew where to press, usually only digging into the blood flow, avoiding damage to the windpipe. But here, he clamped everything against his hand, a soft, hissing wheeze drawing through the tiniest airway left. Still, Voidster wouldn’t open his eyes. The smirk dropped from G’s lips, and he pulled at the tense, quivering outer thigh in his opposite hand. Only able to move it so far, before the snapping twinge of a taut line reverberated through the limb. The lich bucked, grinding himself into his partner’s depths, uncaring for how the suffering body beneath him reacted. The cold sweat already trickling down against his lower abdomen was enough to speak volumes, and still, he persisted.

Voidster emitted a harsh, raspy puff of air; a bark, or roar, that was snuffed beneath the lich’s hand. His body was aching, hurting in so many places, overwhelmed. Yet, the rhythm continued. Jarring the mattress, the box spring squeaking ever so slightly, and the rough panting of both men. G kept his cheek pressed against his mate’s, growling on occasion, jerking his hips with excess malice on every off beat groan.

Time passed slowly this way, and Voidster’s eyelids began to raise, his

weak pupils training onto the dresser on the far side of the room. The feeling of G's breath on his face, his pillaging motions, became static in the background of an everlasting pain that swelled in every last bit of him. It wasn't until the lich spoke, that he was forced back into the reality of his torture.

"You enjoying this, my dear? Insanity, pain.. *loathing.* " Voidster grimaced, the taste of G's breath on his lips bittersweet. "You are so easy to hate," the lich sneered, pressing his weight into the grip of his hand. The throat beneath each pressing digit swallowed and struggled, not quite enough to crush, and it was not the first time the lich was impressed at the endurance, and strength, of his partner. His breathing picked up, as did his hips, and in an instant the hand tearing ribbons into Voidster's haunch had joined the other around his throat instead. The lich's thumbs pressed hard into his windpipe, blood oozing slowly from the stab wound near his clavicle.

"You are nothing more than a warm body to sheathe my cock," G began, a snarl engraved across his features. He continued ramming into his partner with a vicious bucking of his hips. "You disgust me. I would snuff out your miserable life, but death is too good for you." He paired his words with a growl thundering through his chest, squeezing still harder until the other man began to labor for breath. The flesh that was forced to accept him, stroked him in just the right way. There was no life in his mind, or his heart, only physical. The physical pleasure of sex. The smell of it. It was enough.

He was startled out of his hateful reverie when Voidster emitted a wheezing chuckle, tears standing in his eyes. **[You…remind me…of when we first met…]** The man choked out, gasping as G tightened his hands. Nearly throttling him back against the headboard, his bonds saving him the abuse by holding him relatively in place. "Be quiet-!" he sneered furiously, fangs dripping, and Voidster had no choice but to comply.

The heady sensation of power over such a beast was a potent aphrodisiac, and G felt himself slipping further into ferality, into dominating the man beneath him. This was nothing like the soft

lovemaking he had enjoyed with Sun, and sometimes, with you. It was rutting with a violence that bordered insanity, devouring his partner whole, bucking his hips and snarling as thick strings of drool pattered down onto the pillow beside Voidster's face. He could feel the weak flutter of his mate's pulse against his hands, and tightened them even further, dark bruises flowering beneath his grasp. The thick cords of Voidster's neck stood out beneath his crushing force, and the man gaped, his hands twitching futilely against the ropes that bound him as he sought to relieve the pressure on his throat. His eyes beginning to roll up into his skull, speckles of light dancing in his vision.

Closing his own eyes, the lich lost himself in the moment, teeth bared in a feral grimace as he pushed and coaxed his body to climax, spilling his burning seed into the other man with a low, reverberating groan. His hips continued to nudge inward of their own volition, before they finally stilled, hilting himself in the tight heat of his mate.

His grip on Voidster's throat relaxed slightly with release, his hands slippery with blood. Panting, he hovered still for a moment. Slowly beginning to rest his weight on the broad chest of the man beneath him. He could feel Voidster's muscles straining against his bonds, but the other man said nothing, did nothing to ease the discomfort he must be feeling. His scent was familiar and comforting, spiced, dangerous, yet warm. The wave of bliss faltered his mind, and he gravitated towards that comfort, his hands loosening as he breathed. Marinating on the scent filling his head, catching his breath. Voidster attempted to cough, his chest fluttering and jaws cracked open. It drew the lich's attention, lifting his head, drinking in the sight of the pained, desperate expression of the man beneath him. Of the man he was craving to taste, to lie on, to recover with softness. This fleeting, unwanted feeling only stoked G's abated fury, and he suddenly pulled away from Voidster in disgust.

Voidster gulped air, wheezing and coughing as his throat was finally fully released. His eyes panned to the side, and fixated on G's face, as if memorizing every detail, as though he feared he might never see him again. A frown settled on his lips, even as he struggled, coughed and sputtered. It unsettled the lich. He stared back, and felt a tugging at his soul that had nothing to do with his justifiable rage, and

everything to do with the man lying bloodied and bruised on his bed. He was no better than Voidster, now. Perhaps they truly did deserve one another. The thought twisted his mouth into a grimace. He watched, in silence, as Voidster began to regain himself. Finding himself stuck in time, unwilling to make a decision to continue, or to leave.

The silence stretched uncomfortably, before the man bound on the bed had the ability to venture speaking. His voice was burdened, cut with gravel. **[Are you still angry?]** That was all it took to break the dam of emotion within the lich, the anger, confusion, sorrow, betrayal, all came rushing out, and he dealt with it the only way he knew how. With a sudden howl of rage, he rounded on Voidster, his hard, blood cracked, knuckled fist driving into the other man's jaw with a force that made the demon's eyes roll up into his skull. He fell silent, unconscious, slumping in his bonds, and against the headboard. G pulled himself from his partner's limp body while retracting his hand, rubbing it surreptitiously to ease the ache of such a forceful blow. He then clambered from the bed, a rather jarring ache in his leg causing him to pause and gather himself as he stood with his back to Voidster.

Leaning all of his weight onto his uninjured leg, he gave a slight glance over his shoulder, and frowned. The mess before him was horrendous, and part of it wasn't even in the room anymore. With a curt puff of air, he reached back to slash the knotted cord around the bedpost. Instantly giving slack to the cords that would have caused Voidster's arms to turn necrotic by the time he awoke. He gave nothing else any thought. Instead, he rummaged through the dresser, pulled on a new pair of sweatpants, and took himself from the room. He blocked out all thought, all emotion. He felt nothing, and thought of nothing. He passed through the hallway, to his study. Where the door closed with a behaved, civil, clicking of the bolt.

Voidster's Rut (Part 6)

Chapter Summary

I woke up today
To find myself in the other place
With a trail of footprints
From where I ran away
It seems everything I've heard
Just might be true
And you know me
(well you think you do)
Sometimes, I have everything - yet I wish I felt something
Do you know how far this has gone?
Just how damaged have I become?
When I think I can overcome
It runs even deeper

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The first thing you were aware of, was a large hand pressing a cool compress to your forehead. Your body ached with a twisting, cramping pain that felt strangely distant, and you blearily opened your eyes. A large, blurred shape passed through the blinding light beaming upon you from every direction. You quickly shut them again. “G…?” You moaned, hazily aware that you should be angry at him, but not quite sure why. Suddenly, you felt a desperate thirst for water claw through your throat. “Thirsty,” you rasped, and the figure shifted, bringing a cool glass to your hand and steadying your arm as you drank deeply.

Feeling a little better, you tried opening your eyes again, prepared this time for the brightness of the sunlight. A large, red blur slowly came into focus, and you nearly dropped your glass in surprise. “ *Voidster?* ” He irritably took the empty cup from you, setting it carefully on the nightstand and refusing to meet your gaze. “What are you...why are you…”

He huffed, leaning back in his chair and folding his arms. **[The lich is…indisposed. You were dying.]**

His words instantly sobered you, and you glanced down, noticing an IV taped into the back of your hand. The bag hung by the side of the bed, and you had bruises flowering in the crook of your arm, indicating that he had injected you with medication multiple times while you were unconscious. You remembered the magics inside you, twining and battling for dominance, and shuddered. “H-how long was I-”

[Two days.] He interrupted with precision, and you realized there were faint shadows beneath his eyes. Your gaze wandered, and you suddenly found yourself staring at a deep, dark bruise circling his wrist, which was exposed by the pushed up turtleneck. Following your eyes, he scowled, tugging the fabric back down over the mark. “Since when have you cared if I live or die?” You muttered bitterly, averting your gaze and leaning back against the pillows.

[I don’t,] he stated harshly, a small frown creasing his brow. **[But G does. Or he would, if he wasn’t…unwell.]**

“What’s wrong with him?” You wondered if Voidster had attacked him again, or if his leg had become worse.

Voidster surprised you with a slight sigh, unable to hide the odd tone in his deep, normally malicious tone. **[He is locked in his study. He refuses to speak, or to eat. He wishes to die.]** The words hit you like a fist to the gut, and you felt a coldness run down your spine.

“He’s suicidal?” You swallowed.

Cool violet eyes met yours, and the man gave a slight shrug. **[Call it what you wish. If he does not recover, he will fall.]** A slight tremor shook his voice, and you wondered what he meant. G would 'fall'? It wasn't like Voidster to use euphemisms, especially with such a serious topic.

He didn't seem to care when you fell silent, and you were surprised he had humored you at all by answering your questions. Voidster was unusually subdued, unusually restrained. Bits and pieces of the night you had seen him tied to the bed began to come back, and you wondered what had happened between them after G had brought you back to your room. It wasn't like Voidster didn't deserve whatever G had done, you reminded yourself, but you couldn't help feeling a little sympathy for his obvious concern over his mate. And he had apparently saved your life, which was a day you'd never thought you would see.

[You need to eat.] He interrupted your thoughts without much care, standing and stretching, as though he'd been sitting by your side for some time. Perhaps he had. **[What does the lich feed you?]** The sudden reminder that Voidster had never, even once, attempted to care for you, made the moment even more surreal.

"Uh. Eggs? Cooked ones. Toast, I guess. Or some fruit. Whatever's easiest," you murmured, watching as the faint line between his brows returned. You weren't sure if he was confused by your list or irritated. Finally, with a slight shrug, he turned on his heel, stalking out of the room with predatory grace. You sighed, and pulled the blanket up further as the drugs in your IV tugged at you to sleep once more. Safe, for the moment, you fell into a light doze, unaware of being watched.

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Alone in his study, G dulled the pain with liberal amounts of scotch. First he drank until he forgot the look on his mate's face when he'd asked, almost innocently, if the lich was still angry at him. Then he drank until he forgot flooding you with his seed, the dark magic

twisting violently within your belly to smother the violet, undoubtedly throwing you into agony. The stench of sweat, the air laden with rasping coils of breath, and lingering tones of pain remained burned within him.

Seeing your fragile form across the bed, the tentative white claw pressed against your forehead, with the owner's violet eyes gleaming in his direction. It was a fleeting moment. He couldn't face the woman writhing in her bed, her soul flittering meekly. The cultivation of magic storming within her, no master to ebb the tide. It felt like yesterday… and yet, like centuries ago that it had happened. It left him with scalding emotion that gripped him, strangled him... smothered him. Harsher than the liquid that tore through his esophagus, and dulled his mind. But the scotch wasn't enough. It was never, enough.

He had lowered himself into his office chair, the device creaking with strain as he turned to stare at the shelves behind him, and remained where he was. He only moved to bring drink to his lips, or gather a new bottle from the desk. With his back to the door, to the house, he drowned himself in liquor. Time had no meaning. His joints ached, and burdened him the same as any other day. The slightest shift in his position ignited stiffness. He doused the sensation in further drink. Through his inebriated meditation, attempted isolation, his mind wandered. To places he had just been, and places far away. Golden strands of hair, flighty and free in a crisp breeze, played with the gentle smile of someone so intimately familiar. Her laughter, breathy, too fast, so that she inhaled with a sharpness that drew her lips into a larger grin. Sunset shimmering lips. Fair complexion. She murmured his name, and he broke into reality with the jarring rattle of a doorknob.

The warmth he had felt bled from his slumped, drunken form. A cool tear slid down his cheek, and he hadn't the strength to strike it away. He continued to stew within himself, only lifting his arm to rinse his mouth with scotch. The lich consumed the remainder of the bottle as needy as a babe. Metal jolted and shuddered within the doorframe, his mate was always a stubborn one.

[G. I know you can hear me,] Voidster muttered angrily, pressing his weight against the door as the knob jostled continuously. **[Either *you* let me in, or I let *myself* in.]**

The lich slowly lowered his bottle-bearing arm, resting his elbow against the arm of the chair and unfurling the black-streaked, recently slashed limb. His slick fingers slipped from the glass, and the bottle clanked atrociously against the hardwood. It rolled, curling inward in an uneven trail, and ticked against the edge of his desk, clinking lightly against the discarded razors that lay scattered and bloody around his desk. G had given his answer.

Then came the bashing of wood, hammering against his dizzied skull. The lich scrunched his tear streaked features, and leaned his head to the side, resting against the sticky leather at his back. A jagged, white fist broke through the barrier and sent a cascade of shrapnel across the floor. His menacing fingers ducked downward to unlock the bolt, and shoulder his way in. Voidster's strong stance sent the door flying from him, slamming back into the wall with a lasting reverberation that lingered as he spat, **[I have given you your time to sulk. Two days is far too long!]**

G slowly allowed his head to roll to the other side, his voice distorted and nearly incomprehensible. Static fizzled in the air, as did a harsh pressure that wavered through the room. "On the contrary… it is a start." The lich shifted in his chair, against the glare of the man seething in the doorway.

[Enough. I will not sit and converse with a drunkard.] Voidster scoffed, marching within the room straight towards the desk. His heels thudded against the hardwood, the metallic shuffle of the blades beneath his shoe drawing his attention. His brows drew together at what he was seeing. He had thought the lich would have learned from the first time he had attempted to slash his wrists. Then his critical gaze roamed to his mate's claws, which were stained with bloody, tattered bits of flesh. Sharper, and harder than any blade. Ah. G

allowed his head to fall in the other direction again, stretching his neck, and closing his eyes.

“Hand me a pistol-” the lich hummed, tickling through the air about him, the scars lashing his hide quivering, including the fresh chunks rendered from each forearm, his claws still heavy with filth, “-and mayhap you will never have to again.”

A snarl sounded out, far too loud and close. Hot breath washed across the lich’s face, yet his body was too heavy to properly react. **[You think that’s funny? That you’re being clever by entertaining such delirium-?!]**

“Say your piece, and leave me be,” G growled, the loudness of his partner stirring a ringing and an unrelenting pressure behind each eye. The other man loomed closer, weighing the office chair by resting a hand upon it, and leering ever closer. An odd tightness wrung through Voidster’s words.

[It is time to sober up. I will even bring you coffee, I will carry you-]

“I will go nowhere,” The lich spat, his fangs glistening in the low light as he bore them towards the man leaning over him.

Voidster grunted angrily, shoving the office chair and jostling G within it. The lich continued to growl as he turned his head, and forced open his eyes. His brow narrowed, his cheeks became hollow. He truly appeared dead. It did not phase his partner, who then reached out, grasping onto the rank body of the lachrymose lich.

He did not expect G to move so quickly, or so violently. The body in Voidster’s fingers slipped free, and the sharp, stinging pain of claws

caught the edge of his jaw and flowed downwards across his chest. It took Voidster's breath away, knocking his face to the side and stunning him. He was forced to take a step back, drawing a twitching hand up to his face, where his fingertips met warm, sticky liquid.

The lich grasped the ends of the chair, shoving himself forward and bellowing, *"LEAVE ME!"*

His unholy wrath shook the light fixtures, the glass jingling within the sockets and sending a tremor through the floorboards. Beneath his raised hood, pin prick bolts of light shimmered from each socket. His cracked, bloody lips tore open to fully bare his sickening gums and glistening fangs, stained with alcohol. Voidster stood still, in silent shock. The hand upon his face fell down his throat, where his turtleneck had been flayed. The soft open edges gave way to shallow gouges, running from his collarbone across his breast. G was painfully slow to simmer, keeping unblinking eye contact as he reclined back in his seat. His twitching, open mouth, came to a tight snarl.

"The day you find my bloodless body, broken and hollow, you may force me from this chair." The lich's voice trailed outward, into the hall. The harsh fluctuation of static and echo made it difficult to hear him clearly, but Voidster knew he was unmistaken. He could only breathe in quick, harsh waves, his expression torn between hurt, and rage. His eyes burned with unfamiliar tears that he refused to let slip, blinking rapidly.

"Leave me," G breathed, adjusting himself in his chair to sit upright once again, never removing his harsh gaze from his mate's. "Or I will kill you."

Voidster huffed heavily through his parted lips, and stood still. His chest heaving with adrenaline, sticky in blood. He placed his palm firmly over the lashes, pressing against the wound to encourage a fresh flow of blood to spill over each finger. The lich's threat was honest, the one and only time it had been. It rang through Voidster's

being, dizzying him. He finally did the only thing he could against a look that could truly kill, he stepped back. He was the first to break the stare, glancing downward over the lich's arms, how torn and tattered they were. Pieces of hollowed skin hung loosely from its master, clotted and oozing. Hardened over the arms of the chair, hanging in gooey, tar like strings that hung freely in the air like spider silk. He was ill-prepared for this.

G jolted in his seat again, towards Voidster- causing him to step back again as a deafening roar crashed into him like an ocean wave. Cold, bitter, and merciless. *"NOW- YOU **FUCK** -!"* he screeched. The leather grasped in each hand by the lich tore and creaked beneath his strength. That last, lingering curse the final nail. With a look of utter disgust, as if seeing a stranger, Voidster retreated. Slowly, at first, then striding from the room, the door slamming behind him with such force that it shook the house. Further splintering the wooden trim.

The lich's hardened features slipped into his characteristic blank expression in short twitches. His body slumping down in the chair once more, his hand rising up to shield his shame from the world. The shudders that tore through his lungs were etched across his features. Finally, G began to weep. His pathetic quivering nipped Voidster's heels as he stomped down the hall, retreating from the office as quickly as he could.

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Voidster carried himself as he always did. Straight-backed, eyes forward, goal oriented. Yet, his heels dug too hard against the floor; his retreat thunderous. The line furrowed deep within his brow twitched, and he winced while he made his trek across the foyer. The idle, barely audible, rasping of distant breath trailed on after him, even as he picked up his pace.

The jostling of each footstep shook his frame, anger and betrayal flooding his senses. It folded within him, over and over, into

something more than simple frustration. The edges became sharp, and they gouged into his chest. Scratching his esophagus. Stinging his eyes. A puff of breath broke his lips, and he tilted his face forward against his raised hand, smearing away lines of something wet. He didn't bother to check, his hand falling back against his thigh whilst he strode heavily down the hall, towards the room he had sat quietly in for days.

Turning back never crossed his mind. Something deep within his breast was quaking, quivering; threatening to break. Perhaps it was longing, perhaps regret...but he *never* turned back. Pain lay in every direction, and he was not one to linger in agony. Unlike his mate.

Breaching the threshold of the quaint guest room, his glittering lilac vision panned to the small lump tangled within the sheets. Tied to a quickly draining IV bag. The medicines complicated her scent even further. Although, the twinge of blood and death had finally passed. He made his way to the edge of the bed, feeling something sticky trailing down the side of his face. With a snort, he dabbed the mess with his already bloodied fingertips, and finally gave in to the urge to look. His skin was split, ripped by the lich's claws, and of course it stung at his touch. Seeing the crimson, shimmery blobs across his fingers, drove the injury home. He concealed the constricting of his throat, covered the keening whine within it- with a cough. Instead of clearing the airway, it scraped like sandpaper through his throat.

He was forced to blink through a hazy cloud, blotting his vision, as he turned to the open medical case resting on the nightstand. He had already pilfered the contents many times, and the gauze he had set aside days ago finally had some use. His long, taloned fingertips passed by the covered nose of the girl, huddled in her nest, and he plucked the material from the wood just as her eyes flickered open.

You were woken by the sound of a forced cough, and took your time to stir. Watching sleepily as a stained hand lifted something from the nightstand, then only his broad thigh was poised before you as he attended to something else. Curiosity then coaxed you to shift, lifting your head from the fluffy mound you were tucked into, to squint

upwards at the massive monster dabbing at his face. Before you could speak, he pulled the clump of gauze away, and four glittering, uneven gouges were laid bare, resting upon his jawline. The cuts oozed, and he rolled the gauze over before pressing the cotton back to his jaw, his eyelids twitching ever so slightly.

Suddenly, his eyes flicked down to you. Caught, he stared unblinkingly as he held the makeshift swab against his wound. You averted your gaze instinctively, yet slowly began to sit up with a soft groan spilling from your lungs. Carefully, you pulled yourself up, your legs tucked up beneath you with the comforter spilled all across your waist. You waited, and heard nothing. When you looked back up again, Voidster had lifted his chin, and closed his eyes. Something wet glimmered beneath his eyelids. A slow, heavy bead of blood trickled along the edge of his swab, and dripped down to the floor. He wasn't fully covering the wound, which G must have given him.

You swallowed dryly, opening and closing your mouth for a moment, before finally gathering the courage to speak. "... I guess G was in the kitchen?"

Voidster seemed confused for a moment, his features scrunching, before he opened his eyes, blinking rapidly. **[Ah- I had forgotten you require something to eat.]**

He seemed encumbered, his tone was off. Almost... quiet. You shrugged, you never expected much from Voidster. When you glanced back at his jaw, more and more blood seeping outward… you sighed. Tentatively, you lifted a hand, catching his gaze once more. "Here- uh..." Impatiently, you snapped your fingers at him. He snorted, his expression souring. "You're missing a spot..."

Voidster held your eyes for a while, standing firmly before you. Then, he lowered himself, his massive body settling on the bed beside you. Even subdued, he was taller than you, and you had to stretch your arm upwards to adjust the soaked swab farther back along his jaw.

You pressed your weight against the swab, and adjusted yourself to sit more comfortably. Neither of you needed to speak; he allowed you to hold the swab, while he gathered a clean, larger, mound of gauze.

The words found you before you could stop them. “Why did G hit you?”

He didn’t answer you, focusing on the task of rolling a new pad around his three fingers. His blood was warm, and sticky- rare. Gently, you pulled the gauze away from his jaw, and couldn’t help the frown that crossed your face. These cuts weren’t calculated. The blow had been sloppy, as if G’s claws merely hooked the flesh of Voidster’s face, and flayed him open like a letter opener, tearing the skin.

Above all else, you had never seen G inflict this kind of injury to Voidster’s face. Some things were off limits. An unspoken agreement. But, perhaps that had been broken some time ago. You lowered the pad of drenched cotton, and absorbed the length of the injury, which trickled down his neck, having sliced through his turtleneck to his chest. It was a mock injury of G’s horrendous, iconic, scar. Even if it only passed across Voidster’s pectoral muscles, where he must have shirked away- much too late.

He raised his hand, slapping the wad of gauze against his jaw, lowering his head against his hand, averting himself from you. You stared at him for a moment, expecting him to think of some asinine retort. But he said nothing. Nothing at all. Your frown deepened, leaning over the edge of the bed to set the bloodied swab down on the nightstand, careful to not tangle your IV. Sighing, you murmured, “Well… It doesn’t look deep.”

Silence.

You were becoming agitated now. You turned your gaze to glare at

him, when the softest of tears trailed down his cheek, soaking into the cotton swab, which was quickly turning maroon. You froze, unsure of what you were seeing. You watched his eyelid twitch, his eyes staring at the floor, absorbed in something unimportant. A fleck of dust. Possibly a spider, or the discarded wrapping paper of one of the many needles he had used on you. A rock sunk in your chest, you had never seen Voidster like this. If what he had told you before was true… you feared the worst for the lich.

"Is G okay?" you asked.

He responded by closing his eyes, fresh tears escaping him. "Voidster-!" You pressed your hand against his bicep, jostling him from his sullen position, and drawing a growl from him. It wove throughout his frame, but you kept your hand upon him, becoming a bit frantic. "Voidster- What happened to G-?!"

[Nothing-!] he spat, jerking his shoulder out from beneath your hand. A mild growl warbled through his throat as he settled back in his original position.

Your hand hovered before your chest, uncertain of what to do with it. You leaned forward, a slight dizziness tilting the world around you. It was unlikely you would be able to stand. You probably shouldn't even be sitting up like this, but you brushed the thought away. *"What happened?"* You enunciated.

[He's drunk,] Voidster sneered, tilting his face further from you, hunching to rest his free elbow upon his knee. **[There is nothing to speak of.]**

While what G had done to Voidster could be excused as deserved, there was obviously something else going on. "I thought you said he was suicidal."

He scoffed. **[He is too drunk to properly try taking his life...]**

"But he's apparently sober enough to land this kind of hit," you retorted. He began to lift his head, and you continued, becoming quite stern. "You think this is okay? That this is funny-?"

[Of course not!] he seethed, whipping his head towards you, the makeshift cotton pad falling from his features as he wrung it in his strong hand. **[He is merely an emotional drunkard. A horrid habit I had been meaning to break him of-]**

"Don't you think that maybe he drinks *because* of all the emotion that he feels?" Voidster squinted at you, the edges of his eyelids still freshly hewn in dew. It was your turn to scoff, gesturing outward. "You maimed him! And you never even apologized, you just expected him to forgive you- without even talking to him! You think that if someone punches back, that that's grounds enough for you to be on the same page. To brawl, and get it over with. But G isn't a brute like *you-* " You shoved into his bicep, hardly moving him, but it did get him to lift his head farther. A sneer pulled at his lips. "He lost someone he really cared about, and you just want him to forget all about her before he's even grieved."

Voidster snapped back at you, his horrid wounds spilling fresh rivulets from their shorn, feathery edges. **[All he ever does is mope about! His bouts of silence are broken only by his drinking, and his insatiable desire to flay his own skin. I provide that *for* him. I gift him with my hands- in more ways than one! And yet he has the *audacity-*]** he growled, dragging out the word, **[-to rescind his love over a mistake that I have already fixed!]**

"You didn't listen to me!" You groaned, pulling your hand up to your forehead. You leaned back against the headboard. Black, cloudy edges blurred your vision. Silence fell across the both of you for a few

minutes, Voidster idly trying to stop the bleeding from his jaw, glaring vehemently as you took the time to think of your words.

“So…” you sighed, allowing your arm to fall over your face as you spoke. “Even when you give someone surgery to fix a problem, like removing a bullet- or something… the person still feels pain afterwards, right?”

[There is a reason you have an IV, pet.] He snorted, turning his attention away from you as he tried to gauge if the bleeding of his face had stopped.

You ignored his condescension. “And why do people still feel pain, even though the bullet was completely removed?”

[While the majority of damage can be addressed with intervention, most injuries must heal on their own. It is part of the recovery process. I do not understand what point you are trying to make, you lack any menial knowledge in the art of medicine-]

“So, even though you fixed G’s leg, he is still feeling pain?”

He became impatient, rolling his eyes with a snort. He wasn’t about to answer such an idiotic question, instead, he maintained his injuries. Padding his jawline, he glanced over his stubbornly bloody fingers.

“Exactly. So even though you think that you and him have ‘made up’ or ‘gotten even,’ he still feels pain from the initial fight. On the outside, he looks as if he has been taken care of- but you forgot one important thing.” You yawned, exhaustion weighing heavily upon you. You moved your arm off of your face, blinking at Voidster- who was watching you carefully. He was listening. “You forgot about

aftercare."

[I have been trying to medicate him for the pain of surgery. He refuses to cooperate,] he grumbled. **[I have even attempted requests for him to medicate himself, and he ignores me.]**

"I don't mean 'aftercare' of the surgery, I mean 'aftercare' of what *caused* you two to have your falling out in the first place." You settled into the blankets, pulling them up and over your chest, welcoming their comforting embrace. A tiredness pulled at your eyelids, yet still, you fought it. Trying to explain this to him was more than Voidster deserved, and yet...if he listened...if he understood, maybe something would change.

[You are saying…that I must discuss the ultimate cause of his…distaste. Which would be…] He hummed, turning his focus away. Back to the floor. **[It would be the mania I had experienced. I was…not myself. He knows this already. There is no reason to bring it up.]**

"If you love G," you began, your eyes closing of their own accord while Voidster watched you from his peripheral vision. "You should already know that this is reason enough to bring it up. Otherwise, he wouldn't be this…" A yawn tore through your sentence, and you repeated yourself breathily. "He wouldn't be this upset."

Voidster watched you silently for a few moments. It wasn't until he was sure you were asleep that he stood again, discarding the used gauze onto the nightstand with the other one. Then, he walked out of the room, and into the kitchen. Alone. He thought to himself, his lips gently moving, silently walking through the discussion in his head. He gathered a few foodstuffs he figured were edible enough: The entire carton of strawberries, two bottles of water, and a few energy bars that he had seen G eat in the lab on occasion. He had seen the egg carton, but had no idea how one would 'cook' the hard shelled delicacy.

In one nonchalant motion, he placed the items on the bed beside you. Far enough to not impede your sleep, yet not too far as to where you would strain to reach them. As you would if he had set them upon the nightstand. The medicine within your system was rather harsh, and while you had seemed well enough during the brief conversation, he knew the pain would be unbearable again if he unhooked you now. So, instead, he swapped your nearly dry IV bag for a fresh one. Placed the backs of his fingers against your forehead, gauging your temperature. Satisfied, he waltzed from the room. His jawline beginning to set with hardened bits of blood. Pulling at his skin. But, instead of going back down the hall, towards the lich's office- he strode across the way, and opened the closet. Inside, he activated the switch to descend down into the basement lab.

'Aftercare', that was the word. For a pain that was treated, yet still healing. His answer? Sedatives. It would allow the lich to sober up. And, mayhap, even apologize for slashing his fine face.

***

It was dark when G woke, his head pillowed on his arm at the desk. The only light came from the doorway, through the broken, jagged surface, which spilled over his desk in a solid stripe. The house was silent. Dried salt made his face itch, and he grimaced, scrubbing at his features with his hands. He was blessedly empty of pain, his mind slow to rally as he came to awareness. Then he saw the empty bottles, the dried blood on his claws, and a wave of nausea pulled him down.

Part of him was surprised that his mate had left him alone, especially after he had wounded the other man's face. And yet, wasn't abandonment what he deserved? Everyone he loved would leave him eventually, it seemed. Even the monster he had come to think of as an unwelcome parasite. The stillness clawed at him, and he shuddered, wrapping his arms around himself to stave away the sudden chill.

He should check in on you. He should check in on Voidster. He had

left a vast swath of destruction in his wake, destroyed the broken family he had gathered around himself. Memories of the shock in those cold violet eyes, repressed pain as his claws gouged the flesh of his lover's face. Had some part of him known where the blow would land? Had he struck with intent, not just to maim, but to disfigure?

He supposed it didn't matter. Not now, when the embers of destruction cooled and he was left alone with a dying human woman. At that moment, he would have welcomed any interruption to the downward spiral of his thoughts. He longed for the sunlight, for the warmth of his mate against his skin, for the brisk scent of daisies...or even the languid perfume of roses. If only he could see the proud stance of his lover, hear his deep voice, feel the harsh line between his brows one more time. But no, it was more than he deserved.

Fumbling slightly, he dug into the drawer of his desk, pushing aside empty bottles of scotch until he found the small, feminine cellphone. A faded sticker depicting a gray cat was peeling from the case, and he absently smoothed it with his thumb, flipping open the phone to stare at the display. A picture, a photograph of himself with a gently smiling woman. His eyes were closed, drowsing as her warm body shifted and pressed against his own. The sweetest moment of his long, painful life, filled with sunshine.

Water clouded his vision as his thumb passed across the buttons, the creaking of the device in his hand was distantly familiar. But the utter pounding, and pressure in his skull, kept him from true awareness. Somehow, he had remembered how to access the cellphone's picture gallery, and he held the phone tenderly in his lap. Allowing his form to slump forward, his forehead resting against his bicep while a deep, biting ache enveloped his arms, and pulsed horrendously within his leg.

The light from the screen cast a bluish hue across his features, which twitched in conflicting emotion. His lips trembled as he scrolled through various shots of himself, lounging on the couch with a subtle smirk. A drink in one hand, and motioning with the other. His thumb clicked against the arrow key, panning through flash frames moving

steadily closer, until she was laying in his arms. And their lips met. And the images became blurred.

He passed his tongue along his mouth, as if remembering her taste- yet only liquid fire settled in the grooves and crannies of his blackened gums. Further haze clouded his vision, and he stubbornly stared through his tears, clicking to the next image- which was a video. Yet, the thumbnail was black. Without thinking, his thumb hit play, and he heard subtle breathing. Then, Her.

She was whispering, “Oh...I don’t think this video will turn out- it’s so dark.” His very soul felt as if strong hooks were pulling it apart. He yearned toward the device in his hand, but no answering call returned the tremoring keen of his soul. A soft tremble fought him within his sore throat. “But, anyway, you’re asleep right now...” There was a rustle, and low growl. She sighed. His own arm tensed, as if he could pull her to him once again. Just once more. Just one more time. “I love you,” she breathed, and he could hear himself rumble, a distant purr, a stirr of the sheets, and stillness as her voice mercilessly returned. “And, this is a reminder- so that I tell you tomorrow… and the next day.”

He couldn’t stop the tremor in his parched throat, the sound was odd, it angered him, he wanted to hear her. But she was shifting again, her lips intimately close to the microphone. “And the next...”

The video abruptly ended, and he could hear himself. Yet he couldn’t stop it. The wracking within his lungs, the way it chopped through his throat and soaked within his tongue. His airway was swollen with grief, and he shut his eyes, enduring the waves that shook through his frame. Salt water pattered downward, trickling against the dim screen in his quaking, clutching fingers.

He was heaving now, the sound was startling, alien, and it continued to waver through his broken body. His leg felt as if the muscles were wound around a metal knob, hot, and searing. For a while, he

succumbed to this pathetic weeping. His ribcage felt caved inward, his ribs groaned with the effort to support the vast energy coagulating within his chest. Tendrils of his very being groping fruitlessly all about him, too weak to stretch more than a few feet away, but in this search it solidified his isolation. Only the shadows of the night were there to greet him; and they were cold, and empty.

He did not know for how long he suffered in this way, time had no meaning to his toxin addled brain, but the sudden illumination of the phone in his hand beat against his eyelids. And he opened them. The light that seared into his sockets made him painfully aware of how hot his features were. But the name across the screen, written in thick, blocked lettering, made him take pause. A few more seconds ticked by, and his thumb gravitated towards the side, and clicked the green button. The softest of breaths gasped on the other end of the line, and he heard a timid voice filter inward, barely audible.

“H-hello…?”

The lich slowly lifted himself up, his office chair releasing an arthritic creaking as he aligned his spine back against the sticky leather. Bringing the phone up to the side of his face, his milky white eyes stared across the room, and his voice came with a pop of static. “Claire...” It was more of a groan, than anything.

Another gasp, the stoat on the other end of the line rose her voice, and caused G to pinch his brows together. Closing his eyes once more. *“D-doctor? I… I’m sorry, I didn’t know you were using this line again. I-.. A few of us, actually, like to leave messages. You know… as a way to cope.”*

He was silent, but felt further moisture slip from his eyes, down to his jaw.

“Doctor..? Doctor, are you there?”

The question seemed… so far away. His words came of their own will. “I… am not sure.”

Claire was quiet for a moment, and when she spoke again, her tone had changed. *“Are you alright? You sound…ill. We haven’t seen you since the funeral.”* He twitched, his head slumping into the phone held against his head, lips parted, as if to catch a lingering scent. But he was only met with plastic. *“We keep the bracelets on too, just in case you called one of us, so we could understand you. Uhm… Sans went to check on you a few weeks ago, but…you weren’t home.”*

His memories slowly stirred, yet his facial features continued to draw inward, pained. Of the journal, of hiding away within the forest. And then, returning to the burned remains to rescue a rose hewn girl in a sundress. “We were… out.”

“We-?” Claire snapped. *“Are you not alone? Where, exactly, were you-?”*

“Looking…” He murmured, fitfully turning his head to the other side. His eyes cracked open, and he glared at the jagged hole in his office door. He exhaled. “For her…”

“Okay, G- Doctor…Doctor, I need you stay on the phone with me, okay?”

“No…” he muttered, too slow to move the phone from his face.

“G,” Claire commanded, and it caused his elbow to lock up, keeping the phone raised. The thick scabs around his arms pulled at his hide; itchy. *“You’re delirious. I’m sending someone up to check on you.”*

“No,” he groaned, lifting his opposing hand to press against his flushed face. Freshly brushed with tears.

“I want you to stay on the phone with me, talk to me- what are you thinking right now?” The lich swallowed dryly, and removed his hand from his face. The ache in his leg was becoming just as unbearable as the one within his heart. He reached for his desk drawer. Claire must have heard him fumbling about, the clinking of glass, and the burdened sigh slipped from his scotch stained lips, for she began to chitter again as his hand felt around the depths of the desk for anything but an empty bottle. *“What are you doing-? Doctor?”*

He pulled a quarter bottle out from the back of the drawer, and didn’t bother shutting it. Admiring the liquid inside drunkenly, he flicked his gaze back to the phone in his hand- the hand he needed to open the bottle. With an idle grunt, he slurred, “Goodbye, Claire.”

As he removed the phone from his face, he could hear her arguing, desperately. *“No- no, no! Doctor, stay on the line with me-!”*

“I always...hated you the least…” He grinned, but it was quickly torn away by a frown, tears brimming in his eyes. “Take care of the Hospital...” Claire was trying to jabber over top of him, but he just groaned as he leaned further back against his office chair. The hinges squeaking in protest. “Tell Briggs to-” He smothered a belch with a growl, “-suck my cock.”

The stoat’s high pitched, feminine voice was becoming grating as he dropped the phone from his face, and glared at the keyboard. He hit a few wrong buttons before finally clicking the right one. The screen flashed the call duration briefly, before returning to the mesmerizing screen-saver. Tenderly, as if laying a newborn kitten against his leg, he set the phone down, so that he could stare at her. So that he could be with her. He was quick about unscrewing the cap, and let it fall to the floor. The clinking of the metal cap accompanied the audible gulping he took from the bottle. The soft light from the screen in his

lap illuminated the bottle, and the sloshing liquid within. When Claire tried calling again, he was too busy occupying himself with drink to notice when the screen changed back to normal.

***

[Aftercare…] He murmured to himself, for possibly the dozenth time. Deep beneath the house, passing to and fro in a modest, white washed room. A sort of make-shift pharmacy. Where only their own concoctions were prescribed.

[In order to heal the pain… Yes, yes, that makes sense.] Musing to himself was common, his fingers tangled within his own work now that he had himself squared away. The violence the lich had rendered unto him was horrid, in the sheer fact that it had been done so sloppily. The chance of scarring was high, and unacceptable. So, while he tended to his chemistry, he lightly touched his skin along his jaw, neck, and chest, feeling it pull awkwardly. Held together beneath the same, dark honeycombed faux skin he had wrapped G's leg within. The healing process for either of them was rapid, but if done properly, it was possible the damage to his face would be minimal, or non-existent.

The slight sting of his wounds was no deterrent, nor was it a distraction. For once, he left his favorite pills in the cupboard, and that was where they would stay until a new medicine was administered to the lich. A sedative, an intoxicant. A smirk passed across his confident lips, a gleam in his violet eyes. **[You will be spared ferality, my love… and yet, you will relax. Yes, this is genius.]**

He swept his slippery tongue across his lips, focused intently on the perfection of the remedy he was creating. Yet, when it was the machine's turn to take over the next part of the process, he found himself staring. Palms flat upon the counter, glaring down at the polished surface, his thoughts wandering. Tensions had been high

between himself and his mate, for far too long. Fighting was common, as was sex. And their time spent together in the sheets, or even just a passing brush of lips, was normally unpoisoned with malice or hatred. Violence, yes, but cruel intent was another thing entirely.

Voidster allowed himself the time to close his eyes, and searching for a memory he had cherished, always. And in this, he felt a longing within himself nearly strong enough to pull him away from his work- if only G wasn't in such dire need of his skill. Then… after the proper dosage...after the proper… aftercare...he could perhaps relive this memory. One that blossomed within himself, and somehow, reached outward across the estate.

***

(Months Ago)

The air was thick with humidity, and as dark as the slickened scar brushing in long, languid strokes against the man that hovered above the lich. G's body was forced into a heavy arch across the messy sheets, his spine elongated and legs shivering on either side of his mate's waist. The sharp, notched claws at the end of each toe twitched, splayed and glistening, while a gentle rocking caused his ankles to weave up and down. With great effort he breathed, the aftertaste of demon on his tongue, as equally aroused panting swept across his sharp cheekbone. Sweat trickled down their bare bodies, hardly abating the heat between the two.

A soft moan, deep and breathy, pressed down along the lich's neck before great jaws yawned open to take in the flesh awaiting them. A shaky gasp left G's lungs, his chin tilting up and away from the slow, passionate, love-biting. The fangs that held him chewed hungrily at his hide, scratching the surface and licking the dew with a tumbling, violet tongue. The lich squirmed, a whimper pressing from his throat as Voidster gave a particularly harsh thrust, jostling the man beneath him with his eagerness. Pain slipped from G's lips, his mouth parting

with a gravid groan, brows scrunching together, while his body naturally arched all the further. The lich's claws were tangled in the linens beside his head, right where his mate's elbows were resting. The sheets tore sharply, just as another moan was pulled from the monster being passionately rolled down into the mattress with pressing, demanding, thrusts.

G's resolve was faltering, he was unaccustomed to such entanglements. He was stern in his will, in his endurance, but this had been the longest night so far, and it was difficult to keep up. Voidster released a reverberating growl, rumbling outward through his ribs, pressing down into the lich's horrendous scar. He gave another solid buck, earning a near cry from the lich as G craned his head backwards, as if trying to alleviate the pressure pillaging his form. The demon buried himself deeply, hilting with shorter bursts and digging his itching fangs into the lich's quivering, straining, throat. Beads of saltwater streamed in thin rivulets down the demon's back, flooding over onto the rigid, tattered calves of the lich. Smothering him in his scent, claiming him dutifully. The world dissolved, and Voidster's attentions were focused purely upon how his lover writhed and moaned beneath him. Although, it was becoming nearly too much for the other man, who released a tense grunt.

Voidster could feel his partner's form tensing, grasping tighter to his shaft, and a shudder wound down his spine. He slowed, his shimmering violet eyes cracking open as he teasingly pulled at the lich's neck, releasing his hide after a few moments of tugging. Panting, he nuzzled his face forward, caressing the lich's cheek with his own and murmured, **[Relax, you are doing excellently.]**

"H-hurts," G hissed, his features contorted with irritation, yet his tongue rode on each heaving pant. A dim, dark flushing had risen into his cheeks and his mate basked in the sight. Voidster refused to cease his motions, the feeling much too great to stop now. But still, he slowed. His hip bones grinding sensually along the inside of his lover's thighs. Simultaneously, his heated lips left gentle kisses against the side of G's face, tinged with salt. Of tears, or sweat, it was hard to tell.

[Shhh…] he purred, his eyes nearly rolling into his skull from the tension building in his chest and loins. **[I have you…]** Voidster pulled his hands inward, fumbling through the shredded ribbons of the sheets to lace his fingers with the lich's, gripping onto his knuckles tightly before slipping them upwards. The lich hissed and spat, flashing his fangs while keeping his eyes shut tightly. Voidster remained patient, his mind hazy and mouth flooded with the scent of his mate. Slowly, he forced the lich's arms higher, and higher, until their hands were locked beneath the mess of disheveled pillows above.

[You trust me, don't you?] He continued, his words breathy while his hips dutifully continued to roll in shallow waves. The tug and embrace of his lover was intoxicating. The lich panted, hard and heavy. He wished for the invasive pain to stop, and yet he welcomed it, knowing it pleased his partner, while stimulating himself in ways he never knew. G swallowed, taking a deep, trembling inhale to release it in a steady stream. With this breath, his muscles eased. Though the pinch in the bridge between his eyes twitched, and remained.

[Look at me.] It was an order, but stemmed from something other than just dominance. A silken tone dripped from his tongue. Voidster lifted his head, slowly tilting his gaze to the side as G struggled to breathe and obey. He strained to pull his head back to the center, his eyelids flittering open, revealing his shimmering, white irises. The lich's lips were tight, the tips of his fangs blinking against the low, violet light of Voidster's own eyes. The sight of G, straining and sweating, throat beating to the harsh rhythm being orchestrated within his chest at Voidster's own motions... it brought him pride, and another sensation...avarice. He wanted G to look at only him in such a way; filled with desire, longing, and sprinkled with pain. Voidster felt something within his chest wind, and it urged him to lower his lips, hovering above the lich's intimately.

[I am your keeper…I am the hand that houses you.] The lich's eyes slowly widened, his attention held within the black, slivered diamonds gazing fondly at him. **[Your wounds will heal, with my visage. For you are…mine. Relax, and feel me…as I feel you.]**

“And how- do you feel me?” G panted, the slightest of smiles tugging at the corners of his mouth. His plump, inviting bottom lip drew his partner’s teeth, lightly biting in a playful act. The lich moaned, the vibration of his vocal chords hardly audible, but to Voidster’s keen senses it was as clear as day. His eyes drooped while Voidster released his lip, only to bring his mouth back down, fully encompassing the lich’s in a breathless grinding of jaws and tentative tongues. They tasted one another again, delicately running their tendrils in a long, lavish courtship. When it was time to draw away, they both gave a soft whimper, not wanting to break just yet- but Voidster had to. With the audible peck of their moist lips, Voidster murmured into G’s open mouth, his voice quivering from the weight of the words that pulled forth.

[I feel you…with my own soul.]

The lich’s eyelids flickered, staring, panting, upwards at the man who drank him in from above. He had never seen such softness in this creature. Usually, his mouth was always sharp, showcasing harsh fangs and manipulative words. But that mask had been shattered, and what remained was the glistening, intense gaze of a loyal, perhaps even... loving, companion. A short puff of breath left the lich, and Voidster flinched, his expression falling as a smile crept across G’s face. The lich left Voidster guessing, watching his crestfallen expression join in the slowing, near stilling, of his hips; until G tensed his abdomen and gave a passionate roll downward along the shaft of his partner. A shudder wound through the demon, giving a light gasp as a moan threatened to break. His focus was almost cut, if not for the words that then mused upwards at him.

“I love you, too.”

Love. Was that the word for it…? Voidster brought his full attention back to the eyes of his partner, his hips spurred by the motions beneath him. Working into a harder pacing, one that made G flinch, unable to hide the pain. Voidster was awestruck, his jaws parted, their

musky breath commingling between the small space between them. Still, through the hurt, G continued. “I am… compelled. Compelled, to be with you. You could have left, but you didn’t- despite everything I tried. I didn’t realize why, until now. Will you...stay with me?”

The question rested oddly within Voidster’s chest. It burned in his esophagus, and made his heart ache. All the lich ever tried to do, was rid him of this timeline. Even after the woman’s death, with his suicide attempts, it had always been a push to get him to leave. To abandon the lich. He would never dream of leaving, despite whatever the lich demanded, or wanted. But knowing that he wanted him to stay...that he wanted *him* … There was a tug deep within his chest, against his blood red soul. The lich winced, a soft cry breaking through his throat as his eyes closed, again. The lanky, knuckled fingers within Voidster’s grasp twitched and shivered, but gripped him tighter. As if for life.

[Yes,] he murmured, nearly a whisper, lowering himself towards G. His heart spurring with his hips, driving deep and long within his lover, who twisted and groaned. Trembling. **[Bear the pain, my dear. I know it hurts, but I will show you the sweetest bliss if you hold onto me.]**

With the tempo now changed, Voidster drove his passions higher, pushing the lich into a deep rocking as before. The very mattress beneath them rolled with his force, and G couldn’t help but to toss his head back, and cry out. The tremor from his outburst wound through his entire frame, and Voidster felt the pathetic, knee jerk kicks against his sides. Again, Voidster lowered his head, shushing the lich as his groans heightened into a yell. The demon coveted the lich beneath him with ragged bucking. Building himself, edging nearer to the edge. Sweat clung around Voidster’s eyes, and he closed them, tucking his face into the sweet curvature of the lich’s shivering neck. He listened to G’s breathing, desperate and rapid. Along with it came the rush of magic beneath the lich’s hide, no heartbeat to drive the thick, sludge-like blood. Mere power, and strength alone, forced his magic to move within those veins. An attribute that had instantly garnered Voidster’s admiration.

Now, he had the lich beneath him. Fully barren. Open to his will and lordship. To his protection. The urge, the instinctual desire to hold the lich tightly, to hear him breathlessly moan his name, was too much to hold in. This rising feeling continued to drive Voidster's pace, and he rammed his lover with a deep, guttural snarl tearing through his throat. The muscles in his arms wound, pulling in tandem with his hips which rocked in earnest. He allowed his weight to fully fall upon the other monster, crushing him into the sheets as that coil continued to wind deep within his belly. Through the haze, the force of passion, the lich groaned; trying to keep his mate's adamant pace.

"I-I'm almost-" He wheezed, his eyes rolling into his skull. The words threw gasoline onto the fire blazing within Voidster's chest, and he snapped onto the lich's throat with a dominating bite. Sinking his fangs in, he tasted the chemical, toxic blood of the lich and eagerly lapped the substance. It made him dizzy, at first, but his tolerance was rising, and what was pure poison to others was an irresistible drug to him. G was panting harder, and harder, a near whine pulling along his throat as he arched obediently beneath his mate. This was the final leap that Voidster needed, and he shuddered, hard. A harsh, violent snarl tore from his jaws and buried within the throat of the lich that gave a sudden cry, building into a deep, disembodied roar.

Voidster continued his motions, narrowing them into violent, short bucking as his seed spilled rope after rope within his lover. At the same time, scalding, wax-like essences slathered up along the demon's underbelly. They both shuddered, riding their climaxes with a slurry of growls, and spitting on the lich's part. Their hips instinctively nudged against one another, an involuntary urge to sow themselves in their partner. Slowly, the high of their passions faded and Voidster released the dark, bruised neck of the lich, which trickled in black blood. Panting as one, G turned his head to find his mate's lips and they intertwined while their hips stilled. Showering each other in affection. When Voidster pulled away, G continued to try to kiss him. The lich trailed down along his jawline with light pecks, a pleasant rumble echoing in the demon's breast. Then, G lolled his tongue forward, falling into instinct, his flat, hole punched tongue swept up sweat and lovingly tended to earlier, reddened bitemarks.

They laid like this for some time. Unraveling their hands, rolling onto their sides to pet, and caress the other. And while they lacked any further meaningful words, there was plenty of love shared between them both amongst the sullied, tattered sheets.

Chapter End Notes

And in a dream I'm a different me
With a perfect you
We fit perfectly
And for once in my life I feel complete
And I still want to ruin it

Voidster's Rut (Part 7)

Chapter Summary

G's phone call with Claire has consequences. Spot and Voidster are forced to work together to save the lich before it's too late.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay, guys!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The irritating sound of someone knocking on the front door interrupted G's dream-memory, a moment so poignant that he woke with dried tears on his face. The first time he had coaxed Voidster to their bed, the first time the man had let go the thrill of the struggle, for passion, instead. The monster he had come to think of as violent and demanding had brought surprising tenderness to their entanglement. The first time he had felt a tangible connection with another living being since losing his first mate.

Strange...why would he dream of such a thing now, of all times? Perhaps in surrendering, his mind had reached outward for one last memory to ease the pain. For he knew now that he would die. Not when, nor how, but he felt the inexorable tug at his soul that had not been present since the first weeks after her death. His high level of violence prevented death from loss of hope alone; else he would have succumbed long before now. But he was tired. He had been tired for months, now. Simply existing day to day, the world kept spinning around him, while he was stuck in a moment in time that slowly pulled him to pieces. There was little to feed his body, and his magic… he had been dying for so long now, and finally he felt close to eternal rest.

The hard echo of knuckles against the front door knocked around in his skull like a loose marble. His brow furled, and he groggily raised his head, blinking in the direction of the offensive sound. He couldn't remember the last time *anyone* had come here, let alone so

persistently demanded to be let in. This was still *his* home, and they all knew to keep their distance. With an aggravated growl, he stumbled to his feet, his body sore and aching. His leg aflame, stiff, and tender. He took a moment to blink through his hangover, squinting down at the nearly finished bottle of scotch on the desk. Without further thought, he snatched the bottle up and downed the last of it, the burning liquid mildly easing the tension behind his eyes. Not enough to make him want to answer the door, but it seemed he had no choice, as the knocking persisted.

He had enough presence of thought to tug the sleeves of his hoodie down over his gouged wrists, though his claws remained caked with blood and flesh. Some of it...he squinted...some of it was red. Ah. The vague memory of striking his mate returned to him. Voidster, always pushing, always pecking away at him. Whatever had happened, surely the other man had deserved it. He shook the thoughts from his mind, and struggled to round the desk, his leg bowing beneath each step. Still too drunk to question it, too lost to care how his muscles twitched. He lifted his gaze, and drank in the sight of his office door; a large hole shattered from the outside, inward. This was likely related to the blood stuck beneath his claws. Normally he would note it as yet another thing to be replaced or repaired, but it didn't matter now, did it? The thought was a relief.

The knocking evolved into a banging, and with each blow, his brows twitched in reflexive pain. With a hiss, he opened the mangled office door, stepping gracelessly over the shards of wood littering the ground. Scattering them with his lameness. Daylight struck him hard, and he reeled, leaning back against the wall for support as he stumbled down the hallway. Squinting through the light that beat upon him just as harshly as the unwanted guest at the door. Whoever dared to trespass upon his property, and with such persistence, would soon regret their mistake. There was little he desired now, but silence, and the ebb and bow of far reaching branches. Their leaves rustling a soft serenade of final peace, where he would lie in the sun for the final time. Wrapped in the warmth that he did not deserve, but that he craved. A final comfort.

The lich shoved himself from the wall, hunched and with his claws

twitching, a silent sneer curled upon his lips as he grasped the metal knob and flung the door open. Instantly, he was hit with a ray of sunshine, it pierced through his sockets and rattled his brain. He grunted, and sloppily groped behind his head for his hood. Tucking his face into his shoulder, he pulled the fabric up over his head, nearly missing the subtle gasp of his guest.

“Well, Claire said that someone needed their ‘cock sucked’, but all I see is an old friend reeking of booze and needing an IV or two…” A gruff voice said.

G released a deep growl, his chest reverberating with the sound, fluctuating throughout his throat as he peered out beneath his hood and locked his gaze onto a stout man before him. He had gained weight since he had last seen him, but his iconic mustache was still in place. Detective Briggs. The lich hadn’t thought he could feel any sicker, but his stomach roiled, and he swallowed down bile. Unable to stand fully on his own two feet, he braced himself against the trim of the doorway, and kept his eyes glued on the human below him. A familiar, black bracelet shimmered against his wrist in the sun. A translator, how convenient for him.

“Doctor..” Briggs sighed, slipping his hands into his slack pockets, a frown weighing his lips. “What happened to you? I know you’re a lich, but you seriously look like death.”

G grumbled irritably, pulling his free hand up against his face, rubbing the tiredness from his features. He would have prefered the knocking over seeing the detective, *yet again.* “You have no right to be here..” The lich grumbled, nudging his face into his own hand. “Leave.”

“Claire called me late last night- or, I suppose it would be early this morning.” Briggs stated, making his voice clear while G glared past his fingers, slowly dropping his hand while the detective went on. “She believes you need to come into the clinic and get some help. Standing here, looking at you...” His focus drifted across the lich’s worn down

body, he seemed much more bony than he remembered. “You definitely need to come with us.”

Crinkling his brow, the lich raised his attention, and found two police cars parked in his driveway. One had two officers standing before it, the other, a familiar, grown face. But Dennis refused to make eye contact, and quickly shifted his focus to the line of trees instead. The lich glowered at the two strangers, yet they hid behind thick sunglasses, and quietly observed him. Their cautious behavior normally would have intrigued him, but not now. Now, he wanted to sink to the floor, and close his eyes against the struggle of his body, and heart.

The lich unconsciously leaned farther forward, bowing over the detective as he grumbled raspily. “I don’t want your help.”

“It doesn’t matter, Doctor. We both can see the state you’re in… besides, you remember your agreement with the city?” The lich growled weakly, slightly swaying under the weight of the sun against his body. Briggs went on, unperturbed. “We need you to cooperate with us when we ask it of you. And right now… your friends are real worried about you.” The man held a serious composure, studying the slight waver in the giant monster before him.

“If I needed a hospital, I would go of my own volition, Detective.” G sneered, his mouth dry, and teeth a rather faded grey. He flicked his shadowed gaze to the human before him. “I won’t die there.”

The man blinked wildly, his features scrunching for but a moment before smoothing once more. The lich realized his loose tongue far too late, for Briggs sighed rather heavily, and motioned out beside him to the vehicles in wait. “You can either get in the car *‘of your own volition’* , or we will sedate you. I don’t want it to come to that… but it’s clear you need help, and it’s your duty to follow the rules of living here.”

The lich turned his attention back above the Detective toward the police cars, and then further upwards, at the trees and how they fanned in the subtle breeze. Long past promises were always seeming to haunt him. Without a word, he carefully stepped into the light, and left the door wide open behind him.

Briggs shadowed him, and frowned quite heavily as he watched the towering beast stumble oddly. His hips bowing to the weight of his injured, healing, leg. His balance was wavered; off. G was silent as he approached the second car, where the two officers glanced away, as if out of respect, and the lich slid into the backseat. Briggs shut the door after him, and the lich shifted angrily, kicking out with his good leg. The ball of his foot slammed into the opposing door, rocking the vehicle as a growl warbled throughout him. He sprawled himself out across the seats, leaning his head against the door. Faint murmuring babbled on outside of the car, but he cared little for it. He closed his eyes, thankful for the reprieve of the cool leather, and silence.

This was not his choice… but when had he ever had a choice? The ride would be an hour, at the least, and by the time his mate found him gone, he would go looking in all the wrong places. Perhaps, it was better this way. The uncertainty of not being able to find any sort of remains would stave his partner's hunger, and he could go back from whence he came, at last. There would be no final battle, no goodbyes. No more yelling, shouting, and screaming. No more of those piercing violet eyes...

An odd smile crept over his trembling lips, and he dipped his cheek against his shoulder, concealing a loose tear. His body unwound, and he lay limp in the backseat as the two officers clambered into the cab. The doors shut, subtly rocking the frame once more. They didn't speak a word, and only gave him the slightest of glances before turning the engine.

What none of them expected was your small frame standing in the doorway, mouth agape. A soft gasp left your lungs as the car engine

started, and you darted back within the house, just barely fast enough to be out of sight as the Detective looked over his shoulder, back to the door. Briggs hummed gently, patted the roof of the car, and stepped away as the officers pulled their cruiser around the large driveway, and took their cargo back towards the highway.

Dennis opened their cruiser's door, expecting Briggs to follow, but the boy was halted as the detective cleared his throat. "Not just yet… I think we should check the house. It will help us figure out what he's been doing all this time.. If he really is losing his mind, we can't let him live out here by himself." The man had a sour grimace on his face, and he turned towards the house, striding for the open door. "He was hard enough to handle when he was healthy...who knows what he'll be like if he's ill. The last thing we need is another murder."

"Didn't Claire also say that he said he was living with someone?" Dennis ventured uncertainly, closing the door and stumbled on after the detective on unfound feet.

"Yes, but he also seemed to think that Sun...was still alive. And said he had been looking for her," Briggs grimaced, shutting his eyes briefly as he stepped nearer to the wide open front door. It was both shocking and painful to see the intense, intimidating scientist reduced to such a trembling mess. He remembered how he had first doubted G's affection for Sun, how he had worried about their relationship. He supposed he had never truly understood the depth of the monster's love for her, and it grieved him.

The young officer padded up after Briggs as they entered the house, their voices carried across the open foyer, and halted. You sat with your back pressed against the cupboard, hiding just behind the kitchen counter, trying to control your breathing. They must be staring at the scratches, and blood stains, all over the foyer. Their voices lowered, and you only heard murmuring, then--footsteps, headed right into the living room across from you. You had to hide.

As carefully as you could, you turned around, opened the cupboard door and eased yourself inside. You were thankful, for once, that the lich hardly owned any pots, or pans. You closed the door just as the footsteps encroached upon the kitchen. Scrunched within the counter, you pressed your hand against you mouth, stifling your breathing. You strained to listen to the snooping police officers. Hoping, praying, that Voidster did not hear them.

Eventually the footsteps drifted nearer, and you trembled with anxiety and pain. You really shouldn't be out of bed yet, it was clear from the exhaustion of your body, but what would happen if they found you? Taken away from G, surrounded by strangers in a world that had no place for you. They might think the lich had kidnapped you. Worse, Voidster might come after you, and end up needlessly killing innocent people. He didn't care for you nearly as much as he did for G, but he was strangely possessive, and you had no doubt that he would find you, wherever you ended up going.

You were broken from your panic by a voice, he sounded… young, unsure. Curiously, you pressed your ear as close to the wood as you could, trying to stifle the thunder of your beating heart.

"This is weird, sir… Everything else is clean. All the kitchen knives are put away... " You heard a faint noise, similar to a grunt. "No dishes in the sink."

A strong pair of feet stepped into the kitchen now, as well. You brought a hand up, smothering your mouth as rushes of air puffed from your flared nostrils. They were being too loud.

"You missed the coffee maker, Dennis." The gruff man muttered, pausing for a few breaths before continuing. "He never leaves the pot cold. And if he does, there won't be any standing liquid left in the pot."

You scrunched your brows together. If they knew G, they had known him as well as you did...perhaps even better than that. The older man began to speak, much more boldly than before, and you cringed instinctively.

“This is only a small clue… Let’s see where these blood stains go.”

The man started to walk into the hallway, yet the younger one remained still. “H-how are you so sure that’s blood?”

“I’ve only seen something like this once before…” He replied, humming to himself as he crept further down the hall, towards the closet. You felt nauseous. Voidster would hear them for sure! But what could you do? You braced within the cupboard, unaware of how tightly you clutched your eyes shut as the man’s voice drifted back to the kitchen. “It feels like a lifetime ago since then.”

“Yeah…” The boy breathed, and he slowly stepped after the detective.

In your heart, you could see them opening the closet, you could see their awestruck faces as they gazed down the cement staircase, into the demon’s den. But, instead, you simply heard footsteps which wandered away, further down the hallway until silence graced you for a few minutes. You were too terrified to move. When they returned, their pacing had picked up, nearly storming down the opposing way.

“I-I’m going to be sick…”

“Let’s not jump to conclusions, Dennis. We need to search everything first...”

The younger man, Dennis, whimpered something to the detective, who gave a terse response as they wandered towards the lich's office and master bedroom. You released a heavy breath, realizing that they must've found your room. It was littered with medical supplies; smelling of blood. Even if they couldn't find you, evidence like that could damn the lich. More-so than he already was. Carefully, you lowered your hand from your face, and strained to listen. It was quite a while later before you heard anything again, and it remained distant talking. At first, it sounded panicked, but ebbed with the minutes into something more solid. If only you could have hidden within the wall, instead.

As the time ticked on, you felt dizzier, more and more sick. It took all of your willpower to not groan as you wrapped your arms around your midsection, and pulled your knees in towards your chest. Gently, you rested your head against the wood in your cramped cell, and spaced out to the lull of soft chatting. You day dreamt of your bed, at first. The soft, plush comforter and the sedatives that blanketed your body in warmth. How the sheets enveloped you, keeping you safe against the harshness of this house, of this life. A sense of peace overcame you, and you continued to drift within the bleak confines of the cupboard.

Then, your mind cast a shade of red before you. You remembered bleariness, and then you remembered clearing your vision and lifting your head. Locking gazes with a towering man above you, the red turtleneck he wore was well fitted to his broad chest as he pinched the miniscule IV betwixt his fingers. His violet eyes hummed with intensity, and his pupils tightened just as your vision blurred once more. A sudden *BANG* resounded throughout the house, and you gasped---jolting within the cupboard as your heart hammered against your ribs. You slammed your elbow, foot, and head, all against the walls of your hiding spot. A hiss whistled through your teeth, and you groped for your stinging injuries. Wincing and writhing within the island counter.

You remembered your predicament possibly too late, suddenly sealing your lips and tensing, you listened. And heard nothing. For a few more beats of your heart, you stalled, until the cramping in your body

demanded loudly enough to be relieved. Carefully, you pushed open the cupboard door, and peered out of it. Just enough to glance around before slowly slinking out, and onto the floor. An involuntary groan left your lips, and you stretched your sore limbs. There was no other noise besides the popping of your joints. Still, you knew better than to trust stillness for safety. As gentle as possible, you closed the cabinet door, and crawled around the edge of the counter, glancing out across the tidy livingroom. The bright sunlight bathed the room in warmth, bits of dust churning within the air. Then, you double backed, and crawled to the other side, peering into the hallway. You looked either way, and only found the bloodstains of the lich, which had burned and singed the hardwood.

The noise you had heard… that bang… Your eyes suddenly went wide. You must've heard the front door closing!

A grimace broke over your features, and you struggled to stand. "Goddamnit- I'm so stupid-!" Your legs were less willing to work with you, for they wobbled about beneath you. You were forced to steady yourself against the counter, and whipped your head back out to the hallway, the closet barely out of your sight. The last place you *ever* wanted to go. The place you swore to yourself you'd never get caught dead in. But now, you found yourself stumbling towards it, and flung the door open. Groping around within the back of the wall, you found the latch, and swung the false door out before you.

An all too familiar cement stairwell met you with a cold embrace. Hesitation gripped your body. Left panting at the top of the stairs, your eyebrows furrowed. Even though you hated Voidster, he was the one at your bedside. For some reason, he was… and G wasn't. Something was very wrong, and you couldn't figure it out alone. Even though you watched the lich step from the door willingly, by the way he limped, he needed help. And there was only one person who knew G better than you did. You swallowed, and shakily made your way into the depths of the estate.

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Voidster tilted the vial of clear liquid before his face with a critical eye. The science behind it was sound, and yet there was no way to know for certain until it was tested. He had injected a small dose into his own arm, and had barely felt the effects of relaxation and mild sedation. But he was an inadequate test subject for the lich. Determination coursed through his veins, whereas G was apathetic and undoubtedly saturated with his liquor of choice, scotch.

He tilted his head as he heard your unsteady footsteps stumble down the stairs, setting the medication down entirely as he heard a *thud* and watched you land painfully on your side. Why was it that both you and G felt a perverse need to undo all of his hard work in repairing the damage your bodies constantly received as a result of your own carelessness?

Sighing, he stepped around the table and approached you. It was a good thing he had carelessly left the metal doors open to the staircase, otherwise he may not have even heard your tumble. With a frown tugging at his lips, he knelt to examine your prone form. You had one hand curled around your abdomen, which was undoubtedly tender and swollen already. Luckily it seemed you had avoided damage to your head, and received only minor scrapes to your arm and leg. When he tilted your head back to examine your pupils, you grumbled and batted feebly at his hand. “They took G,” you muttered, attempting to catch your breath as Voidster carefully drew you from the floor, settling you against the wall. His eyes narrowed.

[Nobody could take the lich against his will but myself, what are you babbling about?] Your face was pale, your skin cool and clammy to the touch. Undoubtedly just a fever dream, although he had thought you well sedated enough to remain in bed when he had left. Clearly that mixture would need to be adjusted as well, he thought irritably.

“Voidster. The *police* came and *arrested G!* ” You raised your voice in frustration, nearly coughing on your words. You stared into his blank,

violet eyes, his demeanor overall monotone. “He just...he just went with them! I hid...they saw the blood upstairs and I think they left. But they took G!” You were shaking, your face bloodless, eyes dark and glittering with unshed tears. You were far too fragile to be out of bed yet, and despite what he had said earlier, Voidster did feel some vested interest in your well being. And it was clear you were suffering from some form of delirium.

You had expected a reaction from him, but he seemed annoyed with you more than anything. More gently than usual, he pulled you into his arms, and began ascending the stairs. His strong, rhythmic steps echoed faintly around the both of you. Held in his firm grip, you attempted to catch your breath, but struggled still. A weight was in your chest, either from stress, emotion, or just illness.. You couldn’t be sure. However, Voidster seemed to know. He kept his gaze up, and pace steady, as he carried you through the threshold. A lone jacket caught his shoulder, and he shrugged it free while he passed into the hallway.

Daring a brave face, you looked upwards at him, and found his expression rather neutral. Just as you parted your lips to speak, he bent at the waist, setting you on the couch in the living room. A shiver took hold of your form, and you croaked, hugging yourself. “Voidster- Did you hear me-?” He gave no response, and you glared into his back, his powerful hand snatching up a blanket left draped on the armchair. He turned back to you, hardly giving you a glance, as he tossed it onto your lap.

[You’re going into shock,] he said expressionlessly, raising a brow as you stuttered a denial. **[You were to remain resting for at least two or three more days. Instead you’ve removed your IV, and fallen down the stairs. You’ll be lucky if the bleeding does not begin anew.]**

An irritated gasp left your throat, staring incredulously at the towering beast who then hovered over you. He grasped the blanket rather roughly, and bound you up with it, attempting to smother the chill that took hold of your body. Tucked firmly against the soft

couch, you felt your tremors abate slightly, and peered up at the monster, who was now looking about the room. An odd twitch taking hold of his upper lip.

[...What is that scent...?]

“The cops came and they- *took- G-!* ” You snarled, bound up within yourself much like an angry, warm burrito.

[Quiet down,] he huffed, casting a glare in your direction as you writhed on the couch, attempting to free yourself from the blanket keeping your arms pinned against your chest. **[After all the care I’ve put into you, you babble nonsense instead of giving a pertinent answer.]** Grumbling loudly to himself he sauntered into the foyer, and you craned your head to watch, anger rising into a flush upon your cheeks. **[I cannot process this...flavor, while you are making noise.]**

Seething on the couch, despite everything, you couldn’t believe he’d ignore you, now of all times. You knew he never saw you as an equal, but with important information, *something drastically important* , he still ignored you. Kicking your feet outward, you unbound them and loosened the blanket over the top of you. Voidster was stepping around the foyer, inhaling deeply, nearly grunting. You purposefully raised your voice, tearing around with the blanket, seething. “THE. COPS. THEY CAME HERE. AND THEY TOOK G-”

[I know this scent...] Voidster murmured to himself, stepping about to the front door, then pacing back again. Your eyebrows drew harshly together, adjusting yourself on the couch so as you could better see what he was doing. The blood in your veins flooded your face, your jaw clenching all the tighter. Suddenly, the monster turned on his heel, and stormed down the adjacent hallway towards G’s office.

Folding your arms, you sighed harshly, scowling at the hallway, listening to Voidster's footsteps as he quickened his pace. He kicked wooden splinters around the empty hall, only having to cast a wary glance within the empty den to know G was no longer there. A subtle twitch crossed his brow, and he instantly tore from the door to barrel toward their room. Even in the shallow darkness, he knew no one was lying in bed, yet he still groped for the light switch and stood standing in the center of the room. A soft pant welled up within his chest, his eyes darting about every which way. He marched to the closet, threw open the door, and stared into the empty shallows. A military uniform here, some cashmere turtlenecks, and rows upon rows of empty hangers that were once hers.

He summoned a loud call then, booming the lich's name across the top floor as he hurried to the bathroom. Only to catch himself upon the trim, met with bleary tile, poorly washed clear of the blood that stained nearly everything. A snarl then ripped open his mouth, and he twisted to check the room again, and again. Even beneath the bed, beneath the mattress, in the small spaces of the closet shelves.

You sat with your arms folded, relaxed into the couch, but irritated all the same. Your body was still shaky, still incredibly weak. And it was never a good idea to get in the demon's way when he was doing something, let alone as anxiously as he was becoming. It wasn't long before you barely caught sight of him running across the foyer to the other side of the floor, towards your room, a spare room, and the guest bathroom. You gave it a few moments, and waited for Voidster to come back into the room, which he did, eventually. His bright eyes were wide, his pupils dilated, as he instantly began searching the kitchen.

"Voidster." You attempted, yet were ignored as he rifled through the cabinets, a snarl working through his broad throat. Drawing the blanket up over your shoulders, you sighed and could only watch him tear things from the shelves for only a few seconds before raising your voice again. "VOIDSTER-!"

The clanging of pots and pans drowned you out, as he pawed the

utensils out of the cupboards like a dog digging in fresh soil. His claws gouged the wood, his desperate fingers reaching, and searching across everything he could possibly fathom. He then bolted to the back door, grasping the metal and attempted to yank it open, yet was instantly halted. Voidster stared at the knob, it was locked. G hadn't gone near this door in days. He always left things unlocked.

"VOIDSTER WOULD YOU JUST LISTEN TO ME-?!"

[*Silence-!* He wouldn't leave-] The man bit back, allowing his hand to fall from the doorknob. He heard you draw in a breath, and shot his bitter expression straight towards you.

"I *saw* him leave!" You argued, bunching the blanket within your trembling hands. Unafraid of his wrath, you challenged him, and kept eye contact as he began to stomp towards you. The floorboards shuddering beneath his approach. "There was somebody knocking at the door, he answered and then just stepped out-! I saw him climb into the car and this guy closed the door and-"

[He wouldn't leave-!] The beast barked, lashing out with his hand, digging his aching claws into the back of the couch as he leered down upon you. **[He wouldn't dare leave-!]**

"Then where is he then-?! Huh?" You lifted your hands, shrugging and motioning outwardly. "What's that weird smell you claimed to have picked up? Could it be the *cops*- " Voidster shoved away from the couch, with a grimace, the furniture shuddering beneath you as it was pushed across the hardwood a few inches. He turned his back on you, yet you persisted. "-that I've been *trying* to tell you about?! The more time I waste trying to convince you, the farther he's gone-!"

Voidster then whipped around again, his eyes pained and shimmering. **[HE WOULDN'T LEAVE ME!]** His shout caught you off guard, and

you flinched within yourself as he pointed a wretched claw straight at you. **[You, you he could leave…]** The man's lips quivered, and he dropped his hand, audibly hitting against his thigh while he shook his head. **[But not me. He *loves* me-]**

"I'm sorry-" You struggled against his instability, and naturally shrunk lower in the cushions, the submissive gesture only caused him to pull his shoulders back. Standing all the taller, dominant. "I'm sorry, but I know what I saw. I don't know why he would go with people- He *hates* people.." Your pause finally allowed Voidster to break eye contact with you, and instead he stared outside of the large windows across the room. Where the treeline softly waved beneath the glimmering sunshine. "B-but he called one.. Detective..?"

[Is that so…] He released a heavy breath, seemingly transfixed on the life just outside. Or, lost in his thoughts.

"Y-yeah…" You stammered. "Yeah, I'm sure of it. A-and I'm pretty sure he's really drunk, because he could hardly even walk straight."

[Ah, yes…] Voidster growled through a sigh, raising a hand to his face. **[He must be drunk, he would never behave in such a way otherwise…]**

You swallowed your real feelings, how he possibly couldn't walk because of his supposed 'healing' leg.. And not because of drink. Still, it seemed as if Voidster was finally listening, but you had to be careful about your words. Anything could set him off, and you genuinely preferred to never get yelled at by Voidster again. "I think they are taking him to a hospital…?"

[His hospital…] The monster grumbled, turning his eyes away from the window, he began to pace just before the coffee table in front of you. **[A high possibility. I'm sure his current state would warrant**

a knee-jerk reaction such as that. However unnecessary. Yet, if he is the highest order of the facility, despite his being retired, their skills would be useless. Assistants hardly know a thing about soul magic, especially not with such a complex creature as he. No…it must be something else.]

"You really think they arrested him…? For what? They don't have any proof," you ventured.

Voidster kept up his to and fro, and you watched his odd behavior for a time, before it ultimately made you too dizzy. You closed your eyes, and slumped into the comfortable cushions all the further as he spoke. **[Humans don't need proof, they merely do as they will. They are quite stupid… easy to read. Yes, that must be it. They've taken him, he did not leave. We must go, we must get him back before it is too late.]** He halted in front of you midstep, and cautiously hummed. **[Pet…you remember the way to this…police station, do you not?]**

Quizzically, you scrunched your features and peered up at him through your eyelashes. "…How would I know that?"

[Well, other dimensions certainly must have similar parallels-]

"You're saying.. I used to live in that city-? Way down in the valley…?" You pressed, tilting your head warily to the side.

He shrugged his broad shoulders, and with a grunt he turned towards you, rifling around in his pocket. **[No matter, we must prepare.]** You watched uncomfortably as he lifted the medicine he was examining earlier, and squinted through the glass above you. Finding it satisfactory enough, he lowered his arm and walked around the small table. He plucked a sealed needle from his pocket, uncapping the item with a deft flick of his finger. With skilled hands, he easily

pulled a moderate dose from the vial, and then sat upon the table. His knees nearly rested against you as he leaned forward, and grumbled. **[For now…]** he gestured impatiently for you to hold out your arm, **[This will assist you in staying awake, and remaining stable enough that we can retrieve G.]**

"What are you giving me?" You moaned, too frazzled, and tired, to really question what he was putting in the syringe. You were worried about G, but you hadn't expected Voidster to bring you, too. Then again, the idea of him going alone was even worse. You wondered why you cared what happened, after everything these two had done to you, but that too was pushed away as he slipped the needle into the heavily bruised crook of your arm. And yet...

"Voidster-" you suddenly grabbed his wrist as he withdrew, making him take pause. "Why can't I remember my home?"

He met your eyes steadily, no flicker of emotion on his face. **[This is your home, pet. This path you seek to follow leads only to pain and suffering. Do not torment yourself with the past, as G does.]** He pulled his thick wrist from your grasp easily, pressing a thumb over the puncture wound the needle had left behind. The pain in your belly began to ease, and you eased back against the couch, watching as Voidster grimly set aside his previous work, carefully organizing it in such a way that he would be able to return to it, later.

His words troubled you, and yet you had no choice but to accept them. You knew that this wasn't your timeline, that it wasn't your home. Were you and Voidster truly from the same place? Surely that hadn't been all you had had in your old life. Surely you had had a family, someone you loved, friends… It had been on your mind often as of late, and yet the faint wisps of familiarity you grasped at led to nothing but empty shadows and a vague sense of longing, of loneliness.

You had tried bringing it up to G, once, and his reaction had been

shockingly intense. He had drug the claws of one hand into the surface of his desk, a hiss escaping his fangs as he glared at you. Was this life not enough for you, he had demanded, would you prefer that he simply let his mate toy with you until you were destroyed, as so many other human females had been by the man?

He had viciously reminded you that you were alone, that you had no one but them in this timeline, and nobody left in your old timeline, either. And yet something in his tone had been off. He was clearly bothered by your inquiry, more than he should have been. It was as if your hesitant questions had torn at an old wound, for some reason causing him pain that you didn't understand. And so you had dropped it, let it be. And now Voidster was being just as evasive, if far less emotional.

[Do not think of it,] his deep baritone interrupted your thoughts, and you glanced up in surprise to see his cool violet eyes fixed on your face. **[That is an order, not a request. G has protected you in all the time you have lived here, but even he would not dare intervene if my…expertise was required to discourage your disobedience in this.]**

Numbly, you stared back at him, a tremor passing down your spine as the medication began to fill you with a small reserve of energy. "H-how are we going to get G back?" you finally stammered, changing the subject. Voidster might forbid you from thinking about the past right now, but there was time enough for that later, away from his too-observant gaze.

[I can take us to his general location,] Voidster responded absently. **[But the humans cannot understand me, and without you they will likely attack me, and die. Potentially putting G at risk if they are keeping him hostage.]**

"I-I don't think they're holding him hostage," you sighed, rubbing your face with your hands. At least whatever he had injected you with

was helping. “Voidster…I think he called them. I think he *wanted* to go with them.”

The monster frowned down at you disbelievingly. **[Why would he do that? Earlier he wished to take his own life. Why would he want to die surrounded by humans?]**

“Well, maybe he *doesn’t* want to die,” you replied absently, prodding at the flowering bruises on your arm. “Maybe some part of him wanted to live, and he wanted help. I think he’s friends with-…or I mean, he knows one of the policemen. Maybe he called the police for help.”

Voidster was silent for a moment, pondering your words. Then he shrugged, dismissing you, per usual. **[I am his only friend. It is possible the humans discovered he was vulnerable, drunk and wounded, and took this opportunity to capture him. But he would never trust them. And he would never ask them for help. Regardless, we must retrieve him. They cannot care for him as I can. He will either die in that place, or cause such destruction that he is killed, outright.]**

You cringed. He was probably right, though you didn’t want to admit it. G was typically sedate when he drank, but if he was pushed too hard, there was no telling whether he would lash out. Monsters were still not entirely trusted, based on what little you had seen on the television, and an intimidating monster like G would likely be treated as a threat. You weren’t really sure if Voidster or G *could* be killed, at least be regular humans, but if Voidster considered it a possibility, it must be true. The man was obnoxiously confident in himself and his mate’s abilities, so he wouldn’t have said anything unless there was a real chance of G being hurt.

You startled as Voidster approached you, leaning down to wrap you in his arms again. “What are you doing?” you said, twisting to glance up at his impassive face as he lifted you from the couch and began to step

down the hallway.

[We don't have time to waste on your failed attempts to navigate the house,] he responded almost sarcastically, shifting you in his grasp as he rounded the corridor and progressed towards your room. The door left wide open, the knob nearly imbedded into the sheetrock from his panicked search. **[You cannot come with me dressed in a hospital gown. The humans will assume you need assistance and try to separate us.]** You blinked in surprise, chewing your lip. He was right, but you had never realized how level-headed the man could be, especially during a crisis. **[You will dress in regular clothing, drink sufficient water, and then we will leave.]**

"O-okay," you stammered, wincing as he gently set you on your feet in the middle of the room. You turned to get your clothes, but he suddenly stopped you with a heavy hand on your shoulder. **[It should go without saying that if you attempt to speak to the other humans about anything *other* than the situation at hand, you will regret doing so.]**

You sighed. Even now, when he was being halfway decent, the moment was ruined.. You really were just a prisoner.

"Yeah, I know," you muttered, shrugging your arm out from under his hand. "Where else do I have to go, anyway?" You didn't notice the way he stared after you, running the tip of his violet tongue over his fangs thoughtfully as he contemplated your words. He would need to discuss this with G, after the other man had been retrieved and was sufficiently recovered.

***

The hum of the engine, blending into the vibrations of the road, lulled the lich into a shallow sleep. Shadows of the highest canopies passed over his limp form in the back of the cruiser, nearly matching those

beneath his eyes. He sank into the silence, into the energy teeming around him. He could sense the vibrant souls in the seats in front of him; A lustrous amber, smooth as honey. G could feel their life, and the last semblance of himself despised them for it. Such strong energy, for such mortal beings. Yet, it was his soul, weak and flittering, that was finally giving in. The shattered white shards quivered, and their edges clinked together in soft shivers that coursed across his hide. A coldness blanketed him, despite the sweat that clung to his grimy zip-up and the thick leather seats.

A disconnected sort of meditation kept his attention. The focus of his breath, heavy and bitter against the scent of aftershave from his human escorts. Time blurred in this passive state, his body too heavy to move, and liquor too fresh on his mind to allow any sort of awareness. He surrendered when he stepped from the door of his home, he surrendered when he slid into the backseat and closed his eyes. Perhaps, he surrendered whenever he lifted a bottle to his lips. Fighting was so taxing, the struggle was too great. A dominant, authoritative creature he may be...but now he was a warrior without cause. It was a matter of time before he finally fell.

The lich floated in his mind, lost in a slow vertigo; unaware of the occasional stop and turn of the vehicle. Of the sound of traffic, of passing stereos that thrummed with a heady bass. The taste of the city fell upon a deadened palate. Even when the engine was turned off, he remained still and unaware. The slight jostling of the car frame beckoned him to resurface, just as the front doors closed and a rapping erupted against the window over his shoulder. He winced, and produced a heavy yawn. His lips tearing away to the grey fangs that glistened against blackened gums. A sight the officer hesitated at, his hand hovering before the door handle. His hesitation gave the lich just enough time to pull his legs back towards himself, and he opened the door on his own.

Favoring his injured leg, he slowly stood from the vehicle, into the bright sunshine. Squinting beneath his raised hood, an irritated grumble echoed throughout his chest, the world cast in radiant light that he would rather do without. Robotically, he followed the officer before him, keeping his gaze constricted and glued to the cement

beneath his feet. The other followed close behind; a formation he didn't consider. They didn't seem to be hindered by his limp, as they went at the lich's pace. He was led to a short staircase, which was also blisteringly bright. He shut his eyes and tenderly clambered up them, his hip giving beneath the sharp pain of his healing leg.

The door was held open for him, and as he crossed the threshold a sudden pressure hit him square in the chest. With a silent gasp, he stumbled, reaching for his soul that ached and writhed beneath this weight. A few officers were there to catch him, the sudden rush of hands upon his body compelled him to open his eyes, and he lifted his gaze. Humans were all about him, wearing the same blue button-up, black slacks uniform. He tried to shake them off, but his own struggle only made him weaker, his legs nearly buckled and he sharply hissed. The chaos of their voices all about him made his scars itch. He was quickly led forward, his eyes settling onto the front desk as they passed by. Glossy, metal lettering catching his attention: ANNE ARBOR POLICE STATION.

A faint tremor took hold of his lips, tugging them into a smirk as he was taken through another door, down a hallway, and stuffed inside of a small room. He was sat at a metal chair, situated before a metal table, a single bulb alight from above. The pressure within him forced him to slouch forward, his hand clutching above his still-born heart. The soft flickers of his soul were devolving to throbs, the beating of his magic throughout his veins slowed, considerably hindered.

The door closed, and he found himself in this strange room with two officers, one holding a large file in both hands. The lich glared at him from shadows beneath his hood. Rising to this challenger, G righted himself in the uncomfortable seat, slouching into the back metal bar that only dug into his protruding spine. The heavy notches of his feral back drew the attention of the officer standing at the door, sunglasses hiding his eyes, but they couldn't hide the uneasy dimming of the human's blue soul. The man before him was unperturbed, however. Silver hair slicked back, accompanied by a long face and well manicured goatee.

“My name is Detective Orrison.” He said, walking towards the table, his posture turned away from the lich at an angle. An attempt to try to seem uninterested. The detective dropped the heavy file onto the table between them, the folder hit the tabletop with a hearty *thwump* which reverberated throughout the claustrophobic room. He kept his hand upon the stack, and a black bracelet reflected a soft beam of light as he leaned forward upon them. “I’ve been meaning to speak with you for a long… long time.”

G kept his expression cold, yet the pain in his body leaked into his brow, which was tight and pulled a frown across his features. The man stared back, seeing the monster's struggle with every slight facial twitch, with every burdened breath that came much louder than it should have.

“I see you’re feeling the effects of the new magic blockers we have installed, as have all government buildings.” The man pulled his hand back, and slid them both within his slacks. He only gave the lich a sideways glance, standing rather casually for his stern tone. “We’ve had to move all our other monster detainees from this location. No one has ever pushed the devices to these limits before.”

A silence fell across the room, and G slowly lifted his chin, challenging the detective across from him. Even as he clung to his breast, throbbing with searing pain, spreading to his limbs and coagulating his blood. He clenched his teeth, and kept his lips sealed. After a few long minutes, the detective snorted, a smile crossing his lips as he shook his head. “Your file said you’d be tough to talk to. It also said you’re a rather straightforward man, so I’ll be straightforward with you, as well.” The lich’s brow twitched as the detective finally then turned towards him, standing right before the table, looking upon the lich with what seemed like hatred etched across his face.

“Doctor, you’re under arrest for the murder of-” The lich suddenly lunged forward, one of his clawed hands slamming down onto the table, sending a loud BANG to ring throughout the room as his claws pierced the metal. The other hand swung forwards, nearly reaching the detective’s jaw---If not for the pairs of hands that summoned from

the dark corners of the room, grabbing the lich's shoulders and slamming him back into the metal chair.

G's eyes widened as he struggled, his lips drawing back to bare his shimmering fangs to the room with a sturdy hiss, drowning her name beneath the noise. Yet, it was enough to summon tears to his eyes, and he attempted to lunge forward again. He was held back, strong fingers gripping his shoulders and biceps as the lich barked, "I will *destroy* you- I will damn you to the far reaches of hell for daring to speak her name-!"

Static popped and fizzled throughout the air as he enunciated each syllable, causing all to wince besides Detective Orrison. The man simply frowned, his brow becoming all the harder. "Why? Because you thought you got away with it-?" The lich jerked in the officer's grasp, giving them a good time of trying to restrain him. Injured, and broken as he was, he would never stop fighting for her. "Well, newsflash, you disgusting freak… Detective Briggs may believe your sob story of some B-rated horror movie cult plot, but I don't. You see, I think those little furry animals running around outside, being part of my society, aren't really monsters. You, on the other hand… you're a real nightmare, and I'm not letting you get away with murdering that poor pregnant girl. What spurred you to do it? Some weird fetish for humans-? Jealousy that you couldn't have her like that-?!"

A broken shriek burst through the lich's jaws, his face sinking into his skull, the skin upon his features darkening into that of death itself. His eyes pitch black, spittle flicking out across the table. The detective backed away, his eyes widening as a soft gasp stole through his parted lips. The officer at the door slammed his palm against the lich's breast, shoving him back against the chair as the others wrangled his arms behind him. Leaving his only one good leg to try to kick outwards in a strike, but it was fruitless. The souls of the room shuddered, but none came to his call. The magic within himself was trapped. An unbearable pressure arose behind his eyes, and his wicked screech broke against a sickly, wet cough. He suddenly bowed his head, nearly doubling forward as he hacked, wheezing for precious gulps of air between spasms. Strings of black saliva clung to his bottom lip as a black tear slid down his cheek.

His body trembled, and he groaned. “They were mine… They were *mine*... ” His breath caught within his throat, trembling and vulnerable. Another streak of blood fell from his eyes, and a sudden pain shot through his being. He shuddered, sputtering and jolting forward in his seat as the officers continued to try holding him in place.

Detective Orrison came forward again, nodding. “That’s what I thought.” Before he could continue, the lich hacked, and a gob of black fluid gushed forth from his jaws. The grey islands of his fangs were lost amidst the river of blood pouring down his jaw. The acrid stench of chemicals filled the room while the substance splashed down against his own thighs, a steaming, slippery pool.

“Oh, christ-” “Shit, Orrison, he doesn’t look good.” “The blocker is too high-”

“Shut up!” Orrison snapped, staring at the monster before him, who glared with black sockets and blood trickling between his razor sharp fangs. Clinging to his lips, to his teeth, and to his chin. A struggling, gurgled hiss built from the lich’s throat; another tear slipping down his cheek, mimicking a second crack through his skin.

For a moment, they stared at one another, until suddenly- the lich doubled forward again, and fell limp. His eyes remained partially open, as his breathing dipped into the shallows. The officers holding the lich repeated their worries, looking amongst each other, an ill feeling settling within their very souls.

The detective smacked his hand against the table top, startling them all to attention. “He’s fine, he just passed out.” He grumbled. The officers shared looks of doubt as the detective went on. “If he was dead, he’d be dust. We’ll get a confession out of this one, we nearly had it.”

“Orrison-” one of the men objected, but was instantly spoken over as the Detective gathered the file back up into his hands.

“Put him in the large cell. Keep the blocker where it is, if he doesn’t wake up within an hour *then* you can turn it down, but only by two clicks.” The detective stood firm as he watched his men struggle to handle and lift the limp creature spilling blood from his eyes and mouth. “Remember, he’s killed before but was acquitted.”

“Briggs told us to get him medical treatment-”

“And Briggs allowed this *thing* to have free range and it ended with a near forest fire, and multiple casualties. Those people deserved better, that girl- she deserved better. This city should be safe for any young mother, and it won’t be if we let creatures like this get away with murder. Literally.” He sneered, growing impatient with the men that struggled beneath the lich’s weight. “Now get him into that cell! I’m the only man with enough balls to do what needs to be done, Briggs won’t be able to defend it anymore when we get that confession.”

Too burdened to argue, two men held the lich’s shoulders on either side, while the others assisted in dragging him down the hall. With enough heave-ho, they managed to draw him through the corridor into another room which contained a holding cell and miscellaneous furniture. They only turned the lights on around the holding cell, leaving the rest of the room in shadows. No windows here to stave away the darkness. He was much too heavy to lift onto the meager bed set in the corner, so they dropped him to the floor; his blank, deadened expression staring out across the room as black fluid seeped from his open mouth to pool across the concrete beneath him.

With a solid pull, the door was drawn shut and locked into place. The lich was left tucked away within the station, accompanied by only the few fluorescent lights that flickered and hummed above him. His

dreams reminiscent of that shallow sleep before, with high canopies passing over him. A kaleidoscope of light glistening through their leaves, rustling in the wind.

***

You trembled from the strain of teleporting. Voidster had landed impatiently in a cluster of trees just outside of--what you guessed was--the police station. He had used G's computer briefly, saying that he was allowing your body the time to accept the medicine he had given you, but you knew it was to use the internet. He was impulsive, but not stupid. It took him only a few minutes to distinguish the possibilities on where the lich was taken, he knew within his very being that the lich wouldn't be taken to his own hospital. G was viewed as much too dangerous by the city below.

And so, here you both stood. Shaded beneath a few stout oak trees, the shed acorns dug into the soles of your shoes as you gathered yourself from the journey. Still dizzy, and confused. Voidster's strong arm remained wrapped about your fragile body, keeping you close against him, well aware of your weakness. He hardly gave you a chance to catch your breath, for he suddenly tilted his head, turning you both toward the large building across the lawn with an odd expression on his face. **[He's inside…]** He breathed, a feral growl building in his throat. His cruel fingers tightened around your arm painfully. **[They've done something to him. I can hardly sense his soul.]**

You chewed on your lip, glancing anxiously around. There was hardly anyone around, only a few travelers walking past via the sidewalk. They didn't seem to have noticed your sudden arrival, but you couldn't help but feel vulnerable out here, as if multitudes of eyes were staring straight through you. Voidster took no notice of the people around you, of even the flow of traffic, he was focusing on the building, thinking. His silence unsettled you. He had absolutely no people skills, as he prefered to take whatever he wanted, no need for formalities. Bile rose within your throat, all the possibilities of his violence swirling around in your head kept you leaning on the

massive monster at your side. It wasn't just Voidster's behavior that worried you, you knew you looked bad, you wouldn't pass as a healthy participant of this 'rescue'. Your nausea, and blood loss, made you pale. Which only outlined the healing bruise across your face that Voidster had given you the night he had...bred you. Even dressed in normal clothes, nobody could miss the injuries. Possibly both physically, and psychologically.

Suddenly, he pulled you forward with him towards the building. He nearly swept you off your feet as your legs fumbled beneath you, left to cling to his torso as he impatiently strode toward the large glass doors of the police building. A soft whimper broke from your lungs as he hauled you up the slight steps to the glass doors, your toes dancing across the concrete, trying to at least appear a willing participant despite his harsh stride. A flush rose into your face, wincing beneath the embarrassment of being whisked away like a small child. Or some inept being. Voidster always knew how to make you feel this way, regardless if he meant it or not.

The doors before you instantly opened with a burst of air, you barely caught view of his summoned hands before they vanished again. An odd tremor jolted up his back beneath your fingertips as he crossed the threshold, but it did not slow him. Voidster stormed directly to the front desk, finally allowing you to stand on your own two feet again while he snarled his demands across the counter. **[Where have you taken the lich? Tell me immediately, or the consequences will be dire.]** A wide eyed receptionist stared up beneath his shadow, her hand quickly pressing a button by her thigh.

The woman blinked wildly up at him, seemingly frozen in place. One hand beneath the desk, the other poised above the phone right in front of you. A glimmer caught your attention, and your eyes immediately dropped to the black bracelet she was wearing. Identical to the one clasped around your ankle. Oh no. She could understand him.

Quickly, you grasped at Voidster's sleeve, hissing, "They can understand what you're saying, be polite!"

He scowled down at you, tugging his shirt from your grasp easily and turning back to the receptionist who was now talking quietly into the phone. Her free hand covering the receiver, and her mouth. Great, she was probably calling for backup. You sighed and leaned heavily against the counter, exhaustion washing over you as you struggled to remain standing. This had been a poorly conceived plan from the beginning.

Sure enough, a small group of armed officers cautiously emerged from one of the locked doors on the right hand side of the receptionist's desk. They were incredibly stout, except for a young looking man with a buzz cut who took to the front of the pack. He did a poor job of concealing his fear, for his voice quivered as he announced. "S-sir, you need to come with us."

The monster at your side was fermenting in his rage, and you could feel it from the idle rumble swelling within his barreled chest. You stayed where you were, only able to stare in horror, along with the receptionist, as Voidster took a strong step towards them. The officers locked gazes with the eight-foot tall monster who loomed above them all. Their hands already on their holsters.

Terrified, you stepped back, tucked against the counter and the large monster whose muscular arm blocked you from clear view. All except for the receptionist, who turned her focus to your bruises, and the way you shivered. She quickly grabbed the phone again, and her fingers danced across the keys, hidden beneath a menacing growl that thundered in the monster beside you.

***

A strong aura swept against the weak, shattered soul laid strewn across the floor far in the back of the building. The lich's eyes, blind and flicking of their own accord, barely simmered against the shade of

his drawn hood. Sparing him the pressure of the light beating down upon him. Consciousness was fleeting. He could only feel, instinctually, with ferality. And he knew this sudden energy, and he sought for it.

Before his lips, stirring in the sludge of blood having spread across the cold concrete, a struggling form began to rise. It was small, yet it persisted, and soon a beady, liquid body began to form. With a flutter of delicate wings, the dark creature managed to pull himself from his birthplace, and rose steadily into the air. A small, unsuspecting moth with a crack in the left wing. The curious creature landed upon the door, and managed to wriggle through a crack in the trim, emerging from the other side to lithely answer the wish of its master.

The trip was short, yet difficult for the weak thing. Without much reserves, it couldn't last long, let alone farther and farther from the source. Luckily, however, the final door was held open by multiple humans, and the moth swiftly landed upon it. Thankful in his own whimsical way. Too tired to accomplish much else but ruffle his wings into place, and sit. Unaware of how violet eyes trained in on his inoffensive presence. And just how hard it hit the monster in the lobby, when the soft scales of the moth’s wings began to disintegrate into dust.

***

It was for Voidster that the black moth had come, and it was he who was the only one who saw it. His violet eyes widened at the tiny creature whose wings shed glistening bits of dust, a hard, violent pang resounding in his chest at the frailty of the insect. Just as the rest of its body broke, disintegrating into a crumbled smear of dust, so did the rest of the world.

The insignificant creatures blocking the doorway made irritating noises, fearful, cowardly. Despite the furious bloodlust that tugged at his soul, he disregarded them, for now. An anguished roar tore

through him, erupting throughout his soul, bleeding into his body. Pressure thudded behind his eyes, his pupils dilating against the pain. He lunged forward, his haunches tensing and breast aching as his magic swelled into a magnificent clot within his soul. The magic blocker that had struck G with such force merely further enraged the monster who sought him out now, his anger a palpable and terrifying force. Voidster didn't need magic to destroy his enemies, not with the power of his fists and unsheathed claws.

The humans that blocked his path were as fragile insects to him; he swatted them aside with an effortless pass of his hand, fingers tense and claws fully extended. Though he caused no mortal injuries, he felt his talons slice flesh, felt the gentle spray of blood against his hand, and reveled in his power. How dare these soft, fleshly beings steal his mate from him. How dare they harm him, lock him away like an animal in a place meant to subdue and trap monsters. They would pay dearly for these crimes. Voidster had never felt the flame of justice within him as he did now, burning bright in his soul as his hard violet eyes swept over the chaos he had wrought.

The humans yelped as their bodies crashed against the wall, and voices built to a chaotic storm behind him. Some cowered, some drew their weapons, but hesitated, unwilling to shoot in such a confined space. He could hear his own breathing, rapid, heavy, within his skull while he ran down the corridor, his bare claws ticking against the tile with every sweeping step. Willing his legs to move as fast as they could, he heedlessly knocked both furniture and bodies from his path as he bounded nearer to his goal.

An acrid flavor graced him, then. Chemical, familiar, deadly, beloved. The blood of a lich.

A burst of pain rang throughout his soul, vibrating outward along every fibre of his being. He had expected this scent, but not the extent to which it drowned his senses. Why was G bleeding so much? Why hadn't he noticed this before even entering the building? Had his anger truly blinded him so effectively-? There was no time to think about it. To think at all. Instead, he breathed, he drank in the flavor of

the lich's blood and chased it farther within the building.

Finally, it brought him to a lonely hallway, and he fumbled briefly with the lock on the door, before bursting into the room in a fit of righteous fury and pain.The darkened silence hit him like an endless wave breaking over his head, except for a spotlight shimmering down behind the cell bars. A slumped figure lying like a shadow spilled across the concrete. His mate.

G's name left his lips like a whispered prayer, an anguished demand that the other man answer, that he was not too late to save him. Leaving the door wide open behind him, he rushed to the cell door itself, unlocking and flinging it open as well. The monster bolted inside, and fell to his knees. The hard surface of the floor rang through him as he frantically caressed the figure beneath him. Stinking of oil and suffering. So cold and frail. Frantically, he heaved the other man up into his arms, turning him around to lay his ragged spine against his forearm. His free hand flew, trembling, to touch the absent face beneath the filthy hood the lich had refused to take off.

Slits of shimmering white stared up at him. His lips thinly parted as a hollow sigh pressed from the lich's chest. A sudden grin broke across Voidster's face, his mouth open, throat constricted with emotion. Water clouded his vision, and he spoke softly to the man in his grasp.

[Love, I've found you... I have you-]

There was no answer. Blinking away the tears, Voidster's expression dropped from his face, realizing what he was seeing. Black rivers had run their course down the lich's chin, where they continued to spill along his throat. Slivers of blood had even escaped from his eyes, his eyelids not fully closed, simply lifeless--despite the hum of his agonized soul. The unconscious gaze he had taken for a sign of life, stared past him, to the ceiling. Voidster quickly brought him closer, righting him from the floor, gently shaking his limp frame. **[G, I know you can hear me. Come to me, quickly now. We're going**

home, I'm taking you home-]

Through his panic, he had forgotten all else. Even as unconcerned pairs of eyes stared, and watched, from the doorway. Voidster's face cycled rapidly between emotions, tears spilling down his face as he shook the lich once more. G's head simply lolled backwards, and Voidster's attempt to right him again only allowed his head to fall to the side. His arms hung limply to the floor, his fingers half furled, the sleeves of his jacket sticking to the trauma rendered to his forearms. Only a whisper passed through his blood stained lips, black, and sickly. The pricks of his fangs barely visible, grey, and subdued.

Voidster's voice then became panicked, an unknown sound, an unknown feeling, it was as if someone else was speaking. **[N-no, I have you now. I have you, and we're leaving-!]** He hauled the lich into his arms, G's bony body feeling oddly lighter than it should have, oddly.. Smaller. The demon stood fully, the broken body of his mate hanging within his grasp as he turned with determination towards the cell door--which slammed directly into his face. He stood, in shock, staring at a human on the other side of the bars with a glare written across his long face.

"I can't allow you to do that, mister..." Orrison glanced up and down the demon fuming before him, shaking with rage. Tear streaks shimmering in the luminescent lights above. *"Void-stir..?"*

The only response he had for this obstacle was the force of his clawed foot, his leg kicking outward with such violence that the entire metal frame of the cell shuddered and boomed within the concrete all around them. A frustrated snarl cracked through Voidster's throat, the door staying firmly in place even as he slammed against it again, and again, and again.

"That's enough!" Orrison barked above the sound, the officers that had originally backed him, had shied far away from the cell door now. "You're under arrest for the shape that poor girl you left in our

waiting room is in! Not to mention breaking and entering-!”

The staccato of Voidster drawing his foot against the cell door nearly drowned out the detective, his rage and violence rising with each and every attempt. Until he was left wide-eyed, and truly panicked, his strength should never have been matched by such weak human metals. Something was wrong here, he had felt it when he first entered the building---he had been too hasty. The magic that he might have summoned to enhance his already considerable strength was out of reach, slow and sticky, like the trails of blood that ran down his mate’s throat.

“Give it up! The magic blockers we have installed will keep you from escaping with our detainee, who is charged with murder. And you seem to be as much of an accomplice as I’ve ever seen, judging by how...” The man stared within Voidster’s eyes, who could not conceal the further tears that gathered within them. “... *deeply,* you care for this… monster.”

A furious sneer tore across Voidster’s features, baring his carnivorous teeth to the insolent human that dared to block his way. Standing firmly, he adjusted G within his arms until the lich’s head rested against his chest. The determined soul, just inches from G’s chapped lips, pulsed and shuddered. Every time he reached for his magic, it brought him incredible agony. This agony built into a torrent of pressure that welled within his chest until it felt near bursting. It brought further tears to his eyes, and the sneer turned into an agonized, open mouthed wince. Sweat built upon his flesh, the attempts to reach the void made him sick to the core.

“I think we’ll keep you in there until you feel like cooperating-”

[You pathetic, *disgusting* cretinous human! Release me at once! The lich will not continue like this, he will expire without proper treatment away from this-] A grunt ripped through his throat, and a shudder tremored throughout him, too stubborn to stop trying for his

magic. **[-weight.]**

“He can see a doctor when he decides to confess to the crimes he committed against this city, and against humanity itself! And he will answer to them! As will you, as it’s clear you’ve been involved with this wretch!” Orrison spat.

Voister lunged for the cell bars, his breath beating down upon the detective almost calmly, though the violence of his words was unmistakable. **[You will rue the day you dared to threaten me. I will end your bloodline, and I will not rest until the day I have you writhing at my feet, begging for the mercy of death! You say that the lich has crimes against to humanity to answer for…I can assure you that whatever he has done will seem as nothing compared to the retribution I *will have* against you and all that you hold dear.]**

The detective winced at that, a growl curling his upper lip. The two stared at one another for a few moments, the silence only broken by the struggled wheezing of the lich, his lungs desperate for air, but his body too weak to function. Orrison stepped back, keeping eye contact with Voidster, who bristled behind the bars. “As for the girl you brought with you, we’re getting her medical treatment, as she’s far more deserving of it than either of you are. I’ll be back, and hopefully for *his sake* , you’ll be more willing to talk.”

The door shut loudly behind the detective, leaving the two monsters locked behind bars in a large room mostly left in shadow. Voidster stood still for a moment, breathing heavily, his thoughts racing a million miles in every direction. He was only broken from his stupor by the lich’s breathing suddenly changing, a strange gurgle rising into his throat, his chest shaking with a poor attempt at a cough.

[*Fuck,*] Voidster breathed, quickly lowering himself to the floor, holding onto his mate as a tremor constricted his own throat. The lich couldn’t breathe properly, and Voidster knew he wouldn’t last this

way. He turned the lich towards him, on his side, laid across his lap where his temple rested against Voidster's bicep. The man used his other hand to slip up beneath G's hoodie, stretching his large hand across his back, feeling the struggle of his lungs filled with fluid. The pitiful attempts at coughing produced forth a gush of black liquid, slipping from G's mouth to stain against Voidster's red turtleneck. He gave the lich a few hearty pats on the back, helping the unconscious man clear his airway, no matter how little.

Slowly, the lich's breathing ceased into a wheeze once more. The air whistling in his throat with every pained inhale. Voidster lifted his gaze, staring into the dark shadows of the room, finding intimately familiar shapes. Counter tops, shelves, and a sturdy, metal chair… leather straps hanging from its frame.

He held his lover all the tighter.

***

You rode uncomfortably in the front seat of the police cruiser, gripping your arm self-consciously. Tears pricked at your eyes. Voidster had just left you there, standing dumbfounded in the lobby as the other officers attempted to race on after him. The man with the buzzcut had been thrown against the wall with two others, but he recovered relatively quickly--leaving the rampaging monster to his coworkers as he then went to you, attempting to question you. But you only stood, and shook, fearful of being left behind, of being punished for saying anything. Just as Voidster had promised he would do. You had thought he would come right back for you, but he hadn't. The young officer had been kind; but firm. You were forced to leave Voidster and G behind at the station, as you were brought to a nearby hospital.

Your exhaustion, pain, and the uncertainty of your future in this timeline was too much to bear. The officer said nothing, but you knew he was misinterpreting the source of your tears. Not that you could

blame him. Maybe you should be grateful at this sudden opportunity, but all you could think of was how bad G had looked as he stumbled out the door, and how unlikely it was that Voidster, of all people, would be able to get him out of there. Your soul longed for the familiarity of the mansion, the comfort of your bed, and the sight of G standing at the windows with his coffee.

Your thoughts wandered, and you remembered Voidster's earlier words about you remembering the way to the police station. Hesitantly, you glanced out the window at your passing surroundings, but saw nothing familiar. Had your old timeline been like this one? Voidster had seemed so serious when he told you not to think about it, as if even ruminating on it was a threat, somehow. Would something bad happen if you *did* remember? You sighed, and leaned against the cool surface of the car door.

The cruiser came to a slow stop, and you glanced up to see a small hospital building. In front of the building was a human nurse holding an empty wheelchair. For you, you realized. But then your attention was caught by a small, white monster at the nurse's side. She was dressed in a doctor's coat, and seemed to be some kind of weasel, wearing red glasses that stood out startlingly well on her shining white fur. Both of them seemed surprised when the officer helped you out of the car, glancing at each other, and then at you.

The monster stepped forward, her voice gentle and reassuring, but concerned. "Sir, we were expecting Doctor Gaster...where is he? And what has happened to this young lady?"

The officer grimaced, helping you into the wheelchair. "Doctor Gaster has been detained for questioning regarding the death of the woman who had been living with him." You stared at him. Did he mean Sun?

The stoat seemed to bristle at this information. "That's preposterous! You can't arrest him for the same crime, that's double jeopardy. He was already found innocent-"

“Some… other monster… came into the station, caused quite a scene. He brought this woman with him, she’s been shaking in my cruiser the whole ride over.” The man put a gentle hand on your back, which you flinched at.

“Other monster…?” Asked the nurse, looking towards the stoat who hummed softly to herself. She then shook herself free of thought, adjusted her glasses, and motioned for you to sit in the wheelchair.

“Come, sit down. We can discuss things once we’re inside.” She smiled to you sweetly, and for some reason, you found yourself obeying. The officer helped you sit in the wheelchair, gave a few words to the stoat in a low voice, and then went back to the cruiser. The nurse carefully turned the wheelchair around, walking you towards the entrance to the hospital while the stoat stepped in line beside you.

Curiously, she asked. “What is your name, sweetheart?”

“Spot,” you replied, turning your gaze into your lap as the nurse, and the stoat, exchanged puzzled looks. The automatic doors yawning open, and enveloped your party with the soft embrace of air conditioning.

Chapter End Notes

> "-the next morning G wakes up from the wet dream to Briggs knocking on the door, and he is like “somebody need their cock sucked?” Spot spies on this interaction, G is led outside, clearly just a fucking mess that they need to ‘save’ and he’s too inebriated to fight. The deputy checks the house, and spot has to hide from them before she can tell void g got kidnapped by the popo- (Not sure which viewpoint to do here. I also kinda want spot to fall down the stairs to the lab for the lulz.)"

Voidster's Rut (Part 8)

Chapter Notes

> Hey guys, Skelly here. Aloe has a great new job that involves long hours and lots of typing, so she can't work on TSM for the foreseeable future. I finished up this chapter so that there would be some closure for this storyline, and if you click on my AO3 handle, there is an additional TSM story by me, called "Doll." I will be posting a link to Doll in the next chapter, as I consider it part of this story. I may write additional stories for TSM in the future, and will keep this document updated. Please enjoy the story!

The weak creature that Voidster held in his arms would have, should have, disgusted him. Thin trickles of inky, chilled blood shimmered on the lich's bottom lip. On what once was a perfect ledge to catch his own lips, now ran rivers like they never had before. His features were half-hidden beneath the shade of his raised hood, plucked gently into place by Voidster's own trembling hand. Voidster hung hunched over the form strewn across him, having listened to his labored breathing for far too many minutes. He then breathed, an unstable grin opening his mouth cruelly, **[This is...no way for you to live.]**

Fresh dew dripped from his face, patting against the unresponsive throat below him, heaving ever so slowly. He raised a hand, and laid it bare against the lich's cheek, brushing away the tears, and the blood, into paint-like strokes. His voice wavered, swallowing against the lump in his throat.

[You...would loathe to know how I see you, now. How you barely persist...] A firm crease delved into his brow, his pained smile drawing into a frown. His fingertips trembling against the lich's sharp cheekbone, slowly feeling across the flesh beneath them. As if memorizing them. **[I cannot bring myself to leave you. To lie you on this concrete-]** Suddenly, he brought his hand up and dug his fingers into his eyes, attempting to rub the ache away. **[To pass with my back turned.]**

A soft shudder wound through him, before giving way to a harsher one. He bent further above the lich, his lungs stealing the air from his mouth in rapid succession. For a moment, he held his face, hiding his eyes behind his hand. Swallowing against this strange, painful reaction, he quickly wiped at his eyes with the back of his hand before reaching back to the G's face. His blank eyes staring blearily over his shoulder, into some unseen abyss. Here, Voidster paused, running his touch over his lover's eyelids, downward along his jaw. An affectionate caress. **[I know that you have little time. A challenge I'd normally take, headfirst. But this…this is beyond preferred circumstances. I know what you'd want me to do…]**

A grimace spilled across his face as he lowered his hand to the blackened throat waiting just beneath the lich's jaw. Slippery with fresh blood. Yet, he gripped regardless. Pinching the throat in his hand at the arteries, already hardened with blood. A twitch developed along Voidster's brow. **[And you know, that I'd do anything for you.]**

The only response he was given, was a strained inhale, and exhale. Mimicking the one having ruptured within Voidster's chest, deep within it. The man stared into the glassy eyes peering from under shadows, the empty expression gazing back at him remained. Unaffected by the pressure slowly crimping his neck, heavy indentations flexing beneath a shaking grasp. A pathetic wobble of air rushed from the lich's lips, before snagging on the inhale--where only a soft gurgle resounded. Despite the way G's chest involuntarily tried to expand, the way had been blocked as he lay in utter stillness.

Voidster's lips trembled in horror, squinting through his tears, he attempted to grip even tighter. **[This will be over soon,]** he breathed, as if speaking to himself. **[I am giving you a mercy… something I should have given you long before now. But I cannot let you die in such a dreadful, lingering way. You are greater than that. You are…]** He choked, staring into white eyes that began to flicker, and dim. **[You are my dearly beloved.]**

Hard pressed seconds went by, and Voidster held firm. Until he witnessed the slightest shift beneath G's eyelids. The white of his iris creeping upward, into his skull, until only darkness remained. Suddenly, he released, and the lich naturally gasped--his chest fully expanding as a subconscious shudder flooded his body. His good leg flinched, a sad attempt at a kick. Voidster threw his arm around the lich, and hoisted his body upwards, tighter into his chest. Quickly, he ducked his face against the lich's, feeling burdened bursts of air stroke his cheek while he himself heaved. **[Forgive me. I cannot-!]** His back shook, smothering his mouth against his lover's skin, he attempted to silence his weeping. Disturbed by the sound building within his throat, he pulled away, only to plant a kiss against the lich's temple.

A slight stir rose from the lich, as his face gently pressed back into the show of affection. The bare minimal reaction from such a usually powerful soul. It was then that Voidster felt another hard pang break throughout his ribcage, and without hesitation he pulled his hand back towards his face, and used his fangs to slash a horrid cut across his inner arm. With a snarl he shoved the appendage into the lich's face, smearing his red blood across his lips. **[You can't leave me.]** He grimaced, forcing the scarlet current past G's cracked lips and down his raspy throat. **[My love…I do not even know if this will work…]**

He bowed his head, determination-laced blood flowing freely over the lich's tongue, coating his mouth, his own eyes closed against the emotional pain that assailed him. **[If it does…forgive me. For not having the strength to let go…]**

***

G felt his lips curve upward, a smile building, free and unfettered, as he gazed upon the face of his beloved. She tilted her head up at him, her sunset lips brushing over his scarred flesh again and again. Her small hands caressed his wounds, both old and new, and he saw delicate tears trickle down the pale skin of her face.

“My love,” he rumbled, brushing them tenderly away with his thumb, “Why do you weep?”

She smiled sadly at him then, holding his hand against her cheek. “It hurts to see how much you’ve suffered, G. No matter what anyone else thought, you never deserved to be hurt like this.” He bowed his head, resting his lips on her fair hair as he pondered her words. A warmth radiated around them both, bits of cotton playing in the light that bathed them in this moment of serenity.

Once, perhaps, that had been true. But he remembered the human girl, who he had let Voidster keep and torment. Who he, himself, had tormented. Instead of protecting the weak, instead of acting in remembering of Justice, he had let wretched crimes go unpunished, out of apathy and pain. He had deemed his sacrifices too great, had let go the feeling of responsibility, and dwelt in pain for far too long.

“You do not know…” he said, grieving, tears of his own escaping. “I’m sorry. It was too hard. I failed you.”

“You’re not dead yet,” she whispered, and he glanced at her quizzically, for in his soul he felt a lightness, a peace that he had never felt. What was this, if not death? “You’re on the brink, G,” she said gently, tracing the tracks of his tears up to his eyes, which closed at her approach. “My soul is not the only one who has a claim on yours.”

G snarled bitterly, not caring that she frowned at him. “You can’t be serious. That wretch is evil given physical form. He is a demon. You cannot make me stay for him.”

She placed her hands gently on G’s head, drawing him down until their lips brushed, just barely. Urging him to wrap his arms tighter around her, the

swell of her belly pressing against him. His claws twitched, and brows furrowed as she spoke. “We all have our demons. As you seek redemption, he seeks a depth of emotion that he’s never known. Perhaps if you teach him how to love, you’ll finally forgive yourself.”

“No-” He knew that expression she gave him, a soft eyed request, but he could not meet it. He tilted his chin away, and shut his eyes. “This isn’t fair!” He bared his teeth in anguish, gathering her against him. Tenderly holding her back, while one ventured to her rounded hip. His thumb brushing the very edge of her swollen stomach. His voice reverberated throughout his very being, woven within his snarled words while tears threatened to spill. “You’re saying that I must return to that hell, back to that creature who maimed me? Who looks upon me as a piece of flesh to endure every beating, every bite, and every blade. If you are sending me back, it should be to end his miserable life, and cease the threat he poses to the rest of the world!”

“G…” Sun murmured, and he swore he heard amusement in her tone. “We don't get to choose what happens to us… Or the people that we come across.” Her voice soothed him, and he rested his temple against her skull, breathing in her light. She went on, carefully. “You are always seeking vengeance...always seeking Justice...perhaps for once, what you should be seeking is mercy. Learn to forgive. Not only others, but yourself. Allow these things to spur you towards something better...instead of holding on, and being buried beneath them.”

He paused, his face scrunched painfully. He dreaded to hear the words he knew she would speak next. His hand pressed firmly at her back, and at her side, finding comfort in having her gathered in his arms.

“What happened to me...what happened to our child...was not your fault.”

“I couldn't save you!” He roared, tucking her against him, leaning over her in a protective assault. His eyes shot open wide, his mouth open and twisted in anguish. “You were on the altar, your soul...was gone...the ***baby’s*** soul was lingering-” he choked, “-it would have been yellow, like yours…” He gagged on his tears, a harsh sob wracking through his ribcage. “And in an instant, I saw that energy flicker to

nothingness. I could not be there for you when you needed me the most. I burdened you with child, I made you a target-!" He rolled his brow to her, his forehead dipped against the top of her head as a shudder rendered through him. "I failed. I do not deserve to be forgiven."

Sun said nothing, but like a dream, he found his hold changed, and gazed at the woman before him. Something glimmering in her hand. A goblet; one he recognized, and one that should have been lost to the ravaging flames. It was ancient silver, gnarled hands with rubies in the centers of their palms reaching upward from the stem. Filled with her blood, as it had been when he had found those who had slain her. "Drink this," she murmured, lifting it to his lips.

"No," he whispered raggedly, trying to turn his face away. Still, she pushed it toward him.

"No-!" He couldn't move his body, couldn't stop her from approaching. Her eyes, so compassionate, so full of love.

"Drink," she insisted, and he felt the heat of it touch his lips, closing his eyes, baring his fangs upward. Harsh, white light smothering him.

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"I SAID NO-!" G's eyes flew open, a choking, wretched snarl building in his throat as he smacked Voidster's wrist away from his face, a shocked expression crossing the other man's face as the lich spasmed in his arms, arching his back and baring his fangs upward in fury. "Y-you…" he croaked, and then his pupils left his eyes, the milky white irises flickering with light. Writhing, he twisted out of Voidster's arms, the man too stunned by the lich's newfound strength, and fell to the floor and curling inward on his side, heaving with deep, labored breaths.

Voidster couldn't help the passing tears of relief, which he quickly dashed from his eyes, as the lich remained still, staring at him with blank white orbs, lacking his pupils. The trauma he had undergone, the suddenness of his return, had cast him into ferality. When Voidster reached a clawed hand toward his beloved's face, he was rewarded with a snapping of fangs that barely missed his fingertips, and a hearty growl. He could rouse no anger at the act; only relief that the lich was alive, and responding. Even if he saw Voidster as an enemy, the fact that he lived was enough.

Gently, as if with a wild animal, Voidster removed his shirt, displaying the fabric to the suspicious lich, who huffed at the scent and licked his lips. Too weak to lift himself from the ground. G's conscious mind was gone, he relied on instinct alone. Voidster was counting on this, for next he gently cast the crimson fabric over the lich's face and torso, a technique that had never failed to soothe his feral mate. It worked again, for G's aggravated breathing became shallower as he tasted the flavors of the fabric, seeing only red-hued shadows in his limited vision. He didn't resist as gentle hands stroked along his arms, tensing briefly as Voidster slid his muscular arms beneath his back, lifting his lover to lay him upon the pitifully thin mattress in the cell they inhabited.

The shirt fell from the lich's face, and he instantly bristled, pressing his back against the wall even as the vertebrae beneath eerily creaked. Flashing his gaze directly into the monster hovering above him, a silhouette that sparked an instant reaction. The lich bared his fangs, stained with his mate's blood. Still, he suffered for Voidster to flick the edge of the fabric over him, warming him, the scent of his mate a welcome familiarity in such a sterile, alien place.

A soft growl spilled from his throat as Voidster stroked his hand, gazing at the livid, beloved face that he had almost lost. **[Hush love,]** he murmured, his voice deep and soothing in his chest. The lich's lips twitched at the sound, his jaws closing together, a hiss whispering through his teeth. **[I will let no further harm befall you. If these humans want a monster to torture, I am happy to oblige them.]**

Standing, he strode to barred cell door, landing another solid kick that startled the guard posted outside. And startled the feral monster behind him, scrunching farther back into the corner. A malicious grin curled Voidster's lips, strings of saliva dripping from his fangs as he leered as the sweating police officer having dared to peer into the room. Shirtless, he displayed his rippling muscles by resting his outstretched arms on the frame of the door, claws flexing impatiently as he let loose a fierce, merciless snarl. **[Fetch your master. I have crimes against humanity that I wish to confess.]**

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"Paula, please get on the phone with Anne Arbor about Doctor Gaster," the white stoat, whose name was Claire, said firmly. "From what I heard on the phone...he was in no condition to be taken to the police department. Remember the magic blockers they installed last year? Depending on how fragile Doctor Gaster's soul is right now...it could mean real trouble. Get in contact with Briggs and ask him what the hell they were thinking! I asked him to go as a friend, not a detective."

The nurse hardly blinked an eye as Claire rattled off these instructions, turning smartly on her heel to leave the small exam room, and closing the door behind her. With her gone, the stoat turned toward you, her manner gentle and compassionate. "Now sweetie," she said maternally, patting your hand, "I'd like to do a full body exam, if you will consent to that. I need to check for other injuries."

You bit your lip uncertainly, the paper crinkling beneath you as you shifted, crossing your legs. What would happen if she found out that Voidster had done this to you? What if she thought that G had done it? What if he had to stay there, at the police station, being questioned for something he hadn't done, while he was so sick? "I'd rather...not…" you said finally, averting your gaze and gripping your other arm awkwardly.

“Miss,” she said gently, gripping your hands, “The bruise on your face, the way you’re acting, it doesn’t look good. Did Doctor Gaster-” she stopped herself, grimacing. “Who did this to you?”

“N-nobody…” you paused briefly, thinking, “...that I know…”

Ugh, that sounded worse.

“A stranger,” you said finally, convinced that Claire was not believing a word that you said. You were right; she wasn’t.

“If Doctor Gaster has done something...maybe lashed out? Are you living with him?”

From her tone it was clear she feared the answer. You wondered if he had ever hurt Sun, and if this monster had known her too. You knew he had truly loved her, yet you also knew, intimately, of the violence in his heart. He claimed to love Voidster, and yet he had struck him across the face, had said or done something cruel enough that the larger monster had been in tears, which was a sight you’d never thought you’d see. You wanted to believe that G was too gentle, too restrained to hurt you or his mate, but he wasn’t.

You knew if you answered honestly, they would take you away. Voidster and G would probably be imprisoned, or worse. You would have to live out your life surrounded by strangers, unable to remember your past, ever fearing the day that you glanced up and saw violet eyes staring down at you. No matter what you did, Voidster would find you eventually. And you feared him during his best moods, let alone when he was really, truly angry. What human could protect you from his wrath? The answer, was nobody.

You sighed, shrugging slightly. “G didn’t do this to me. He’s not like

that." A flash of relief in the stoat's eyes, you had confirmed what she already believed, what she had hoped to be true. She must have known him during a better time, when he still had hope and kindness in his soul, instead of apathy and pain.

"G stopped him from hurting me," you added carefully, phrasing your words delicately. You hoped that she would jump to the right conclusions on her own- you really weren't much of a liar. You weren't sure if she knew about Voidster or not.

"It was that other monster, wasn't it?" She said, suddenly quite stern.

You couldn't help the gasp that parted your lips, staring through her red framed glasses into the knowing eyes that glittered back into your own. She did know. But, how-?

A sigh left the stoat as she reached into her coat pocket, "if you'll excuse me for a moment, miss. I'll be back in a bit. I can't force you to consent to the physical, but I feel it is best that you consider it. Here, at this hospital, we help heal not just the body- but the soul, as well."

The soul…? Your lips murmured the phrase, casting your eyes downward as the doctor left the room. You could hear her muffled voice from the other side of the door, she must be on the phone. Nervously, you sat perched upon the exam table, shifting your gaze around the room, half expecting the sinister duo to barge in, and haul you home.

***

Voidster's skin appeared even brighter beneath the luminescent lights that bore down upon the room, his muscles pulling, straining, beneath the pressure of his magic. Yet, he kept up appearances. A sueve smirk

was painted across his features, sitting with his elbows upon the metal tabletop, observing the human before him take his seat.

The slowness of this man's movements irritated him, and he ground his fangs together impatiently. His very soul quivered, the production of his energy was impressive--similar to the lich's. And in an effort for his body to compensate, the bleeding of his wrist continued, pulsing with his heart, and dribbled down his forearm in a constant current.

The sound of the chair scraping the concrete irked Voidster's brow, and his expression fell sour. Watching the so called 'detective' adjust himself, pen and pad, so leisurely. So nonchalant. Meanwhile, his mate suffered in the cell behind him. Voidster panned his gaze over Orrison's shoulders, inspired to focus on his plan by the heaving of the lich's breathing. The crimson turtleneck blanketing his back, but unable to smother his clear pain of the magic blockers he himself suffered.

He wrung his hands together, the joints within creaking. He used all the willpower within himself to sit across from a man that dared keep them both there. A human, far too egocentric to fully understand the danger he was in. Even with the armed officers he must have forced into the room with him by the ear, it should have brought him no sense of security. One stood stationed behind the detective, his back nearly pressed into the bars of the cell that still held his beloved. The other two hovered behind him, just out of reach. Their souls flittered, weak, and fearful. The folly of it all made him sick, but worse, it made him angry.

"Why aren't you wearing your shirt?" Detective Orrison asked irritably, clicking his pen. He gazed at the bare-chested monster who peered over him, staring into the cell at his back.

Voidster locked his attention to milky, glittering eyes, lain hidden beneath both hood, and his crimson shirt. **[The cell was warm.]** He replied with a smirk, finally meeting the gaze of the detective.

[What's wrong, not enjoying the view?]

"No." Orrison growled, his eyes lingering on the multitude of scars and healing wounds on the monster's pale hide. He noticed that the monster's shoulder had been mauled at one point, the meat of it densely scarred in a jagged maze. "Your 'friend' isn't doing so well right now, yet you seem fine. Why is that?"

Voidster contemplated the man's words, a deep, dark desire for retribution unfurling in his breast as he thought about the pain G must be in right now, with his soul already so fragile. Magic blocking technology...what a hateful creation. Truly mankind was worthy of nothing less than he bestowed upon them in the sterile basement of his and G's home. Orrison showed no concern for the lich's condition. He wrung his hands tighter, his claws involuntarily extended. Reflecting bits of light from their hardened, polished surface.

[I'd say the more interesting question is why you felt the need to torture a monster who was already in a weakened state,] Voidster retorted, unable to hide the slight growl in his voice. **[Does it disturb you that your precious toys have no effect on me, Detective?]**

Orrison said nothing, his eyes narrowing as Voidster leaned forward, resting his forearms on the table between them. His claws digging into his own knuckles. **[Tell me, Detective. Have you ever killed someone?]** The flicker of surprise in the man's eyes at the sudden change of subject was well-hidden, but not subtle enough to escape Voidster's notice.

"What are you talking about now?" He responded with a faint grimace.

[Oh, you know what I mean. Watching the life drain from their eyes. And not only their life. Their hopes and dreams, their

memories, their experiences. All of it, so easily erased, as if they never existed. All that is left are the ones who loved them, mired in grief and agony.] His gaze flicked to G's prone form, making brief eye contact with his mate, before the lich closed his eyes. He wasn't sure if G was simply exhausted, or still sane enough to understand him.

"I've never killed anyone," Orrison stated sharply, drawing Voidster's attention back to him. "Can you say the same?"

[But of course,] the monster responded easily, forcing himself to lean back in his chair which creaked beneath his weight. No hint of a lie in his suddenly expressionless gaze. **[We monsters are made of love and compassion, Detective, hadn't you heard? How could you suspect such a thing?]**

"We know that Doctor Gaster *has* killed humans before," Orrison announced, "But of course Briggs got him off on 'self defense' with those charges. Still, one death remains unresolved. The death of the girl he had claimed to love."

G shifted, a low keen of pain that could only be heard by his mate winding its way from his lungs. His skeleton was shifting, the joints in his spine stretching and aching. A slender arm extended from beneath the shelter of Voidster's shirt, his knuckled fingers reaching out across the concrete. Gripping the surface, as if he were to pull himself free from the pressure winding within his poor body.

[Interesting,] Voidster hummed. **[Tell me, Detective, how did they die? In what manner did he kill these humans?]**

Orrison looked disgusted. "He ripped them apart like some kind of animal. Like a *monster.* Nothing human could have been so vicious."

[And,] Voidster continued, his violet gaze pinning the detective, **[In what manner did the girl die? Similar? As if she were ripped apart by a wild beast?]**

At this, the man hesitated, his eyelids flickering while his brows became heavy. “No. There was a single knife wound. And yet, Doctor Gaster was the one who discovered the body. He refused to disclose the location, and refused to speak about anything he had witnessed. If he’s innocent, why wouldn’t he provide our department with the information to bring that poor girl to justice?”

[Perhaps her assailant had already been brought to justice,] Voidster mused, still staring explicitly at the detective. Speaking above the idle groan of bone on bone from the cell. **[What reason would he have to trust humans such as yourself, especially if it had been humans who murdered his beloved?]**

“We’re the goddamn police department, why wouldn’t he be able to trust us?!” Orrison barked. “It’s our *job* to solve crimes like this-”

[And yet how poorly he has been treated, when he was weak and in need of medical attention,] Voidster interrupted, holding up a clawed hand. **[Frankly Detective, from what I have seen here, humanity has lived up to every scrap of violence it accuses the doctor of having.]**

“Your opinion of this department isn’t relevant,” Orrison said bluntly, folding his hands on the table. His pen sticking out from his clasped fingers. “And actually, I have an interesting question for you, regarding the violence of monsters.”

Voidster met him with an intrigued grin, as the Detective continued.

“That woman you brought with you was covered in bruises, and shaking like a leaf. I’ve seen plenty of women like her, and the reason for that appearance is always the same. Somebody hurt her. And yet when we ran her fingerprints, nothing came back. Did you kidnap her from another country or something? She speaks English, but plenty of places do. Based on information from the hospital, she doesn’t remember where she’s from, and she won’t talk about where the injuries came from, except to say that Doctor Gaster isn’t responsible.”

He paused, and Voidster remained silent. He was busy listening to the magic within his body responding to that of the effort exerted from the cell behind Orrison. And behind the guard that was too nervous to look directly at him, and instead stared at his own shoes.

The Detective breathed in deeply, unclasping his hands as he pressed back against his chair. Idly, he spun his pen in his hand above the pad of paper, the other resting on his thigh. “Which is all well and good. I can even believe the part about Doctor Gaster not harming her. Because now I’ve met *you-”* Voidster’s violet eyes flicked over his shoulder for an instant, at a growing shadow unfurling from the floor, before glinting right back into the Detective’s eyes. “-and you strike me as the sort of monster that wouldn’t have any qualms hurting a human, even an innocent girl. Maybe more than one innocent girl.”

Voidster hid the annoyance he felt. Even absent, you proved a trial to him, per usual. Why couldn’t you have had the good sense to stay with him? At least you hadn’t been foolish enough to tell them the truth, at any rate. **[That human is…friends…with the Doctor. I wouldn’t waste my time or energy on such a meaningless pursuit.]**

“And why should I believe you?”

A soft chuckle left him. **[I don’t believe in… crossbreeding.]**

Orrison scowled, his grip on his pen tightening. Voidster drank in the sight of disgust, and went on, careful to only watch the eerie hooded shadow with his peripheral vision as it swayed closer. **[My people should remain as pure as possible. To see a human as equal grounds with myself, worthy of my attentions-]** He shook his head, his jagged teeth showing through his smirk. **[-why, that would be bestiality at best.]**

While they had been speaking, the lich was making slow, silent progress across the floor behind the bars. He crept on all fours, his hood obscuring his features as his bony, distended limbs gracefully carried him closer to the officer standing guard behind Orrison. Once he reached the bars, he rose slowly onto the balls of his feet, but was unable to conceal the creaking of his spine as he straightened.

[However, it is well known how...bestial, we can be.] He then relaxed, releasing his hands to show pinpricks of blood upon his knuckles from his own grip. Orrison took in this reaction oddly, his brows digging further into his eyes, a frown pulling at his lips.

The lich's jaws opened, and out poured coagulated chunks of blood, clinging to his jawline, and chin.

Orrison had no time to react; G thrust his arms through the bars, snatching up the terrified officer in a feral, deadly embrace. The man was slammed backwards into the bars, releasing a startled yell. The officers on either side of Voidster began to shout, unholstering their weapons and aiming straight for the cell. Voidster relaxed further into his chair, a laugh bubbling within his chest beneath the chaos.

"PUT YOUR GODDAMN WEAPONS DOWN-! YOU WANT TO SHOOT OFFICER POLENSKI?!" Orrison shouted, jumping out of his seat so quickly the chair toppled behind him to the floor.

The sound farther sparking the furious lich, who spat angrily as he clung to the man frantically struggling in his arms. He raised his head then, and his eyes glittered queerly in the light. While both of them walked and spoke as humans might, nobody would mistake the lich for anything but a monster at this moment. Spit and blood dripped from his fangs, his harsh panting filling the cell, which was deadly silent, now.

“DOCTOR GASTER-! RELEASE HIM AT ONCE-!” The Detective demanded, his face flushing a deep red as anger scrunched his features.

[I’m afraid he can’t hear you. Or, shall I say, he can’t understand you, Detective.] His sultry voice drew the room’s attention, although, he already had the lich’s.

“What is the meaning of this-?! What are you saying?”

[It seems that he is in such a sedated state, from bleeding to death in the cell you chose to put him in, that he has become…well, feral.] His smirk spread, pointed into his cheek bones. Lazily, he placed his fingertips together, and pulled his ankle to sit atop his knee. **[I warned you that he needed medical attention.]**

The lich replied to the familiar voice by returning a noise, a deep, graveled growl rose into his throat. Along with an odd sort of clicking, reverberating throughout his throat through his back molars. The man in his claws trembled, holding still, much like caught prey, submitting to the hunt. Orrison stared wide-eyed at the lich, and the man under his command. The two officers behind Voidster shuffled closer, only for Orrison to throw his hand out, stopping them. “STAY BACK-!”

[Losing control of the situation, Detective…? Perhaps you should call your superior-]

“SHUT UP!” The older man bellowed, the veins in his neck beginning to show.

A man behind Voidster timidly rose his voice, “Technically, this is a hostage situation- we have to call Briggs-”

“Technically-?! A hostage-?! Oh for fuck’s sake Greg!” Orrison spat.

Voidster could not hold his pleasure, his grin displaying his fangs in delight. He stared at the lich, then squinted his eyes. G instantly reacted, a gurgled snarl welling within his hollow chest as he grappled the officer in his arms all the tighter. Jerking the man around as he cried out in fear, the lich pulled him so tightly against the bars that his skin bent to the pressure. Bruises flowering along his back.

The other two officers shouted in unison, but it was Orrison’s voice who broke through the clamor. “I told you to not turn down the blocker-!”

“Orrison! It’s still maxed out, you need to call Briggs-!”

The man whipped his head around, baring his teeth as he growled. “NO! I almost had these *freaks* -!”

The silent conducting Voidster did with his mate went unnoticed, and a sense of pride filled his breast with how well the lich had learned his cues. He initiated another struggle, and the lich sparked further fear in the souls of the room by his lavish vocalizations. Playing with his

prey, as instructed.

“F-fuck this-!” Greg stammered, bolting for the door. Leaving his companion behind to stand in shock to Voidster’s right, an easy target to grab, if he wanted. But this was much too fun as it was.

Orrison reached out for the retreating officer, spitting a slurry of curses beneath the now sobs of the lich’s prey. The man toppled over the metal chair behind him, nearly roaring in defeat as the officer left the door wide open, and sprinted down the hallway. Voidster’s thunderous laugh vibrated through the walls.

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Briggs frowned as he entered the room, staring at you with surprise. He paused, then asked, “Claire? Who is this woman, and where is Doctor Gaster? I told them to bring him here, he was in a bad way. What happened to her?” He squinted at you, taking in the healing bruises and your pallor.

The stoat sighed, wringing her paws together. “I’m afraid your orders were ignored, for some reason. Doctor Gaster is at the police station. This girl lives with him, she says her name is ‘Spot’ and she won’t talk about the bruises, but I suspect the other monster who lives with him may have had something to do with this.”

Briggs appeared startled by her words, glancing sharply at her. “What other monster? We did a sweep of the house when we picked up the doctor. There was nobody there, including this girl.”

“I-I was hiding,” you volunteered in embarrassment, averting your eyes as they both stared at you.

“Why were you hiding?” Claire asked gently.

“I was scared, I thought G was being arrested or something…” you responded, chewing your lip. “I knew if they found me they would take me away.”

“And yet you were with this other monster at the police station, before you came here,” Claire reminded you. “Why hide and then go to the police station anyway?”

“Voidster,” you paused, explaining, “That’s his name. Voidster and I went to go get G. We were worried about him because he was...drinking...and they had a fight. G was suicidal, I think.”

Claire and Briggs exchanged glances, but said nothing.

“But when we got to the police station, Voidster went charging inside. G is his m-mate, and he was really angry,” you finished with a whisper, cringing.

Claire patted your arm, then turned to Briggs. “If this is all true, that means you have two monsters at your station, one of them in critical condition, being exposed to those dreadful magic blockers. Briggs, you’re a good man, but not all of the police are...pro-monster, so to say. I’m worried.”

Briggs started to reply, then swore, glancing down at his phone. “One moment,” he said irritably, bringing the phone up to his face. “Hello, Detective Briggs.” A long pause followed, in which you could faintly hear a man frantically speaking to the detective, sounding panicked. When Briggs spoke again, it startled you. “ *A hostage situation?* You’re

kidding. Jesus christ. Where the *fuck* is Orrison? What is he doing? You're kidding. Fuck me." He sighed, rubbing his forehead with his free hand. "Okay look, tell Orrison that I said to *stand down,* and I am coming back now. No, I don't care if you tell him that I'm coming back, but tell him to stand the fuck down. I'll be there in fifteen."

He hung up, shoving the phone back into his pocket grimly. "Claire, I have to go. I'd appreciate it if you or another doctor accompanied me, and frankly, if the girl doesn't have any life-threatening injuries, I think she should come too, since she knows these two."

Your heart sank as you thought about the one-sided conversation you had heard. Voidster had somehow created a hostage situation? You were already worried sick about G, and now you were worried that Voidster was going to get them both shot to death. He was chaotic and aggravating even in a good mood, worse when someone was threatening G.

"I'll come with," Claire said promptly, and you felt a little relieved. She seemed level-headed, and she knew G, had known him longer than you. And she was a monster doctor, surely she would be able to help him. He had looked so sick when the police had taken him, you were really scared. You doubted she would be much help with Voidster, but maybe if G was taken care of, he would in turn take care of his mate, who nobody else could really handle.

You quietly followed them out of the hospital, ignoring the curious glances you got from the patients and doctors. Was this really G's hospital? You had known he must be getting income from *somewhere,* but it had never really occurred to you to ask him, and he had never spoken of it. Maybe he had bad memories associated with this place, or maybe he simply didn't have time for it anymore. You wondered what you might learn about him if you had an hour with Briggs or Claire, both of whom had known G from "before." Before you, before Voidster.

He must have been happier then, you thought, and wondered if such a thing was even possible. You could hardly imagine the lich being happy, being in love like he had been with Sun. You had only ever seen the defeated creature that was mated to Voidster, mired in self loathing and despair. How terribly his grief affected him. As you got into the police car's back seat, you let out a small sigh. You would take G and all of his flaws, all of his sorrow, if only he was okay.

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The lich was panting heavily as he continued to hold onto the man in his grasp, and Voidster could see that despite his revival, his energy was flagging. The lines beneath his eyes were deep and shadowed, and clotted blood clung to his face and throat. Still, G maintained eye contact with him, waiting for his signal.

Tremendous affection and pride swelled within Voidster for this show of obedience in the feral lich, despite their circumstances. And a strange, nagging guilt that he had almost ended G's life. He could still feel his mate's struggling pulse beneath his knuckled fingers, ebbing away.

Standing, he caught the attention of the other two humans in the room, who were startled by his movement. "Sit down!" Orrison commanded, but Voidster ignored him, walking casually toward the two men. The other officer was frozen in place, staring at Voidster like a mouse watches a cat approach. It amused him, and he was still smirking when he grabbed the officer's collar and threw him bodily into the hallway. Orrison soon followed, falling heavily as he was thrown from the room by the massive monster.

[Don't trouble yourselves, I can take it from here,] he announced sarcastically, slamming the door in their shocked faces. He locked it, and then snapped the handle off, effectively locking all three of them inside. Then he whistled sharply, and G released the man he had held captive, standing hunched and exhausted behind the bars.

Voidster snatched up the officer with a predatory smile, but before he could even speak, the man had fainted dead away, limp in his grasp. His smile turned into a frown, and he lightly shook the man, hoping to revive him. But it was no use. Irritably, Voidster dropped the pathetic human on the ground, discarding him like a sack of potatoes. Then, the glint of metal caught his eye. Keys.

He stooped, taking the keyring from the unconscious man's belt, and examining it. Selecting one of the likely prospects, he fitted it into the lock separating him and G. The door opened with a quiet click, and Voidster slipped back into the cell with the lich, who was stumbling toward him in a mindless sort of way, his pupils still absent from his eyes. When he had reached Voidster, G began to collapse, shaking as his lover caught him up in his arms.

Holding G gently, almost tenderly, Voidster lifted him into his arms, cradling the lich against his chest as he returned to the small bed in the corner of the room. It creaked and protested as he sat on it, but he managed to prop his back against wall, lying G down so that his head was in Voidster's lap, his arms wrapped loosely around his torso. Thoughtfully, Voidster summoned a hand to pluck his crimson turtleneck from the floor, bringing it back to cover his mate, like a blanket. He didn't need it as much as G did, anyway.

He could hear the humans shouting at each other outside, probably about to remove the hinges from the door. He had bought them a little time, that was all. G still desperately needed medical attention, and the worthless human, Orrison, was unlikely to care or help in any way.

Voidster hoped that wherever you were, you had the sense to send help, if you had any scrap of loyalty at all. Then again, he wouldn't really blame you if you took the chance and ran as far as you could. He would still cut out your treacherous heart if the lich didn't survive this encounter, but you were only a human. Such weakness of character was to be expected, based on the behavior of the humans

your kind trusted to keep you safe.

He sighed, absently petting G, who was already nearly asleep. He let the lich rest. G needed to recover his strength, what little of it he could glean in this place. The magic blockers were giving Voidster a horrid headache, and he could only imagine how they were affecting his weak, wounded mate. He regretted not killing Orrison, or at least one of his lackeys, but he couldn't afford the collateral if the humans decided to retaliate, for G would certainly be the one to suffer.

For now, he would guard him while he slept. It would have to be enough. When the humans removed the door, he'd deal with them. And if G grew too much weaker, he wouldn't hold back when he took his revenge.

***

When you, Claire, and Briggs arrived at the station, you found it in a near panic. Briggs angrily shoved his way through the bystanders, you and Claire trailing in his wake. "At least the magic blockers are off," he muttered under his breath, glancing at Claire. When he reached the holding cell, he found Orrison removing the hinges of the door with a screwdriver, muttering under his breath.

"Orrison!" he snapped, and the other man flinched and dropped the screwdriver, whipping around to glare at him. "What the hell is going on here? And why was it *Greg* that called me about this and not *you*?"

Orrison ran a hand through his silvering hair, disheveling it, his face flushed. "Those *things* that you let get away with murder took one of my officers hostage, and locked him inside with them! He's probably already dead!"

Taken aback, Briggs blinked, and you saw Claire's fur bristling. "Doctor Gaster was found to be acting in self defense, you know that as well as I-"

"What about the pregnant girl that he just *happened* to find?" Orrison shouted, taking a step forward. "Nobody was ever arrested for that murder! He's killed before, and he killed her, and I can prove it if you just let me keep questioning him!"

"Doctor Gaster would *never* have harmed Sun," Claired shouted, gaining the attention of the men despite her small stature. "He loved her more than anything. If a disgusting creature like yourself even understood love, you would know that there's no way he would have killed her!" Her red glasses were askew on her furry white face, her paws clenched as she spoke. "You had no right to divert a monster who desperately needed medical attention from my hospital just so that you could indulge your sick obsession!"

Briggs nodded sharply, folding his arms. "Orrison, you're dismissed. Take the rest of the day off, and pray it doesn't end up being a longer vacation than that. Your behavior is unacceptable, and I will not allow it to continue uncorrected. Get out of here."

Orrison's face purpled, his hands clenched into fists, and for a moment you thought he would strike Briggs. "FUCK! You monster loving-" he snarled, wisely cutting himself off before barreling past the surrounding officers, shoving his way through the crowd as he departed. Briggs watched him go, his face drawn. Then he turned to another officer.

"Get that door off," he said, and the man quickly finished Orrison's work, removing the hinges and lifting the reinforced steel door with the help of two other men. Briggs and Claire rushed into the room, while you followed more hesitantly, staring at the table and two chairs where G had almost certainly been interrogated, then turning your gaze to the cell, where the two monsters appeared to be asleep.

Voidster was sitting upright, his head tilted back and eyes closed, one arm protectively covering G, who was lying partially on his lap, and partly on the thin, worn mattress they were both on. You bit your lip. G looked terrible. Even from here you could see the dried blood, the dark circles under his eyes.

The three of you navigated around the unconscious body of the man on the floor, after Briggs had checked to see that he was in fact still breathing. The officer seemed unharmed, which made you breathe a sigh of relief. Perhaps the "hostage situation" hadn't been as bad as you thought.

For some reason Voidster wasn't wearing his shirt, although he had draped it over G's upper body like a blanket. Briggs looked grimly at the pair of monsters, swinging the unlocked cell door open with a faint creaking sound. Voidster immediately opened his eyes, staring at the three of you expressionlessly. Then he gave a tired grin, yawning and stretching, which caused the lich in his lap to growl faintly and burrow his face into the fabric of Voidster's trousers.

[Some friends you are, sending him here to be interrogated,] Voidster said conversationally, eyeing Briggs and Claire. **[I ought to make you pay for what you've done to him.]**

Briggs said nothing, too startled by Voidster's appearance to say anything. You realized this was his first time seeing Voidster, and knew it must be unnerving. He had unmistakable similarities to G, from the cracks in his face to the holes in his hands. But there was no mistaking those violet eyes, his broad, unscarred chest, and confident expression. He looked younger, healthier, and not as burdened.

Claire frowned, withdrawing some syringes from her lab coat. "We didn't send him here. Briggs told them to take him to my hospital for treatment."

[*Your* hospital?] Voidster inquired lightly, glancing at the syringes. **[The last that I recalled, G was the owner of that facility. You're just an underling, an employee.]**

"I am the administrator of the hospital," she said, not rising to the bait. "G owns it, I run it. I brought some medicine for him." She set the syringes on the mattress, uncapping one and tapping the air bubbles out.

Voidster stared at her, calm and intimidating. **[He is a greater doctor than you will ever be. What medicine could you have brought that we would not have at our home? G keeps a fully stocked medical kit for emergencies.]** He didn't add that the kit had been created after his own incident, being struck by a car. Afterward, G had decided to prepare for such emergencies beforehand, and had created some basic medication for magical beings, monsters, that would take care of serious injuries until they could be properly treated.

The stoat sighed, adjusting her glasses and pushing G's hoodie sleeve up his arm. "This medicine was derived from Doctor Gaster's medicine for fallen monsters. It will stabilize him until he can be moved to the hospital and given further care."

Voidster was silent, raising a brow but saying nothing as she inserted the needle into the lich's thick hide, injecting a clear substance that made G shiver slightly, but seemed to ease his labored breathing. She injected a second syringe, and then the third. "Because he's such a large monster, just one dose isn't enough," she explained, capping the used syringes and putting them back in her coat pocket. "We need to get him out of here and to the hospital."

"Shit, I have to get a report started on this incident," said Briggs, rubbing his forehead. "Take G out to my car and we can all drive down there. I'll meet you outside." He rushed out of the room, leaving you and Claire alone with G and Voidster.

Claire frowned, then sighed. “You three go ahead, I need to call the hospital and prepare them to admit G- I mean Doctor Gaster. I’ll come down with Briggs after I finish my call. You can carry him, can’t you?” She addressed the last to Voidster, who chuckled, and stood easily, holding his mate in his arms.

“You can show him where the car is parked,” she said to you, already pulling her phone out of her pocket and dialing a number. “Briggs and I will be just a moment, so don’t worry. G should start feeling much better once the medicine takes effect.”

“O-okay,” you stammered, aware of Voidster’s gaze boring into you. “This way.”

You led him through the police station, and out the glass doors. Once you were outside, G opened his eyes, glancing around in confusion. His pupils were gone, and you realized that he was feral. Voidster noticed as well, and cast the red fabric of his sweater over the lich’s face, which led to G falling still in his arms. You sighed in relief. The last thing you needed now was G, feral, and freaking out in the middle of the city. Briggs’s car was not terribly far away, and Voidster settled in the back seat with his mate, the two of them rather crowded in such a small space.

You were left with the front seat, and you slid into it, chewing your lip anxiously. You were hardly given time to think before Voidster spoke.

[The keys are in the ignition.]

You glanced at the driver’s seat, and saw that they were. But it was strange of him to be pointing that out. You didn’t think he even knew

how to drive a car.

[We're not letting them take G to that hospital. He'll heal faster at home, away from prying eyes. Get in the driver's seat.]

You startled, turning your head to stare at him. "I am not stealing a police car, Voidster! That is a REALLY serious crime!"

He glared at you. **[Get in the driver's seat, or being arrested will be the last thing you have to worry about. G can't go to the hospital while he's feral, you know what he's like. They wouldn't be able to restrain him. He would hurt himself, possibly others. The strange environment would upset him.]**

You dug your fingers into your hair, squeezing your eyes shut and tugging at your scalp. "Fuck." He was right. Behind you, you could hear the small growls slipping out of G's lips, the sound of heavy breathing as he tasted the air around him and found the unfamiliar scents to be distasteful.

"I don't know the way," you tried, hoping against hope that this one excuse would save you.

[I do. Drive, and I will direct you. I'll find a way to return the car afterward. That man likes G, considers him a friend. He won't arrest us.]

Wordlessly you scrambled over the divide, sliding into the driver's seat. You tentatively placed your hands on the wheel, then glanced up to see if Briggs or Claire was coming. The sidewalks were empty, filled with lengthening shadows as the sun began to set. Wincing, you turned the keys in the ignition, the car's engine rumbling to life. It had been...years...since you had driven a car. You thought that must be so,

but you weren't sure. Regardless, it was like riding a bike, and you remembered how to do it. You buckled the seatbelt and released the parking brake, slowly pulling the car out into the street.

A sudden thought burst into your brain, and you blurted out, "Wait, why are you going to show me the way? I could escape, I could leave and come back here."

You saw Voidster smile malevolently in the rearview mirror. **[But you won't. You had your chance, little songbird, and you flew right back to us. I would reward you if I thought it was out of loyalty, and not cowardice.]**

You were silent. Part of it *had* been out of loyalty, but not to Voidster. But he was right. Part of you had been too afraid to leave now, too terrified of living in this strange timeline without the dubious comfort of G's home, the only familiar place you knew. Voidster was a bastard, but he was observant. You wouldn't give him the satisfaction of responding.

In the back seat, G was lying on his stomach, sprawled across both seats and his mate's lap. Huffing tentatively, his head rose, peeking out from beneath the crimson fabric of Voidster's sweater. The flash of passing cars, trees, unfamiliar buildings, made him bare his teeth. Voidster glanced down and saw the window fogging, then gently pushed G's head downward, drawing the fabric further over his face. The curiosity was a good sign, but seeing such strange sights would only agitate the feral lich. Better to keep him calm until they were home.

Although the lich was more like a playful cat than a monster when he was feral, unless otherwise 'motivated', he still posed a serious threat with his size, claws, and teeth. He was less bitter, cynical, and eager to lash out, when feral. He became a simpler, almost gentle creature. Voidster preferred the wonderfully violent pet he had created of G during his last rut, but it seemed that most of his training, save the

simple hand gestures and other signals, had been lost. The crux of the matter was that it simply wasn't in G's nature to be violent when feral unless he was forced to be.

Voidster directed you calmly, and noted with amusement how nervously you drove the car. Clearly it had been some time since you had operated one. Voidster found cars quaint, and rather crowded for a being such as himself. They were not designed for eight foot tall monsters, and were rather clunky and archaic compared to the elegance of being able to teleport wherever he wished. But the magic blockers remained in effect, and he felt his power moving sluggishly through his veins. To attempt to travel through the void now would be no good, especially with G still in a fragile state. He almost forgot that he was supposed to be giving you directions, until you nearly took a wrong turn.

[Slow down! Turn left here.]

He winced as you swore and suddenly slammed on the brakes, throwing G forward against the backs of the two front seats. The lich warbled in excitement, hooking his claws into the leather covers to right himself, leaving noticeable gashes in his wake. G's head popped up again, stubbornly, and Voidster found himself occupied with wrestling the lich away from the window, where a human child in the car beside yours was staring at the feral monster. G only grew more excited as the two of them struggled, vocalizing with a plethora of grunts and hisses.

"Voidster, what are you even doing back there?" You asked from the front, sounded anxious as he caught the lich in a headlock and squinted out the window to give you further directions. The frame of the car bounced and jostled. He didn't waste breath responding, his forearm braced against G's throat as the lich somehow turned the tables, pinning Voidster beneath him on the seats and attempting to playfully snap at his face.

God, what he would give for a sedative right now, for either himself or his mate. G chirped at him, and he managed to push the lich off, giving up the battle to keep him away from the window. Luckily you were leaving the city, heading up the winding road that led to the house.

G fell silent and interested as he watched the trees speed by in the window, catching glimpses of stars that had come out in the twilight, and the reflection of the headlights on the road. The crimson sweater dangled comically from his head, the sleeves framing his face as he gazed solemnly out at the forest. Yawning, Voidster slumped back in his seat, rubbing his eyes.

[Take the first right-hand turn you come to. That road will lead straight to the house,] he said, exhaustion creeping into his voice. What a long day it had been. He watched his mate watch the trees, and thought about how easily he could have ended this vibrant life, earlier. His bloody hands around G's throat. The lich's eyes flickering as he struggled unconsciously for breath. If not for his moment of weakness, the lively, animated creature before him now would be still and cold, nothing but ashes. A sobering thought. He pondered it until he felt the vehicle slowing, and saw the welcome sight of their home before him.

Impatiently, Voidster waited for you to open the doors, which were locked from inside. Luckily it seemed that after G's initial spurt of energy, he had calmed, and when you opened the door he was dozing, which allowed Voidster to slip out of the car, then haul his mate into his arms once more. G only grunted at being manhandled, the scarlet fabric slipping from his head and landing on the ground. Voidster left it; he had dozens more, and followed you silently to the front door, which you opened for him.

He carried G into their bedroom, leaving you to your own devices. The miscarriage had weakened you significantly, and you likely needed to rest. He would have to arrange medication for both you and G in the days to come. He didn't enjoy responsibility, nor flourish under the demands of caring for others, as G did. He preferred to

harm, not to heal. When needed, he simply did what was necessary, taking only the briefest satisfaction in the health of his charges. Far more satisfying to watch bruises form, than to watch them heal.

But he had indulged his sadistic tendencies to the fullest with you, during his rut. Now that it had passed, and G was indisposed, he must undo the damage he had done, if he wanted to play with you again in the future. The lich was unlikely to forgive him if he didn't, anyway. At least, when he came to his senses. For now, G seemed content to paw at the blankets on the bed, crawling under them and burrowing to arrange them in a circular pattern. When finished, his nest took up the exact center of the bed, leaving very little room for Voidster, who sighed, and met the gleaming white eyes of his mate from beneath the fabric covering him.

[I should record these moments,] he grumbled, **[For I know once you are sane you will forget everything that has passed. How you would blush to see yourself now, my love.]** The lich warbled curiously at him, recognizing that he was being spoken to. Smiling wryly, Voidster slipped onto the bed, lying on his side as there was no room to sprawl on his back. Tomorrow, he would call one of the humans to fetch the police car. Tomorrow, he would medicate you and G, monitoring your progress as you healed.

It was not until these thoughts had faded from consciousness that G rustled under the covers again, possessively laying his upper body over Voidster's back. The larger monster had managed to settle on his stomach, and only grunted in his sleep as G and the blankets draped over his upper body, warming and comforting him even in unconsciousness. Soothed by their combined scents, the two monsters slept deeply and well, reunited despite everything that had happened.

Doll

Chapter by skellylicious

Chapter Summary

Voidster finds a strange new human, and brings her back to the mansion.

Chapter Notes

This story is written by me (Skelly) as an addition to the TSM universe. Please consider it canon, and let me know what you think!

http://archiveofourown.org/works/12044619/chapters/27271755

Memories

Chapter by skellylicious

Chapter Summary

When G sends Voidster out to secure a new test subject, he's not prepared for what his mate brings back.

Chapter Notes

Idea by AllocateAloe, then I wrote it. :)

Voidster sighed as he retrieved the small plastic bag of white powder from his desk drawer. It was the weekend, and G was typically more lax during these times, allowing them a day or two of rest before returning to the ‘work’ they performed in the basement. Even now he could hear the soft sobbing of one of their test subjects; a fumbling mess of tears and murmured words. He enjoyed the ambience of the laboratory, which was why he’d chosen to experience the new drug he had developed here, rather than upstairs.

Seating himself in the large leather chair in front of his desk, he languidly ran a sharp claw against his gums, drawing coppery blood that leaked slowly between his fangs. He pressed the damp pad of his finger against the powder then, and smeared it over the oozing cut, shuddering slightly as the sensitive flesh of his gums absorbed the drug. A fast and effective delivery system.

He leaned back in his chair, summoning a hand to dim the lights. A single lamp would suffice, for already his pupils had expanded, his heartbeat picking up, his senses heightened. Warmth flooded through his body, into his limbs, his fingertips tingling, his cock hard and heavy. He thought about taking care of that last part, but he felt so wonderfully relaxed, so at ease, that he found himself simply resting, enjoying the sensation of arousal.

It seemed as if the room was calling his name, but he was deep, too far to properly hear it. It faded to a soothing murmur, and then a

white clawed hand gripped his shoulder, spinning him to face the doorway.

"Voidster!"

Oh, it was G. Voidster squinted up into his mate's irritable expression. Remembering the ache in his groin, he reached toward G's trousers, but the lich slapped his hand away from his crotch. Voidster frowned, then sighed, leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes. If G wasn't here to accommodate him, whatever he wanted could wait.

A hard slap across his face startled him, and Voidster winced, automatically baring his fangs. **[Get fucked, I'm busy,]** he growled, aggravated despite the fact that the drug numbed any pain he might have felt. G always had to ruin things, always had to nag and prattle on, and interfere with his fun.

"I can see that," the lich's voice rumbled ominously, picking up the bag of white powder and parting his jaws to inhale the scent. "What is this?"

[My own invention,] Voidster responded, sighing in contentment. **[I call it Dust. You have no idea how much testing, experimentation, and…and love went into that. You can have some.]**

G grimaced, tossing the bag back onto the desk. "No thank you. Did you forget that you had promised to secure a new test subject today?"

Voidster scowled. Yes, he had forgotten, but the tone in G's voice was completely unnecessary. **[No, I didn't forget,]** he grumbled, waving a hand irritably. **[The drugs make it more tolerable to be around those pathetic creatures. I was just about to leave.]**

He ignored the resultant sigh from his mate, who folded his arms. "You were just about to leave, under the influence of a powerful drug, to find a test subject?"

[Yes!] Voidster barked, proving his point by standing, perhaps a little too quickly. He wobbled a little, but managed to remain upright. **[I'm perfectly capable of doing this. Getting a test subject. Not hard. Humans are careless, and it's late. I won't even be seen.]** Irritably, he shoved past G, who glared at his back.

"You had *better* not be seen. Get it done quickly, I don't want you out in public like...this, for overlong. And no more blue or orange souls. We have a surplus of those. Put it in the fourth or fifth cell, those ones are empty."

Voidster waved him off, grumbling. Trust G to interrupt his well-deserved downtime with some menial chore that just *couldn't* wait until tomorrow. At least he still had plenty of Dust left. Even if the high faded before he could fully enjoy it, he'd just take another dose.

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It was dark outside, and the air was cold against his flushed hide. In the distance, some humans walked down the road, too far away to see him. He lurked in the shadow of the building he had landed near, opening his senses to potential prey. A few humans inside the building. One walking in a well-lit pathway that led to the human vehicles. He frowned, it was too exposed to risk. Then, he heard a door opening behind him, around the corner of the building, in the back. Perfect.

He crouched near the corner, jaws parted, inhaling the scent of his

approaching prey. A female, alone. Yellow soul. Something about her scent was slightly off, but the high of the drug distracted him, beckoning him, sedating him. It didn't matter, she fit the criteria. He would get this over with and enjoy the rest of the evening without his mate's constant nagging.

He heard the crisp sound of her shoes on the sidewalk coming nearer, her slightly labored breathing. As she rounded the corner, he suddenly rose to his full height, looming over her. She startled so badly she nearly fell, opening her mouth to scream, before he clamped a clawed hand over her mouth. Before she had gathered her wits enough to fight back, he had already pulled them both through the void, back to the laboratory under the house.

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Impatiently, Voidster dragged the woman beside him, practically carrying her as she was unable to keep up with his pace. She stumbled several times and nearly fell, but he kept her upright with one hand still pressed against her mouth, and the other harshly gripping her arm. Reaching the fourth cell, he tossed her inside and slammed the door shut, not bothering to see if she had fallen. She was less than nothing to him; a disposable, easily replaced resource. The only thing unique about her was how unlucky she had been to encounter him tonight.

He twisted the lock on the door, pausing to listen for a moment. Silence. She was not screaming now, nor weeping for release. Perhaps she had fainted. Test subjects did that sometimes. With a slight shrug, he turned away, striding back to his study to salvage what was left of his evening.

***

G heard one of the cell doors slam below in the basement, and knew that Voidster had returned. He sighed, polishing off the glass of scotch he had poured, not his first that night. At least his mate had been quick about his errand. G was a scientist, he enjoyed research and experimentation, but he felt distaste at capturing and torturing humans, unless they had done something to deserve it. Better to leave those tasks to someone who enjoyed them. Even if Voidster was under the influence of some customized drug, he was still a natural predator, and brutally efficient at what he did.

But it was customary to inspect each subject upon admission, which was a responsibility that G generally took on, as he was able to keep his attention more...professional than Voidster did. Test subjects responded better to his flat, stoic demeanor, than the cruel excitement that practically radiated from his mate. Voidster took great pleasure in intimidating and molesting the test subjects for fun, and G preferred that the humans remain as undamaged as possible before research began.

He set his empty glass down, leaving it with the half empty bottle of scotch on his desk. Casually, he grabbed a clipboard from a nearby stack, already prepared with the forms that he would fill out after examining the human. Routine was something he enjoyed, and despite the faint twinge of guilt he felt when meeting each new test subject, he looked forward to seeing the potential of every soul they took.

Voidster had not come upstairs, so he was probably back in his office with the ‘Dust’ he had developed. A particularly morbid name for a drug that was apparently so enjoyable, G thought to himself grimly. But his mate did enjoy his twisted jokes.

***

G stalked down the darkened hallway, ignoring the soft whimpers and moans of the test subjects. They became more vocal at night, when the automatic lighting system shut off, leaving them in darkness. Voidster

had been pressing him to simply keep the lights off all the time, to see how the constant deprivation of light would affect the subjects, but G had resisted the idea for now. It was becoming a more appealing thought, however, as they struggled to duplicate the gray soul of their pet. Perhaps the subtle torture of sensory deprivation would be the key.

When his thoughts turned to such things, G couldn't help the nagging nip of guilt at his heels. The reasons he had come up with for this...project...began to feel more like excuses. Voidster had to be kept entertained. That much was true. His mate was a destructive force beyond nature, and keeping him occupied was a full-time effort. Voidster *needed* an outlet for his cruelty, his energy, his creativity. G had long ago given up on trying to make him leave the timeline. He had even grown to care for the other man, to love him. Had accepted him as his new mate. A decision that he questioned the wisdom of to this day. But Voidster was as persistent as he was deadly, and once G had let himself be claimed, there had been no going back.

The research of soul energy was important, he told himself. They were both scientists, and there was no one more qualified than the pair of them to perform such experiments. And certainly there was no monster or human alive that understood as well as G and Voidster that scientific advancement required...sacrifices. Sacrifices that lesser scientists could not, would not make. It was not hard for Voidster to persuade G to abandon certain ethical restraints, beliefs that would have prevented the progress they had made thus far.

This way of thinking was not so different from how G had felt before his resurrection at the hands of the human girl with a golden soul, the woman he had grown to love. She had inspired a gentler, more merciful side of him, but she was gone now. Still, he could almost feel her disapproval weighing on his soul. What was left of his conscience demanded that he acknowledge that the test subjects were the same species she had been, that they deserved some modicum of humane treatment. The yellow soul of his dead lover, a soul of Justice, would not stand for the atrocities that he and Voidster had committed here.

He sighed, rubbing at his eyes tiredly. It seemed he would never be able to resolve the intense turmoil he felt within his soul. The ghost of his lost love would haunt him forever, and he would always be its willing victim. He'd rather feel her disapproval than nothing at all. He finally came to the cell Voidster had put the new test subject in, and paused for a moment outside the door, gathering his thoughts. He wouldn't allow himself to feel such emotion while he catalogued this latest specimen. Time enough to indulge that pain later, in his office with the half-finished bottle of scotch. Grimly, he unlocked the door and pushed it inward.

He had barely turned on the light when the scent of the human struck him, threatening to drag him under in a crushing wave of memory. His pupils dilated, and he turned slowly to peer down at the female, who was cowering on the bed, clutching her coat against her belly. He saw that she had a yellow soul, but that was not the reason for this strange, burning agony in his heart. Parting his jaws, he inhaled more deeply, and was unable to stop the eerie, keening moan that swelled in his breast. He felt his features contort in an expression that was a mixture of grief and rage. He felt that his very soul would shatter.

The woman stared at him, her eyes wide with fear. Seeing the awful expression on his face, she visibly gathered her courage, and stammered, "P-please don't hurt me, I'm-"

He lashed outward, violently ripping the coat from her arms. She screamed, and scrambled backward on the bed, awkwardly moving with the weight of her swollen belly burdening her. She was pregnant.

He glared at her, his claws twitching at his sides as he fought a vicious internal battle. She smelled just as Sun had before she had been killed. The warmth of her golden soul, the complex scent of new life stirring in her belly. He could almost smell the fresh, abundant perfume of daisies in the room. The woman's features blurred, and for a moment he saw his lost mate, the one, the only thing he craved in this wretched existence that had become his life. He would have given anything to see her one last time, to rest his cheek against her round belly and smell the combined scents of her and their unborn child's

souls. He took a step forward, and the woman let out a terrified moan. The vision faded.

He halted, his hands curling into fists. His senses were lying to him. Unwanted tears pricked his eyes, and a painful, lusting desire sprung up within him. How he craved her, with every part of his being. He took another step forward. A straining bulge pressed against his trousers, his arousal more intense than it had ever been. Just one last time, gently holding her fragile body in his arms, thrusting into her with tender, languid nudges of his hips, so as not to cause discomfort to his gravid mate.

He leaned over the woman on the bed, and gently brushed the hair from her wet face. She was sobbing, clutching her stomach protectively, trembling beneath him. Her fear agitated him, demanded that he find the threat and eliminate it. He had never been so protective as he had when Sun was pregnant. And yet...some part of his rational mind realized that *he* was the threat. She was afraid of him, she wanted to flee from him, and it hurt. He let his hand fall, and stood upright.

The woman was leaning heavily against the wall, panting in fear. She was too close to birthing for him to risk further contact. Slowly, he backed away, his hands trembling and his mouth set in a tight grimace. It was too unfair. The world had torn Sun and their unborn baby away from him, their bodies drenched in blood on an altar. Now, he was forced to remember, in terrible detail, just what he had lost. The pain ripped at him, taunted him, reminded him of who was responsible for this encounter. He bared his fangs in a silent snarl, and stepped out into the hallway, slamming the door behind him. Voidster would pay for this.

***

“I should have known better than to trust you with this!”

Voidster blinked slowly, sedate enough that the restrained fury in his mate's voice caused him only mild annoyance. Of course the lich had found something wrong with the test subject, he thought irritably. Nothing was ever good enough for that man, never mind that every human he took had an expiration date either way. They didn't need to be perfect to be tortured properly, in fact, a few good flaws were exactly the kind of material he preferred to work with.

[What are you bitching about now?] he growled, turning his chair to face the doorway, where G stood.

"A fine joke to play," G snarled, striding toward him. "Snatching a pregnant female with a yellow soul. Is nothing safe from your cruel, twisted sense of humor?!"

[No,] Voidster responded almost automatically, raising a brow. **[I thought you were past needing to be coddled. You wanted a test subject, and I brought you one. What do I care the color of her soul, or whether she's been bred?]** He scoffed, massaging his temple with one hand. **[You're drunk again. Find a subject that suits you better if you wish, but leave me in peace.]**

He closed his eyes briefly, the warm blanket of the drug smothering the anger he would normally have felt at G's accusations. For a moment, there was silence, and he actually thought the lich had finally gone. Then, a large hand cracked across his face, snapping his head to one side with the force of the blow. He tasted copper on his tongue, and opened his eyes, wiping the blood from his mouth with one hand.

G's white gaze was trained hatefully on his face, the lich's expression contorted with rage and grief. How pathetic.

A smirk curled Voidster's lips, and he sat up straighter in his chair. **[Oh, you don't want to fight me right now, pet. Strike me again, but know that I won't stay my hand a second time.]**

G sneered down at him. "You can do nothing. You're sedated beyond measure on that drug. But it's no excuse for how you have betrayed me, now. You know, better than anyone, the pain I live with every day. You know how her loss, the loss of our child, haunts me, how it tears at my soul until the only relief I can find is under your blade. I *trusted* you."

Voidster opened his mouth to speak, but was interrupted, the words tumbling out of the lich like pus from lanced wound. But there was no healing to be had in this. It was simply the pained, delusional ranting of a drunkard.

"You *demon.* I knew from the moment I laid eyes on you that you were unnatural. You pretend we are the same, only our timelines separating us, but *I know better.* A lich can control the undead, and I've never had any semblance of control over you. What you are...is beyond my comprehension."

Voidster listened with amusement to these accusations, the lich's voice piercing the mental haze that surrounded him. He had wondered when G would finally broach the subject, had known that his mate sensed something about him that couldn't quite be put into words. No undead monster had a heartbeat, as Voidster did. His powerful ability to navigate to new timelines was a matter they had never discussed. And then there was his affinity for blood, and pain. He was surprised it had taken all this time for G to finally voice his suspicions.

G felt the draw to violence, too, but he didn't relentlessly seek it out like Voidster did. G needed a purpose, a righteous cause, to push him to cruelty. It was no wonder he had become so besotted with a girl whose body housed a soul brimming with Justice. What Voidster couldn't stand, was how the lich continued to cling to her memory, as

if every drop of agony was being shed with a purpose. It was a waste of good suffering. Nothing would bring her back. Wherever her soul resided, it was unreachable by either of them.

“What are you?”

The question interrupted his train of thought, and he met G’s pained stare with a neutral expression. **[You act as if I have nothing better to do than torment you, my love. Perhaps I am your personal demon, sent from hell to to make you suffer. And yet there is no torture I could devise that would harm you as much as the memory of that worthless human whore. Even in death she haunts your every waking moment. I would be accomplished in my work indeed if I could cause a tenth of the pain she inflicts on your pathetic, damaged soul.]**

He saw G raise his claws to strike him once more, and did nothing to stop him, intrigued by the prospect of tangling with the lich while the drug coursed through his system. This blow was just as hard as the first, and had just as little effect on him. Slowly, he eased his body from the chair, standing tall before his mate. G was furious, hurting, and eager for a fight. He wouldn’t win, but Voidster would give him the pain and violence that he craved, before putting him away, perhaps in one of the holding cells for humans. They were strong enough to contain him; in fact, they had contained Voidster for a time, when the two had first met.

The lich lashed out again, but Voidster intercepted him easily, smacking his hand away and throwing a punch of his own, which caught G in the gut, throwing him back against the doorframe. He staggered, but remained standing, dried tears on his cheeks as he glared up at his mate. Yet behind that expression was a devastating amount of grief, barely concealed pain that threatened to surface if G didn’t keep it hidden behind his anger. For once, Voidster felt an obscure sense of pity for this emotionally wounded creature, and decided to end it quickly. A mercy for his aching, misguided mate.

He lunged forward, but G ducked under his claws, a snarl leaving his lips as he threw himself against Voidster's broad chest, attempting to force him to the ground. Voidster snorted, and twisted out of the way, bringing his fists together in a devastating blow to G's spine. The lich groaned as he fell forward, landing heavily on his knees. He recovered quickly however, and rolled out of the way of the vicious kick that was aimed his way.

[Don't try to evade me now,] Voidster panted with an amused expression, giving his mate a chance to stand up again. **[I know how desperately you need this, the pain I can give you. You want me to purge the infection in your soul, but even I can't remove the splinter of those memories you cling to.]**

G roared in fury, his pupils pinprick-sized as he attacked. Voidster's knuckles caught his face, but not before the lich's claws had sliced through his shirt and abdomen. Streams of determination-laced blood spilled from the wounds, blending with the crimson fabric he favored. G was thrown to the floor again, but rolled to his feet, following up with a harsh blow to the cuts he had inflicted. If he expected his mate to flinch, however, he was mistaken. Voidster grabbed his wrist before he could withdraw, grinning down at the startled lich.

[I feel…nothing,] he murmured, twisting G's arm and wrenching it behind his back. G cried out in pain as the limb was brutally pulled, almost dislocating his shoulder as he was forced to his knees. Searing anger filled the lich, but he forced himself to stay calm as the tendons strained against Voidster's knuckled fingers.

[Are you finished?] Voidster abruptly released him, and G fell to the floor with a short snarl, falling painfully on his abused shoulder. He lay still under Voidster's critical gaze, refusing to look at his mate. The rage within him churned in his blood, but he simply bared his fangs, waiting for an opening.

Then, as Voidster began to turn away, the lich lunged out with his

powerful legs, kicking hard enough that the larger monster was thrown off balance, joining him with a loud *thud* on the ground. Voidster gave a short, surprised laugh, forced to shield himself with his arms as G threw himself on top of him. His arm was tight against G's throat, barely preventing those snapping jaws from reaching his face. G struck out with his uninjured arm, and Voidster caught his wrist with his free hand, pitting his own strength against the lich as they wrestled for control.

The two monsters hit Voidster's work table, and something fell, shattering on the floor. Hopefully it was nothing important, but Voidster's mind was far more focused on this aggravating, unnecessary brawl. He normally didn't mind such entanglements--even enjoyed them, provoked them at times--but he didn't appreciate being attacked just because the lich didn't approve of the human he had brought back.

Releasing G's wrist, Voidster threw his considerable weight against him, using both hands to shove the other monster off of his chest. As the lich faltered, forced to the side, Voidster followed up with a quick roll, pinning the other man beneath him. The scent of spilled chemicals filled the air. The only sounds where the wet slap of Voidster's knuckles against G's face, married with the labored breathing of the lich, who coughed and choked as his teeth pierced his own tongue, and blood filled his mouth. Then, finally, silence. The two monsters shared a moment of harsh panting, dripping sweat and blood in the aftermath of the brawl.

Smirking, Voidster rolled off of the lich, lying on his back and taking a moment to catch his breath. G stayed where he was, exhausted and beaten. He didn't react when Voidster finally stood, brushing the dust from his trousers and contemplating the prone body of his lover.

Then, Voidster bent down, slowly grasping G's head in his claws. He dragged the lich upright, ignoring the pained moan that escaped his lips as he was forced to sit, then kneel. His violet tongue draped from his lips as he pressed G's face against his crotch, feeling the warm breath of the lich against his stirring manhood, even through the

fabric of his trousers.

[Maybe this time, I'll perform the…examination…of the new test subject,] he said softly, even as G raised his hands to silently clutch at Voidster's wrists. **[I'll experience for myself what you so dearly miss. Rutting with a gravid human, one with a yellow soul at that. Don't worry my love, I'll be sure to show her true tenderness…just as you would have done.]**

"Don't-" G slurred, his claws slipping from the powerful hands that still painfully gripped his head. Voidster tsked, and released him, letting him fall back onto the floor with a grunt.

[Actually, I have a better idea. You can spend the night in the cell beside hers while you sober up. The pitiful sound of her weeping will sing you to sleep, and perhaps you will dream of your lost mate, with her scent filling your jaws. In the morning, you can do whatever you want with the bitch. Kill her, fuck her, take her back to the other humans. But if you don't leave me in peace, I will make the decision for you, and I guarantee that neither of you will enjoy it.]

With that, he hauled the lich to his feet, forcing him to painfully stumble as he was dragged to the other holding cell. All of the cells were connected by a series of vents near the floor, which ensured that G would be painfully aware of the newly captive female who so tormented him. Perhaps a night of forced exposure to the woman would cure him of his intolerable sentimentality. Voidster didn't really care, but the fact that the only remaining cell was the one beside the woman was amusing to him, and a fitting punishment for G's unwarranted aggression.

Casually, he threw the other man into the small, barren room, watching as he tripped and fell to his knees, grasping the bed for support. Despite his bruised and battered face, he didn't hesitate to throw a wicked glare in Voidster's direction, and the last thing the

larger monster saw was those piercing white eyes staring at him as he closed the door, locking it behind him.

***

“H-hello?”

The timid voice of the woman filtered through the vent near the floor, and G stared expressionlessly at the small grate, seated on the floor with his upper body resting heavily against the small bed. He didn’t feel like talking, not only because of his sore mouth, but because the haze of alcohol and emotion blanketing him made him feel unsteady-vulnerable, even. Then he snorted softly. This woman could do him no harm. He had been unprepared for her similarities to Sun, at first, but now she was just another human test subject.

Except that wasn’t quite true. Her scent still tormented him, his body aroused and aching despite his exhaustion. His claws twitched as he remembered the soft, small body of his mate nestled against his chest, lying trustingly in his arms. How they used to lie together, with one of his large hands resting against her tender belly, the heat soothing her aching flesh. Feeling the soul of their child fluttering against his palm, along with the occasional kick that would cause Sun to grunt in discomfort, but still brought a smile to her lips.

“Did you feel that, G?”

“Hmn. Feisty, just like her mother.”

She had genuinely laughed, and his soul warmed at the memory. It was impossible to choose just one thing he had loved about her the most, but his fondest memories were of that free, unfettered laughter. Without thinking, he eased down fully onto the floor, reaching his

claws out toward the grate. A large, black moth with a tattered wing formed at his fingertips, and scurried through the vent. He wasn't even aware of sending it until the woman on the other side exclaimed in surprise.

"What the- I've never seen a moth like this before," she murmured, mostly to herself.

G paused, but couldn't stop himself. "His name is Oliver." His voice was low and pained, and he heard the woman inhale sharply at the warbled static in his tone. The moth helped her understand his speech, but it didn't make him sound human. He fell silent, listening to her breathing as she gathered her thoughts.

"Who are you? Did those other monsters lock you in here as well?"

Ah, she didn't recognize him as her second captor. Interesting. And technically, it had been Voidster who had put him here.

"Yes," he murmured, closing his eyes and resting his cheek against the cool floor. It still ached fiercely from the blows Voidster had inflicted, but it was nothing to the pain he wrestled against within his soul. Even talking to this human was madness. He was only making himself suffer. Still, he could not resist this. She was the closest thing he'd had since Sun had died. And she was safe from him; each of them locked in their own cell. No harm would befall her from a simple conversation.

"You sound...strange," she finally admitted hesitantly. G huffed slightly at that, imagining Oliver resting on her delicate shoulder as they spoke. Her honesty was admirable, and he pondered how best to respond.

“I am a lich,” he said eventually, his hand wandering downward to adjust himself within his pants. He couldn’t help the effect she had on him, and some lonely part of himself even welcomed the feeling. “I don’t speak a language that you can understand, without some...assistance.”

She paused, and he could almost hear her fitting the pieces together in her head. “The moth?”

She couldn’t see him, but he gave a slight nod anyway, hissing as the tender flesh of his cheek pushed against the floor. “He is not an earthly creature. He serves me, he helps you to understand my words.”

“Wait,” she said suddenly, as if something had just occurred to her. “The only lich I’ve ever heard of was another doctor...uh, I think his name was W.D. Gaster? Are you him? Is that your hospital down in the valley?”

He felt a tinge of surprise that people still spoke his name. He had been so long removed from the outside world that he assumed they had forgotten him. He hadn’t been to the hospital in almost a year. Claire ran things now, doing an admirable job as the administrator of the hospital. His weekly income was deposited directly into his bank account, and he rarely purchased anything in person, preferring to order items from his computer and have them delivered to the home. Watching over Voidster and Spot was a full-time occupation for him, and he didn’t enjoy spending time among the public anyway.

He was vaguely irritated to discover that his name was apparently still spoken in certain circles, then realized what the woman had said. *Another* doctor. Was she one as well? What had Voidster been thinking, snatching a human that was not only pregnant, but part of a worthy profession? His mate *knew* that G preferred vagrants, humans whose loss would not affect society in a terribly impactful way. There were plenty of less useful creatures wandering about in the city. For

all they knew, she worked at the damn hospital. The last thing he wanted was a letter from Claire informing him that this woman had disappeared after finishing her shift at the business that G owned.

"You're a doctor?" he inquired softly, letting his exhale carry the words to the grate. He heard movement on the other side, a shifting of cloth, and suddenly her voice was closer.

"Yes, a psychiatrist," she replied, her voice weary. She let out a soft grunt of discomfort, and he wondered if she, too, was lying near the grate now. Her scent was stronger, almost unbearable. His hand remained on his groin, slowly unbuttoning his trousers.

"Where do you work?"

"A small clinic on the other side of the city from that- I mean, from *your* hospital."

She was testing him, seeing if he would admit his identity to her. A faint smile touched his lips, his eyes almost closed as he slowly slid his knuckled fingers into his boxers, wrapping them around his aching shaft. In the darkness like this, with scotch and exhaustion weighing on his mind, it was so easy to remember Sun. Such a sweet stirring in his manhood, and his soul. Just one more time.

When he didn't reply, she spoke again, almost musing to herself. "I have some monster clients, but I've never seen anything like the one who grabbed me. He must have been eight feet tall. He looked more like a nightmare than a monster."

"Maybe he is," G murmured, masking his deeper breathing behind the words. Now that she was closer, he could smell the heat between her legs. It was damp and sweet, laden with the scent of her gravid state.

Even a human female in heat did not smell quite so tempting, tendrils of lust wrapping around his soul with every soft breath she released. Voidster had thought to punish him with this, but it was the sweetest torment G had ever known, his cock pulsing in his hand as he took his time with lengthy strokes.

There was a brief silence, each of them locked in their cells, blanketed in the darkness of concrete walls with only dim illumination from the window in each door. G lost himself in the moment, a faint groan escaping his lips as he worked his lust into a lather.

“Are you alright?”

The woman’s voice startled him, and he paused, slowing, but not stopping his movements. “Yes.”

“I’m sorry I keep talking, I’m just…scared. I’m due any day now and I don’t know what will happen to me. Or my baby.”

G sighed, his hand stilling as he formulated a response. “It will be fine. He’s never brought a pregnant human here before. He’ll probably release you once he realizes your current state.”

“How long have you been here?” She sounded sympathetic, and a wry smile twisted his mouth.

“…A long time. I know your captor well, trust me. You and your child will be safe.”

She hesitated, then whispered, “I’ll send help for you. If he really does let me go-”

“That won’t be necessary,” he interrupted, forcing himself to ignore the distraction of his untouched arousal. “I belong here. My chains were forged before he ever graced my existence. I will remain here until I die.”

The words were said with a sort of finality, a weight lent by the years of grief, anger, and bitterness. And yet there was comfort in them too. He would never leave this home he had shared with Sun, not until he joined her in death. Voidster had destroyed many of her possessions, but he couldn’t burn away the memories embedded in every room. Her voice, her laughter, her scent, permeated every part of the house. It comforted him as much as it tormented him.

“I don’t understand.”

He closed his eyes, and said nothing. He breathed in her scent, saliva welling in his jaws, letting the flavors steep him in memory.

“Ugh, I can’t wait to get this baby out of me,” she strained, trying to find a comfortable position to lie in. His lips curved in a smile, and he gazed down at her affectionately. He had always found her beautiful, but never so radiant as she was now. He knew she didn’t understand, that she felt ungainly and unattractive. Yet her hair was so full and lustrous, her skin softer and more fragrant than ever. It was almost as if the shining light of her overflowing soul had enclosed her physical form, visible to anyone, but especially to him.

“I love you,” he purred, leaning down to nudge her cheek to the side, resting his forehead against her. She had felt his arousal press against her then, and snarled at him, unsuccessfully attempting to shove him away.

“G, I swear to god I will end you. Put it away, that’s the reason this

happened to me."

He had laughed, genuine and heartfelt, gently massaging her belly. He couldn't help his body's natural response to her, but for now he simply enjoyed the intimacy of cuddling. She was too close to her time to tolerate lovemaking, but after she gave birth and healed…he exhaled softly in a light purr, which caused her to eye him suspiciously.

"I know what you're thinkin' about."

He grinned down at her, and she rolled her eyes. "You are way too proud of yourself. You'd think you were the first guy ever to knock his girlfriend up."

"My mate," he corrected, nestling against her silken hair.

"Your wife," she retorted, reaching a hand up to brush against his cheek. "I love you too, G."

A tear trickled from his closed eyes, paired with a shuddering inhale that he couldn't mask. The woman in the cell had gone quiet, and the sound almost seemed to echo in the silence, before he finally spoke again.

"The spirit of my departed mate lingers here. She had a yellow soul, like yours. She…carried a child. I lost them both that day. And so I will endure this nightmare, until I can endure no more."

He could hear her breathing, steady and labored. He thought he could almost hear her heart beating, hear the rush of blood through her body and womb, hear the golden light that emitted from her soul.

“Earlier…that was you, wasn’t it? The way you looked at me, the sound you made… there was such terrible grief in your eyes. I reminded you of her.”

There was no point in playing games now, no point in denying it. “Yes,” he murmured, pressing the tips of his claws into the concrete. A strange lassitude had crept over his body, blanketing him in a numb torpor that was a welcome reprieve from the sharp pain of his memories.

“I’m sorry.”

The words were almost meaningless to him, despite the depth of emotion with which they were spoken. “It was my fault. I don’t deserve your sympathy.” He could predict her next words with ease. Hers was a soul of Justice, after all.

“How is it your fault? You obviously loved her.”

He inhaled deeply, and sighed. “I left her for a short while, to visit the city. We were receiving…strange notes. Threatening symbols. Like a fool, I argued with the police instead of simply tracking down the culprits myself. I was trying to abide by their rules, wanting to avoid their interference in our lives. Our child would have been the first to be born to parents of different species, and the council was uneasy at the thought of a lich siring children…especially with a human.

“It was deep winter, and I left her resting in our home. She was close to birthing, and though I wanted to keep her near, it was more important to leave her undisturbed. I was going to take her to the hospital the next day to…prepare for our child. I thought she would be safe. I never dreamed that they would dare to enter our home. I

should have learned long ago not to underestimate the determination, the evil, of humanity."

Here he paused, falling silent as he contemplated his next words. No matter how many times he relived it, the memory grew no less painful. It was an ever present weeping sore upon his soul, a wound that would not heal. Her life was a bittersweet, tender moment in time that he would forever cherish. Her death was almost indescribably different. He suddenly longed for the rest of the scotch up in his study, something, anything to dull his senses.

"I came home. She was gone. At first I didn't realize- I thought she was in another room, perhaps. Her scent was still fresh on the blankets. I didn't know how they could have taken her without me sensing it. We had a bond- I could sense her emotions, and she could sense mine. It was a way for me to watch over her even when we were parted. I had been distracted, frustrated with the refusal of the police to cooperate. At some point our link had gone silent, and I hadn't noticed.

"My...colleague, was nowhere to be found. At first I thought he had absconded with her. He had always resented her presence, and I had to intervene on more than one occasion to prevent him from inflicting true violence upon her. Again, I had underestimated the depravity of your species. They had done a thing that not even he; the cruelest, most vicious creature I have ever known, would have done.

"When I felt the first tremor of fear through our shared link, I realized that she had been drugged, or knocked unconscious. I lost myself in that moment, consumed with a feral rage at realizing that she was in danger. She had been taken, stolen, and our unborn child along with her. There was no longer any question of involving the police, for I realized at that moment that the culprits must be those who had been harassing us, leaving the bloodied handprints for us to find, nailed to the trees. Still, I didn't realize what it meant, or why they had taken her. Often, I wish I had never found out.

“There were a couple of small cabins on the land that were in disrepair. One, we had renovated, and used when she wanted to spend time in nature, or escape the irksome presence of the other monster who lived with us. It was a small, but lovely retreat. The other cabin was left alone. It was on the border of the property, and I had no particular use for it. It remained untouched, or so I had thought. Yet when I began following the trail of her scent, it led me unerringly nearer to the abandoned place. A small seed of dread was nestled in my heart, but I masked it behind ferality and rage. My only thought was of recovering my stolen mate.”

Here, his voice broke, and though the woman could not see it, he passed a clawed hand over his eyes, too distraught to help himself. He had never told this story in its entirety, not to anyone, not even his mate, Voidster. Least of all to Voidster, who knew well enough what had happened. If not for the other man, G wouldn’t be here now, relating the tale. He strengthened his resolve. It was right, and fitting, that some other soul should know this story. Sun’s sacrifice would not be forgotten.

“I…I felt pain. Pain in my soul, but it wasn’t mine. It was hers. Her pain, her terror, was pouring into me. I reached the cabin, and tore the door from the hinges. I could hear distant murmurs, chanting. The scent of candle wax, incense, but most of all, the stench of blood. It took me mere moments to climb down the stairs, bursting in upon the scene far too late. I saw her lying on the altar, and the humans in hoods and robes scattered before me as I threw myself forward. For a brief moment, I thought that I had reached her in time.”

He felt sick, as if he would vomit. He could hear the woman sobbing on the other side of the grate, and his soul thudded painfully within his chest. He had to finish this.

“My final memory of her life, is of her dying in my arms. Her heart had already begun to falter; the loss of blood was too much. I always knew that she would die before me, she was human after all. But I also thought that there would be time- to say goodbye, to tell her that I loved her. In the end, there were no final words exchanged. I was too

stricken to speak, and I'm not even sure she was aware of my presence. She simply sighed once, a final breath, and everything stopped. Her beautiful, golden, blameless soul persisted only a few moments before shattering. And as her essence splintered and disappeared, so did the last vestige of my sanity.

"I remember very little after that. They had been performing a ritual. A religious sacrifice. And the god they sought to summon? No other than myself." He laughed, bitterly. "Summon me they did, but they were not prepared for the absolute wrath of a furious lich. I tore them asunder, but their souls would not be free to move on, as Sun's had. I trapped them in that wretched place forever. They will know no peace, no comfort. They will never rest. The debt they owe to me is eternal, and even after I am dust, they will keep paying it."

Another long silence followed. The woman was still crying, but quieter now, trying to stifle her pain for his sake, probably. Pregnancy had made Sun emotional, too.

"The man that took you was the one who saved me. Grief-stricken and hopeless, I was prepared to follow my love into death. Before, I had tried to force Voidster to leave. That demon who had simply shown up again, inserting himself into my life with Sun as if it were his right to be here. He was violent, unnatural, and a threat to everything in this timeline. Only my presence kept him leashed, and once that leash was broken, I didn't know what he would do. Part of me hoped that he would unleash his devastating potential on this world, carrying my pain from beyond the grave to be inflicted on the humans who had failed her.

"Instead, he took hold of the leash- forcing me to stay with him. He found me crouched over her body, cradling her belly in my hands. The soul of our child--our daughter--had persisted, but was quickly fading. There was nothing I could have done...I know that now. He wrestled me from her corpse, forcing me to abandon her body and the dying soul of our child. I fought back with everything I had, hoping he would kill me. Instead he let me exhaust my final reserves of power,

and brought me back to our home.

“He had known of the notes, the threats, and my struggle with the human law enforcement for something to be done about them. I learned later that after leaving me bound and sedated, he returned for her body, leaving it sprawled on the steps of the police station. Nobody saw him do it, but I knew it was him. It was his message to them; forcing them to see what had become of their inaction. And it was his way of placating me; for the sight of her lifeless form would have only driven me further to madness, and he knew I would not stand to leave her lying with the corpses of her murderers.

“Her human friends arranged the funeral. They tried to call me, to come to our home, but the doors and windows were locked and shuttered, and Voidster had turned off my phone. I was not in a sane state to receive visitors, at any rate. He kept me tied down, lest I continue flaying my own flesh with my claws. He sedated me, with pain and with drugs. He is a doctor in his own right, but the farthest thing from a healer. That was the first time I learned of certain skills he possessed, skills that brought me through the madness of despair, until I stood exhausted and aching on the other side.

“I watched the funeral from afar, with him at my side. Not for comfort, but to restrain me if need be. I thought that I might see her one last time, even bloodless in a casket, but the coffin was shut. He did not tell me until later that they had cremated her, fearing that if they did not, I would be tempted to bring her back in whatever way I could, with what limited powers I have over the dead.”

He sighed. “Such a thing never occurred to me. I knew she was gone. The only comfort I had was knowing that the souls of my mate and our child were at peace, unlike the murderers we had left to rot in the cabin. Reanimating her body would have been meaningless. Worse, it would have been blasphemous; an unforgivable crime against the woman I had loved more than anything.

“The days that passed after the funeral were empty of all meaning. Voidster had released me from my physical bonds, but I was still a prisoner. I was forced to continue, to live, without her. He was there every step of the way, my personal demon, my rescuer, refusing to leave me in peace. Emptiness can be such a profound weight on the soul. I thought I was past the worst of it, until I saw you.”

Finally, he halted. It was the most he had spoken since Sun had died, and there was nothing more to be said. He pondered his own perversity, that he would tell this highly personal tragedy to a complete stranger, yet he still had not spoken of it to the girl that lived captive with them. He knew she wondered, that she had gathered fragments of information about the life they’d lived before her arrival. Perhaps it was simply easier to speak to this woman, because soon she would be gone. He wouldn’t have to see the sadness, or worse, the pity, in her eyes day after day. She would go back to her kind in the city, and he would never see her again.

“I’m so sorry.”

He shrugged, the motion unseen in the darkness. “It is not your fault. Now you know why I reacted as I did to your presence.” He felt a little lighter, as if retelling the tale had lessened the burden of carrying it somehow. Hours had passed since Voidster had thrown him in here, and he had sobered as well. It must be near dawn. Of course, there was no telling whether his mate was even conscious, let alone remembered that he had promised to free G in the morning.

The woman was still softly sobbing, or perhaps panting; it was hard to tell. He thought nothing of it until she suddenly cried out; a muffled sound, as if she had tried to stifle it by biting her lip. Even then, realization was slow to dawn on him. When she let out a long, drawn out groan, his eyes widened slightly.

“Are you…?”

“Having contractions!” she cried out, her breathing fast and pained. “Oh god, not here.”

He climbed to his feet, striding to the door to yank it open. It was locked. Irritably he pounded his fist against the metal, raising his voice. “Voidster! Get out here!”

Silence, except for the sound of the woman grunting and heaving in agony. She couldn’t give birth here, in one of these cells. The basement was a place of death, of cruelty and sadism. There was nobody to assist her, it wasn’t safe. His instincts rallied, he pounded harder on the door, shouting as loudly as he could.

“VOIDSTER, YOU WRETCH!”

Faintly, he heard an irritated snarl, and felt grim satisfaction. At least his mate had heard him. Long moments passed, and he paced impatiently within the small cell, listening to the woman attempt to slow her breathing. Then, finally, the lock on the door clicked, and the door swung open.

[Why are you shouting?] Voidster demanded, his purple eyes narrowed in irritation as he stared down at the lich. **[The dawn has barely broken. And what’s wrong with the test subject? She’s making sounds as if she’s been mounted, but she’s merely writhing on the floor.]**

“She’s close to birthing, you idiot,” G snarled, pushing past the drugged, exhausted-looking monster. “I have to bring her to the hospital.”

That woke his mate up, although Voidster reacted by frowning, bringing his arm down to bar the lich's way. **[You can't. She knows our faces, it would be folly to bring her to a place where everybody knows your name.]**

"It's a risk I will take, now *get out of the way!"* He shoved hard against Voidster's chest, which forced the larger monster to stumble back.

[Make sure you wear the coat with your name embroidered on it,] his mate growled, folding his arms. **[Since you're so intent on being identified by a human we kidnapped. Perhaps you should write the address down as well, so that she can give it to the police- who *also* know who we are! I'll call the detective myself, you know the one- he thinks you have a penchant for murdering human girls. I'm sure this will add nicely to his dossier on you.]**

"I am doing this," G retorted, ignoring the wicked glare that Voidster threw his way. "Get out of here, I won't tolerate your interference."

[Fine,] the other monster snapped. **[At least get it out of the cell before it leaks birthing fluids all over the floor, as you won't be able to clean up the mess once you've been arrested.]** Huffing in aggravation, Voidster stomped around him, making his way back to his office and slamming the door behind him. G rolled his eyes, fumbling with the lock on the woman's cell and throwing the door open.

She threw a teary-eyed glance in his direction before another contraction hit, and her eyes squeezed shut. G paused awkwardly at her side, staring down at her tense form as his thoughts raced through his mind. Even now, the scent of her made his head spin, his tongue pressing to his fangs as he forced himself to focus. There was no other way.

Voidster had made valid points, but the only hospital G knew of was his own, and there was no point in doing anything but delivering her there himself. Why call an ambulance to the property, when he could instantly transport her? Right now, she didn't know the location of this underground facility. If he was careful, he could get her out of the basement without anyone ever knowing about this 'addition' to the house. Even if she betrayed them, she would never be able to prove that she had been held against her will, that they had rows of cells devoted to the very purpose of holding humans against their will.

Kneeling, he carefully scooped her into his arms, tucking her against his chest. His soul flared wildly in response to feeling the heat of her small body against him, but he refused to let it affect him, outwardly. She moaned and clutched at the edge of his jacket, her knuckles white as she arched in his grasp.

"Hurry," she gasped, cold sweat beading on her forehead. He inclined his head, but said nothing, turning and stepping lightly through the doorway. He couldn't teleport down here, it had been made proof against magic some time ago, when he had first held Voidster against his will. How things had changed, he mused, passing the silent door of his mate's study. The other man would probably be aggravated at him for some time after this, especially if his predictions proved correct, and G *did* get arrested. But the lich was far from caring.

In a way he didn't fully understand, this obligation had been set in motion before Voidster had even taken this woman. G had never had the opportunity to do this for Sun, and now he was being given a second chance. He could not find it in himself to refuse, for some part of him had yearned for this moment since seeing his mate lowered into her grave. His steps were filled with purpose, clarity, and even a sense of Justice. He had not been able to save Sun, but he could rescue this one, delivering her from the darkness so that she might safely birth her child.

He opened the door at the base of the stairs that led up to the closet which concealed the entrance. Stepping into the darkness, he closed the door behind them, pausing for a moment to shift her gently in his

arms. It was silent except for the sound of the woman's harsh breathing, her body limp as the contraction passed and she was given peace for a few minutes. Gently, he tilted her chin upward, her dark eyes illuminated in the light of his glowing white gaze.

"I will not force you to promise to keep your abduction a secret," he murmured intimately, brushing his lips against hers in a soft, but heated kiss. "I am doing this for you in memory of the woman I loved. And though I am sorry that you were caught up in this, I am glad to have met you."

Surprised, she gazed up at him, speaking strongly despite how she trembled. "I'm sorry for what humans have done to you, and to her. I'm not going to add to that pain. But please...I don't know what you do to the people you take...but please stop."

He bowed his head, not responding. To stop now was out of the question, and out of his hands. Voidster would find other ways to bleed his sadism into humanity, and too many lives had been sacrificed already in the name of progress. He couldn't formulate a response that would satisfy her, and not be a lie. Then she cried out, her muscles taut as another contraction hit.

"Please...hospital-" She could barely get the words out. Instinct turned her mind away from their conversation, onto the pressing need to give birth. There was nothing more to be said. Tightening his arms around her, he pulled them both through the void.

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Voidster had spoken truly; the sun had not yet risen when G arrived at the hospital. The air was cool and silent, and only the lights in the hospital indicated any sign of life in the city. He paused for a moment, taking in the sight of the clean, modern exterior of this place he

owned- this place of healing. Did its existence balance the debt created by the existence of the laboratory under his house? Perhaps. The woman shifted uncomfortably in his arms, and he unconsciously tucked her closer to his warm chest. At least there wouldn't be many witnesses to his sudden appearance at such an early time. Claire would be here, though. She always was.

Silent as a shadow, he strode to the glass doors, summoning a hand to push them open. Inside it was warmer, the lights dimmed to enhance the calm of night time for the patients. The receptionist turned to greet him, startled when she realized who he was, then picked up the phone, pushed a few buttons, and began speaking quietly into it. Good, Claire would be here soon. He stood quietly in the lobby, staring blankly at the passing monsters and humans who walked by. Their gazes met his, and slid away uneasily.

It was only a few moments before the white-furred stoat walked briskly into the lobby, her red-framed glasses pushed up on her nose. She looked tired, but alert. When she saw the human woman in his arms, she paused, an expression of shock passing rapidly over her face. Then she regained her professional demeanor, speaking quietly to the receptionist before approaching him.

"Doctor Gaster," she said calmly, meeting his inscrutable gaze, "What brings you to the hospital?"

"Claire," he rumbled, feeling the woman's muscles tense and wind as another contraction began. "This human is in labor, she needs medical assistance."

"I ordered a wheelchair for her," Claire responded. "We can certainly take care of her needs in the maternity ward."

"I will carry her myself," he said, beginning to walk. Claire fell into

step beside him, a complicated expression on her face.

"Where did-"

"My mate found her," he interrupted, shrugging slightly. "I did not ask where." It wasn't a lie.

Claire frowned at him, tilting her head. "I don't like the idea of him prowling the city streets at night."

"Neither do I," G responded after a moment, raising a brow. "It is not within my ability to stop him. He does as he will." That was not entirely true, Voidster did listen to him, and had found this woman by G's request. But Claire accepted his words with a sigh, nodding her head.

"He doesn't seem very easily managed."

“He isn’t.”

The maternity ward was quiet. Most of the mothers slept soundly, their mates and their children at their sides. G’s eyes passed wistfully over them, imagining a different woman in their place, and himself, standing guard. He wouldn’t have been able to sleep, not with his mate so fragile after birthing, and their child newly born and vulnerable. A soft shudder wound down his spine, and he averted his gaze. There was no use longing for a dream that had died long ago.

Claire seemed to sense his withdrawal, and didn’t speak until they arrived at an empty room. She waited patiently as he lowered the woman onto the bed. The woman was crying silent tears, her back

arching as she was laid on the mattress. Such pain she suffered, all to birth one tiny life. G stood back, watching as a nurse arrived and began speaking to the woman. Then he was ushered out of the room so that they could undress and medicate her.

“What’s her name?” Claire inquired. “You seemed...attached.”

“I’m not,” he growled, staring down at her. “And I don’t know her name.”

An uneasy silence passed between them, before Claire finally spoke again. “Why did you come here, G? You could have called an ambulance, or even sent that dreadful man here. You could have called Sans. I know you don’t like being here. That’s why you promoted me.”

He eyed her. She was being rather bold, all things considered. But there was one more matter to address.

“That human’s visit will be...free of charge,” he said with a grimace. “There was a debt owed, and I have settled it. Call me if- actually, don’t. I wish to hear nothing further on this matter.”

He strode away from the room where the woman had begun wailing again, away from the startled administrator of his hospital. He couldn’t help the emotions that stirred within his soul, being here, remembering Sun. But at last, a small sense of peace settled within him. He had been able to perform this last, important task, which he had been denied doing for his mate.

His child’s cries would never echo in these corridors, he would never again have what he had lost that day. At home, his current mate- that volatile, impatient man, would be waiting for him. The human girl

they kept would be waiting too. It was a poor substitute for the family he had loved and lost. And yet love stirred in his soul, regardless. It was a tired sort of love, perhaps more a feeling of resignation, tinged with affection.

Outside the hospital, he drank in the cool morning air and gazed toward the horizon. Another night had passed, and soon it would only be a memory, like any other. The woman would go on to live with her mate and their child, and perhaps she would remember too, at times. It had only been a night, a story, a moment in time that they shared. But he knew that he would always remember it, and he hoped that she would too.

End Notes

G is property of AllocateAloe, and Voidster is property of dirtyskellylover.

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